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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Abbey Theatre—Sean O'Casey's THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS, with Siobhan McKenna and Cyril Cusack, opens Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 6:30, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 28.... ¶ Eamon Kelly's one-man show IN MY FATHER'S TIME will follow, starting Tuesday, Nov. 30, and closing Sunday, Dec. 5. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Thursday, Nov. 18, and Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller... A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

California Suite—Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie romp through four sketches whose setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. Neil Simon is the author and Gene Saks the director, and it is a very funny show. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the performance—the singing, and especially the dancing—under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and exhilarating. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Days in the Trees—Marguerite Duras provides a glimpse of French family life that is sometimes harsh and sometimes touching. Very well acted by Mildred Dunnock and Joseph Maher. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 21.)

The Defense—Edgar White's wonderfully evocative play about the lower East Side, where most of the inhabitants now are black and Puerto Rican and Chinese. Its hero, strongly performed by Lou Ferguson, is a young West Indian troubled by nightmares about death. Under Dennis Scott's direction, the complex, well-performed script is always vivid and clear. Music composed and played by the dramatist. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 21. Free.)

Domino Courts and **Comanche Café**—A pair of one-acters by Bill Hauptman. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. After Sunday, Nov. 21, no performances until Tuesday, Nov. 30.)

Eccentricities of a Nightingale—A play by Tennessee Williams, with Betsy Palmer, David Selby, Shepperd Strudwick, and Nan Martin. Directed by Edwin Sherin. Previews Friday through Sunday, Nov. 19-21. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 23. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Shaw's HEARTBREAK HOUSE is the second in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 21. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss, who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 26, at 2.)

Guys and Dolls—Frank Loesser's classical musical comedy. Having an all-black cast is a silly, old-fashioned stunt, but the show survives it. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 26, at 2.)

I Have a Dream—Billy Dee Williams in a pious recitation of the words of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. There is also some singing, but the evening cannot be said to be a lively one. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays, except Nov. 23, through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

My Fair Lady—A flawless revival of a flawless

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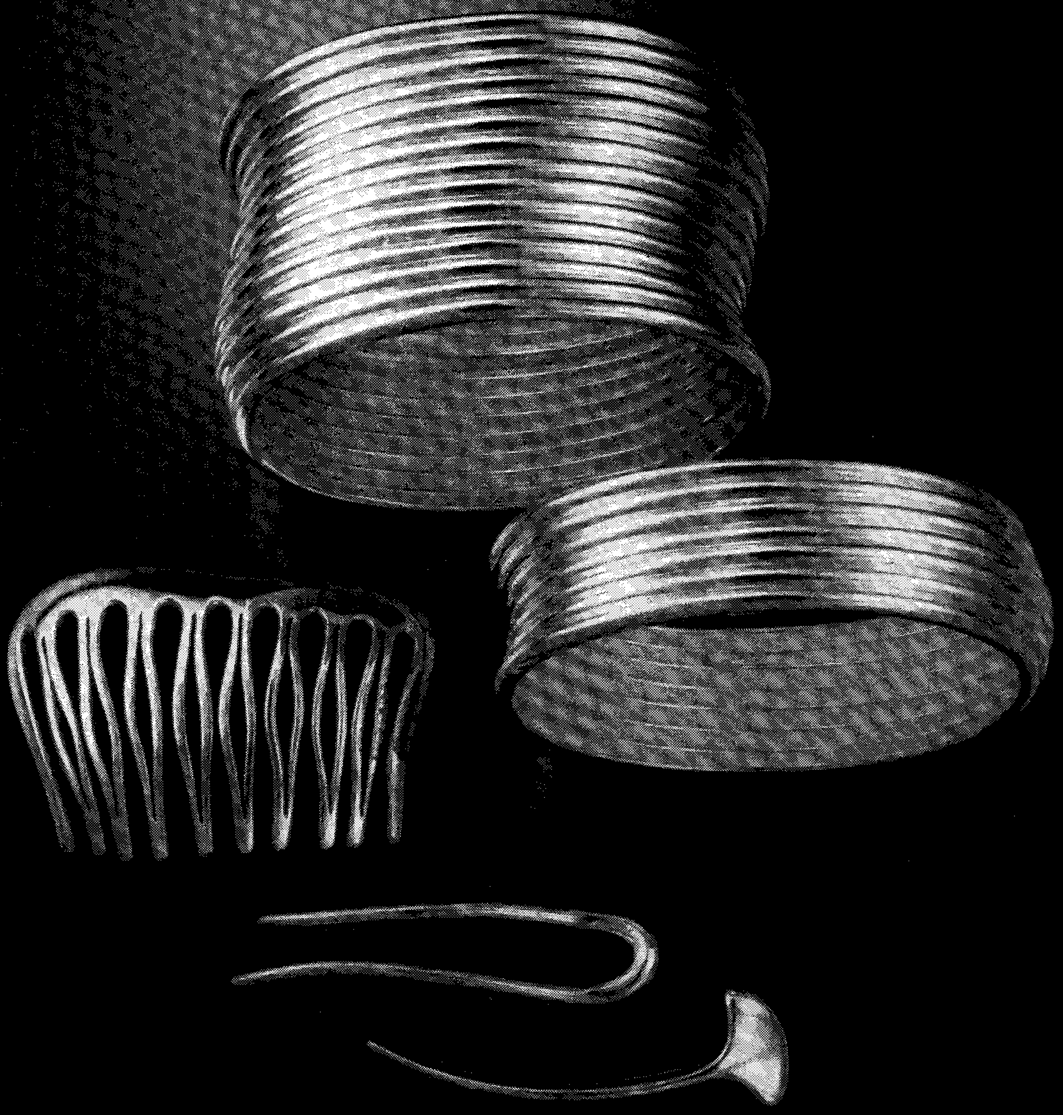

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musical. How did the world get along without it for fifteen thousand years? (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

No Man's Land—John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson in top form as two hard-drinking old literary gents, in a characteristically witty and mysterious play by Harold Pinter. The director is Peter Hall. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 4.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7166. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; Saturdays at 10, as well as at midnight on Nov. 27; and Sundays at 7:30; special matinée Friday, Nov. 26, at 3.)

Poor Murderer—A highly intelligent, very entertaining play by a contemporary Czech playwright, Pavel Kohout. With a sensational cast—among others, Laurence Luckinbill, Kevin McCarthy, Maria Schell, Larry Gates, Ruth Ford, Paul Sparer, Julie Garfield, and Felicia Montealegre. Herbert Berghof directed. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Porgy and Bess—Gershwin's opera, as close as possible to the form in which he wrote it. A torrent of seductive words and music, elegantly sung. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

The Prince of Homburg—Heinrich von Kleist's fascinating play, written in 1811, about the effect of a dream on a German Army officer, but in a namby-pamby translation and a generally poor performance. Under the circumstances, Frank Langella does all that can be done with the title role. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 21.)

The Rehearsal; or, Love's Reward—Philip Kerr is very good as an embittered, profligate drunk in an otherwise deplorable revival of Jean Anouilh's play. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Robber Bridegroom—High jinks in a Mississippi barnyard. Pleasant singing and dancing decorate a silly book. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Rodogune—Corneille's tragedy presented, in French, by Le Tréteau de Paris. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 6:45; Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 24-26, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 27-28, at 3 and 8.)

Sexual Perversity in Chicago and **Duck Variations**—David Mamet's pair of truly funny comedies, each of them with an undercurrent of sadness. They had a short run Off Off Broadway last November. The first deals, in scenes as brief as blackouts, with the fragile affair between a couple of innocents who are all but shredded by their former homosexual partners. The second is, strictly speaking, a poem in the guise of the desultory, meandering conversation of two old Jewish men pottering around a park bench. Albert Takazauckas directed the capable cast. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Streamers—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 26, at 2.)

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The Threepenny Opera—A marvellous production of the Brecht-Weill classic, based on a new translation by Ralph Manheim and John Willett. Philip Bosco is Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is a passionate, dangerous Jenny. Richard Foreman, as director, has been faithful to Brecht and to himself. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 26, at 2.)

2 by 5—The theatre songs of John Kander (music) and Fred Ebb (lyrics), as sung by five personable and able young performers. The evening, which opens and closes with that indelible winner "Cabaret," has several agreeable moments, but, for a number of reasons, they don't add up to a show. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 5.)

Vanities—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 26, at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Women Behind Bars—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy, set in the old Women's House of Detention in the Village. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**chicago:** A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **equus:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Ralph Seymour, and Marian Seldes. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 6,897 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.) . . . **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 26, at 2.) . . . **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.) . . . **me and bessie:** The gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins in a vigorous attempt to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs. Howlett Smith leads the onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **pippin:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.) . . . **same time, next year:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Sandy Dennis and Ted Bessell, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.) . . . **shenandoah:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is William Chapman. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.) . . . **tuscaloosa's calling me . . . but i'm not going!:** This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **the wiz:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Chinese Acrobats of Taiwan—A two-week return engagement by this company of sixty-five musicians, dancers, tumblers, acrobats, and Kung Fu experts. Opens Tuesday, Nov. 23, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 5. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 23-24, at 8; Thursday, Nov. 25, at 2; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 26-27, at 2 and 8.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Bugaku," "Duo Concertant," "Meditation," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Square Dance," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2: "Chaconne" and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." (A benefit performance; for tickets,

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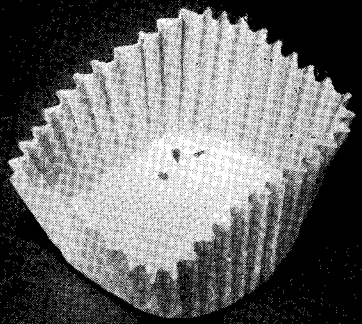

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call 477-4720.) . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 21, at 1: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 21, at 7: "Bugaku," "Chaconne," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Square Dance," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 25, at 8: "La Source" and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Bugaku," "The Cage," "Other Dances" (company première), and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 2: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Bugaku" and "Union Jack." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Nov. 17: "Excursions," "The Consort," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 18: "Waves," "The Gods Amused," "Cortège Parisien," and "A Soldier's Tale." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 19: "Harbinger," "The Gods Amused," "A Poem Forgotten," and "The Consort." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 20: "The Real McCoy," "The Gods Amused," "Tzaddik," and "Excursions." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 20: "Harbinger," "The Consort," and "A Soldier's Tale." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinée at 2:30.)

Dance Umbrella—Final performances of a five-week season. **ANNABELLE GAMSON:** Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 7; Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 21, at 2. . . . **DON REDLICH DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday and Friday, Nov. 18-19, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2; and Sunday, Nov. 21, at 8. . . . **JENNIFER MULLER AND THE WORKS:** Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 7; Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 24-27, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 28, at 2 and 8. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

•

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The master sixty-five-year-old blues shouter **JOE TURNER** (not to be confused with the stride pianist) has appeared in the East only at sporadic concerts during the past thirty-five years, and the last New York club he worked was Barney Josephson's Café Society Downtown. Turner is a huge, imperturbable man, and his voice matches. It is a house of a voice, and it comes in broad planes and steep angles. His (non) articulation is such that whole lines go by unintelligibly, but it doesn't matter, for the sheer elemental force of his singing transcends consonants and vowels. But when he does give his words their due, as in "It's three o'clock in the morning, and the moon's shining bright/ Oh, I wonder where my baby is this lonesome night," the effect is stunning. Turner is one of the few great remaining American primitive musicians, and he will be here only through Dec. 4. On hand with him are the excellent guitarist **WAYNE WRIGHT** and the pianist **LLOYD GLENN** (San Antonio; 1909), who is another monument—a blues player of subtlety, discretion, and power. Weeknights from eight to one. On Sundays, boogie-wooglist **SAMMY PRICE** cuts loose. Dining.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—The commendable post-bop group here has been fielded by **CLARK TERRY,** who has Ernie Wilkins on reeds, Walter Bishop, Jr., on piano, Victor Sproles on bass, and Ed Soph on drums. The ensembles are loose and smooth, the solos of manageable length, and the group swings. Terry, of course, is the pivot. He is, along with Dizzy Gillespie and Roy Eldridge and Charlie Shavers, one of the virtuoso brass players of jazz. His tone is rich (on the flugelhorn, which he plays frequently, it is embarrassingly rich), his agility is dazzling, and his melodic fluency endless. But, like many garrulous wonders, he can be a brilliant bore. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ On Monday, Nov. 22, trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN** will arrive with a quartet and vocalist Thelma Carpenter. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Buck Clayton, successfully bent on reconstituting his chops and making a comeback, has unaccountably been let go after two weeks (it was to have been a five-week gig), and he has been replaced by **JOHNNY HARTMAN,** who is Ella Fitzgerald's favorite singer and one of the best singers in America. Built like a pipe and possessing a smile that widens dangerously as his audience's decibels rise, Hartman came up in the forties under Billy Eckstine's umbrella, but he has none of B.'s rococo basso tendencies. He has a spacious, controlled baritone, and he often places his notes as Billie Holiday would have. He also bears high regard for the good songs he sings—"I Get a Kick Out of You," "S'posin'," "The Folks Who Live on the Hill," "The Way We Were," "Send In the Clowns," "I Gotta Be Me"—and before he unfurls his flags in his second chorus he handsomely sings the notes as written. He is a graceful and original singer, and it is a mystery why he is not up where he belongs. His accompanists include the fine **TONY MONTE** on piano and the remnants of Clayton's band—**HAROLD ASHBY, MILT HINTON,** and **PANAMA FRANCIS.** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

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Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Known previously as Studio 77, this ground-floor loft space has reopened and been transformed into an unpretentious but comfortable, very high-ceilinged bar. The proprietor is **RASHIED ALI,** a respected, all-out musician who was John Coltrane's drummer during Coltrane's final, most exploratory period. Ali has been booking his friends and colleagues from the new-music and contemporary-jazz and loft-jazz scenes into his club. Alto saxophonist James Vass fronts his own quartet through Thursday, Nov. 18; Friday through Sunday, Nov. 19-21, Ali will take charge of a quintet; Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 23-25, trombonist Marty Cook's New York Sound Explosion, a sextet, will be onstage; and on Friday, Nov. 26, the Jankry Ensemble—drummer Frank Clayton, singer Jay Clayton, pianist Larry Krush, saxophonist Ben Wallace, and bassist Eddie Gomez—will begin performing. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist, composer, and arranger **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the **LOUD MINORITY,** a spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Many of the numerous soloists are impressive; Foster has stated that he hires only players who are able to solo—"I don't want people who can read, I want people who can *play*." They play. Music from about ten. Dinner.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A reliable spot for hearing consistently high-quality jazz—most of the music centers on the contemporary mainstream. This is *the* place to hear outstanding, if not yet famous, players like Sonny Fortune, Cecil McBee, Woody Shaw, Charles Sullivan, Junior Cook, and many others. Singer and guitarist Amaury Tristão is here with his Latin-jazz band, Brazilian Roots, on Wednesday, Nov. 17, and Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 22-24. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 18-20, tenor saxophonist and free thinker **ARCHIE SHEPP** will lead his quintet. On Thursday, Nov. 25, tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK** will bring in something to be thankful for—his exciting, first-rate quintet. Music from nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Something for nearly everyone: The Ozark Mountain Daredevils, a country-pop sextet from Missouri, is here through Thursday, Nov. 18; Elly Stone will sing some Jacques Brel material and minor anthems to the upper West Side on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20; on Sunday, Nov. 21, Jean-Luc Ponty, an electric-free-jazz-rock violinist, will drop by with his group; and on Monday, Nov. 22, rock singer and poet **PATTI SMITH** will begin a week-long stint. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians—mostly pianists and their bassists—and patrons who like to talk. A good guitarist, **JIMMY RANEY,** and his guitar-playing son, Doug, work with a bassist through Saturday, Nov. 20. On Monday, Nov. 22, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** will arrive with a bassist. The Sunday chores are handled by pianist **BARRY HARRIS** and his helpers. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle, is back, vigorously paying his respects to Gershwin, Porter, Coward, and others. He's supported by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dinner and supper. . . . **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** is once again in the Bemelmans Bar (she'll be there through next March), and she plays at least one night a week with **MICHAEL MOORE,** the extraordinary thirty-one-year-old Cincinnati bassist. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays.

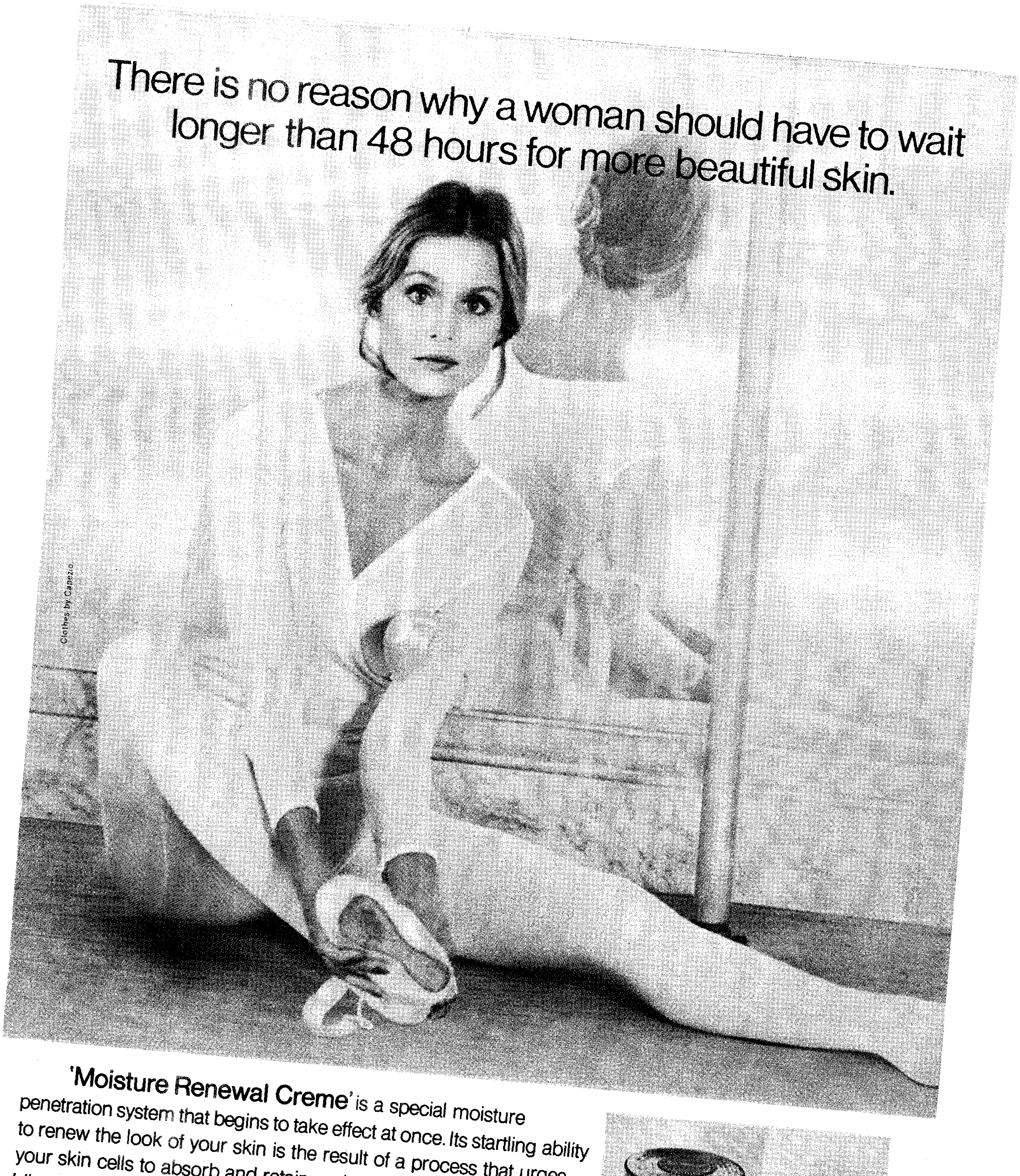
C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow rustic bar—it has the feel of a small college-town gathering place—with rows of neon beer signs hanging from the ceiling and lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hanging around. Two, three, or more local loud and/or crude rock bands, with names like the Heartbreakers, the Dictators, Tuff Darts, Talking Heads, Custer's Last Band, and Susan, perform nightly. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER,** now seventy-six, is working in a lamplit alcove looking out on high ceilings and mirrors and leather upholstery. She appears radiant, and her voice, so elusive in recent years, is strong and comfortable. Jimmy Lyon is on piano. Two performances, starting at ten, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a traditional (what else?) sextet, usually headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). Carrie Smith sings with the regulars on Tuesday, Nov. 23. On Sunday, Nov. 21, tenor saxophonists **AL COHN** and **ZOOT SIMS** team up, as they have so often in the past, and co-pilot a quintet from eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A breath of life on the upper East Side. From the outside, this tiny bar appears to be a quiet place, especially in comparison with its singles-bar neighbors, but genuine swing music prevails on the inside. Twenty-four-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier **BROOKS KERR** is the instigator of this swing revival, which can be heard Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three. The other members of the group are **SONNY GREER,** eighty years old and Ellington's drummer for decades, starting in 1919, saxophonist and clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE,** sixty-eight, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945, and **SCOTT HAMILTON,** twenty-one-year-old Coleman Hawkins-Lester Young incarnation. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a delight. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist **AL HAIG** and guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser get together at ten. On Sunday, Nov. 21, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson leads a trio from five to nine. Mondays through Saturdays, from six to nine, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards collaborate.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed five nights a week by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists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from eight until two. Closed Thanksgiving Day.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, and disco-funk bands. Saxophonist Denny Morouse leads an R. & B. quintet Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 18-20; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 23-24, another saxophonist, Dave Sanborn, will lead another quintet; and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 26-27, **CHICO HAMILTON** will bring in his youthful quintet. Music from ten until three. Dinner. Closed Thanksgiving Day.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Blues-harp-player and singer **JAMES COTTON**, probably the best second-generation Chicago-blues musician, is here with his band through Thursday, Nov. 18. His wild, infectious enthusiasm should be witnessed in these rather smallish quarters. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, will be turned over to AC/DC, a rock group from Australia. Sunday through Tuesday, Nov. 21-23, Kinderhook Creek, a popular and respected local bluegrass-and-country-rock band, will trade sets with singer Mirabai. On Wednesday, Nov. 24, folkie Eric Andersen will take over. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at nine and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret on the scene, and the fact that the great and altogether charming hot-jazz violinist **STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI** is ensconced here through Sunday, Nov. 21, makes the place all the more appealing. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—The revised music policy here goes like this: Monday is Dixieland night, Tuesday's offering is contemporary jazz, Wednesday's concern is the American song, Thursday covers jazz classics, and Friday and Saturday nights are reserved for miscellaneous groups. Different musicians and ensembles are scheduled each night; some of them are pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS'** quartet, with vocalist Carrie Smith, on Wednesday, Nov. 17; **RICHARD SUDHALTER'S** band, in an all-Bix program, on Thursday, Nov. 18; singer and bebop patriarch **EDDIE JEFFERSON** on Saturday, Nov. 20; pianist **MIKE LONGO'S** trio on Tuesday, Nov. 23; saxophonist James Spaulding and his group, in an all-Ellington evening, on Thursday, Nov. 25; and the exciting **TED CURSON** septet on Friday, Nov. 26. Music from ten to two-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small, clean-cut upper West Side outpost. On Mondays, pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** takes his twelve-piece band through some of his charts; on Tuesdays saxophonist and flutist Eddie Daniels fronts a lively quartet; on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, guitarist **JOE PUMA** will join cornettist **RUBY BRAFF'S** quartet; on Sunday, Nov. 21, Puma will share the stand with another guitarist; pensive altoist **LEE KONITZ** will head up a nonet on Wednesday, Nov. 24. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Thanksgiving Day.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist **MIKE LONGO** heads up a quartet through Sunday, Nov. 21. On Wednesday, Nov. 24, jazz-rock saxophonist and composer Dave Liebman will perform with pianist Richie Beirach and bassist Frank Tusa. Mondays and Tuesdays have been assigned to **JACK WILKINS**, probably the most exciting young guitarist in town. Wilkins, who never seems to let up, can play clearly, cleanly, and, most important, musically at a breakneck pace. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A place that draws both tourists, knowledgeable jazz partisans, and, on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, two worthwhile groups—conga virtuoso **RAY BARRETTO** and his big band, and musical humanist-explorer and tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** and his quintet. On Wednesday, Nov. 24, singer Esther Phillips will stop by with her backup crew; and on Friday, Nov. 26, the crisply melodic, hard-driving **SONNY ROLLINS** will arrive with his quintet. Music from about ten. (Alternate Mondays are occasions for jazz and jazz-rock concerts presented by radio station WRVR-FM.) Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—**THAD JONES, MEL LEWIS**, and the fifteen other musicians in their robust big band show up for work every night through Saturday, Nov. 20, as well as on their regular Mondays. On Tuesday, Nov. 23, thunderbolt drummer **ELVIN JONES** and his quintet will descend the murky staircase. Music from ten. Closed Sunday, Nov. 21.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Lots of young, enthusiastic patrons but positively no synthesizers, equalizers, talking bags, envelope-dependent devices, digital delay lines, phase shifters, ring modulators, reverb units, fuzzboxes, octave splitters, octave multipliers, compressors, or wah-wah pedals. Nearly all the music here is pre-fifties jazz: Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams is responsible for a quartet; on Wednesdays, **JO JONES** is seated behind his drums and is very much in command of a quartet; Thursdays and Fridays are turned over to a bop-oriented quintet; Saturdays and Sundays are usually session days for swing musicians like Buddy Tate, Bennie Morton, Paul Quinichette and others. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 5:45: **GUS GIORDANO JAZZ DANCE COMPANY**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 5:45: **DAVID LIEBMAN AND RICHARD BEIRACH & THEIR LOOKOUT FARM.**

Climax Blues Band, Montrose, and **Styx**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

A Jazz Portrait of Hoagy Carmichael—Helen Merrill, Jimmy Rowles, Chuck Wayne, George Duvivier, and Dick Sudhalter. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Neil Young & Crazy Horse—Palladium. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 18-19, at 9, and Saturday, Nov. 20, at 9 and 11:59.

Johnny Cash—With the Cash-Carter family. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Nov. 19, at 7 and 9:45.)

Gordon Lightfoot—With Liona Boyd. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8 and 11, and Sunday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Chicago—Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8.

Woody Herman and His Thundering Herd—With alumni and other guests. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Good Rats and **Orchestra Luna**—A benefit concert. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 2.)

Heavenly Jazz Concert Series—The second in a series of four concerts, this one performed by the Dick Hyman quintet, including Bob Wilber, Pee Wee Erwin, Milt Hinton, and Bobby Rosengarden. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 5. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

Natalie Cole—Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 23-24, at 8; Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 25-27, at 7 and 10; and Sunday, Nov. 28, at 7.

Alaina Reed—Bijou Theatre, 209 W. 45th St. 869-1537. Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8; Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 25-27, at 8 and 11; and Sunday, Nov. 28, at 8.

Beach Boys—Madison Square Garden. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 24-26, at 8.

Hot Tuna—Palladium. Wednesday, Nov. 24, and Friday, Nov. 26, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 27, at 7:30 and 11:30.

Graham Central Station and **Mother's Finest**—Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.

Ella Fitzgerald, Count Basie, Oscar Peterson, and **Joe Pass**—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 26, at 7 and 10:30.

Rio Clemente—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 26, at 8:30.

Bob James Orchestra, Stanley Turrentine, and **Freddie Hubbard**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8 and at midnight.

Chieftains—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8.

Frank Foster and the Loud Minority—A program of music by Frank Foster, with his Living Color and the Jazzmobile Workshop Orchestra. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Charles Addams—Practically all the members of his celebrated repertory company are represented in this exhibit of cartoons, illustrations for book jackets, and other drawings. Through Dec. 4. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Horst Antes—Craggy, earthy figures that might be blood brothers to those Easter Island sculptures, by a German artist who works in acrylics, charcoal, and chalk. Through Dec. 18. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Arik Brauer—Richly colored gouaches, teeming with surrealist figures in surrealist settings, some of them illustrating ancient Hebrew songs, some of them based on "The Magic Flute," and three of them designs for Austrian postage stamps. The artist lives in Vienna. Through Dec. 30. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

David Burt—Hammered-copper and other metal abstract sculptures. Through Dec. 1. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Kenneth Callahan—Broad swipes of dark tempera cutting across a background strewn with abstract shapes of lesser consequence, plus a number of realist monotypes and drawings of birds and animals. Through Dec. 4. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Howard Cook—A retrospective of his graphic works, along with examples of his drawings and watercolors. Through Dec. 18. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

David Cox (1783-1859)—Small, deft watercolors, plus drawings and oils, by an artist whose depictions of the English countryside—and the carts and wagons and pedestrian traffic going through it, and the sailing ships nuzzling into its ports—remind one of Turner and Constable and of the peculiarly English way with watercolors. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Willem de Kooning—His latest crop of Abstract Expressionist canvases, which work on the onlooker's imagination the way shifting cloud formations do, inviting us to scale new heights, plumb new depths, and ride with new waves of color. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

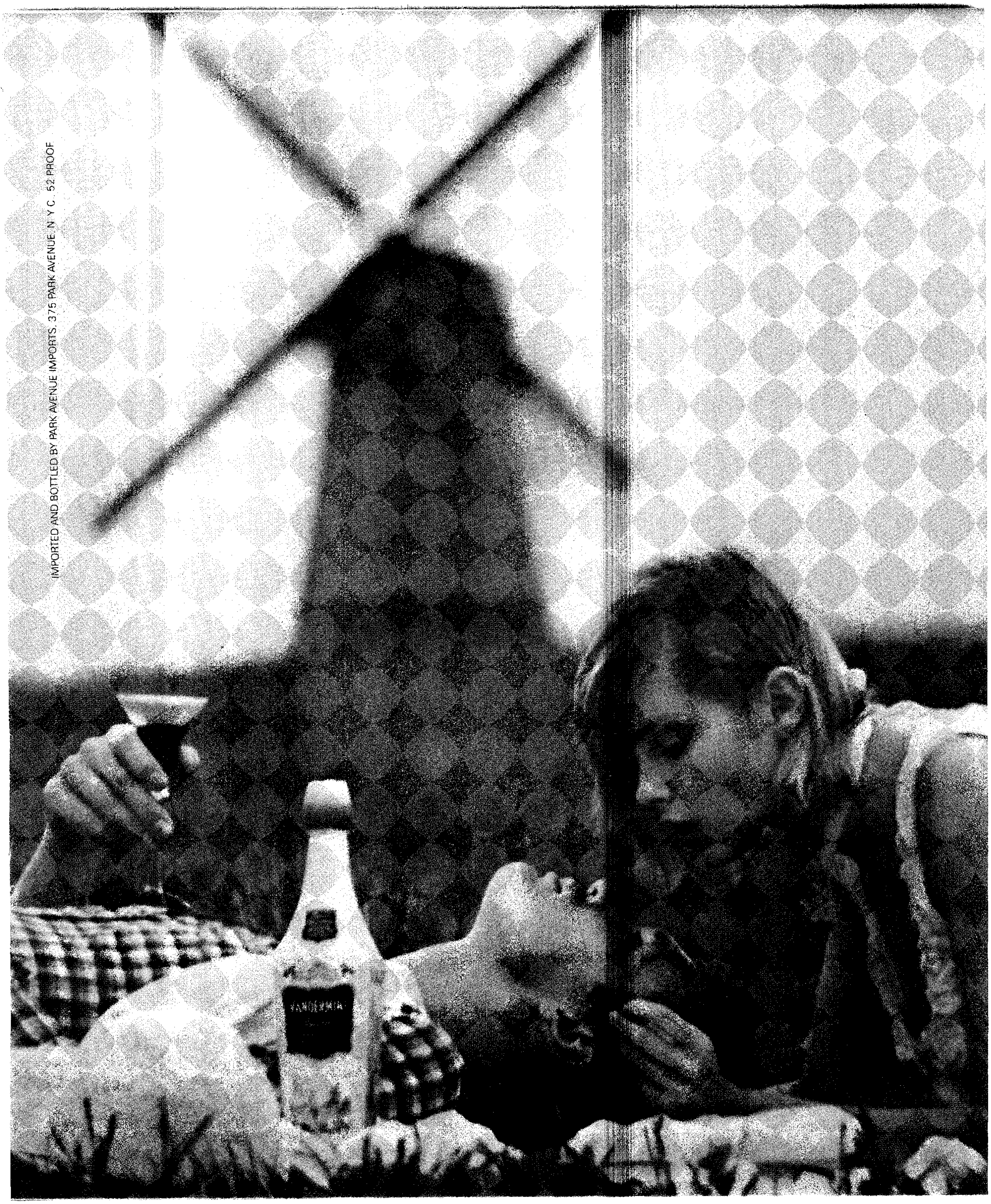
Robert De Niro—Semi-abstract paintings of figures and landscapes. Through Dec. 11. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

William Dole—Signatures, scraps of lists, fragments printed in foreign languages, and such make up these collage paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Mary Faulconer—Generally small-scale representational paintings of building façades, flowers, and other subjects. Through Dec. 4. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Fred Garbers—Paintings of interiors, plus collages. Through Dec. 4. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Gregory Gillespie—Still-lifes, portraits, and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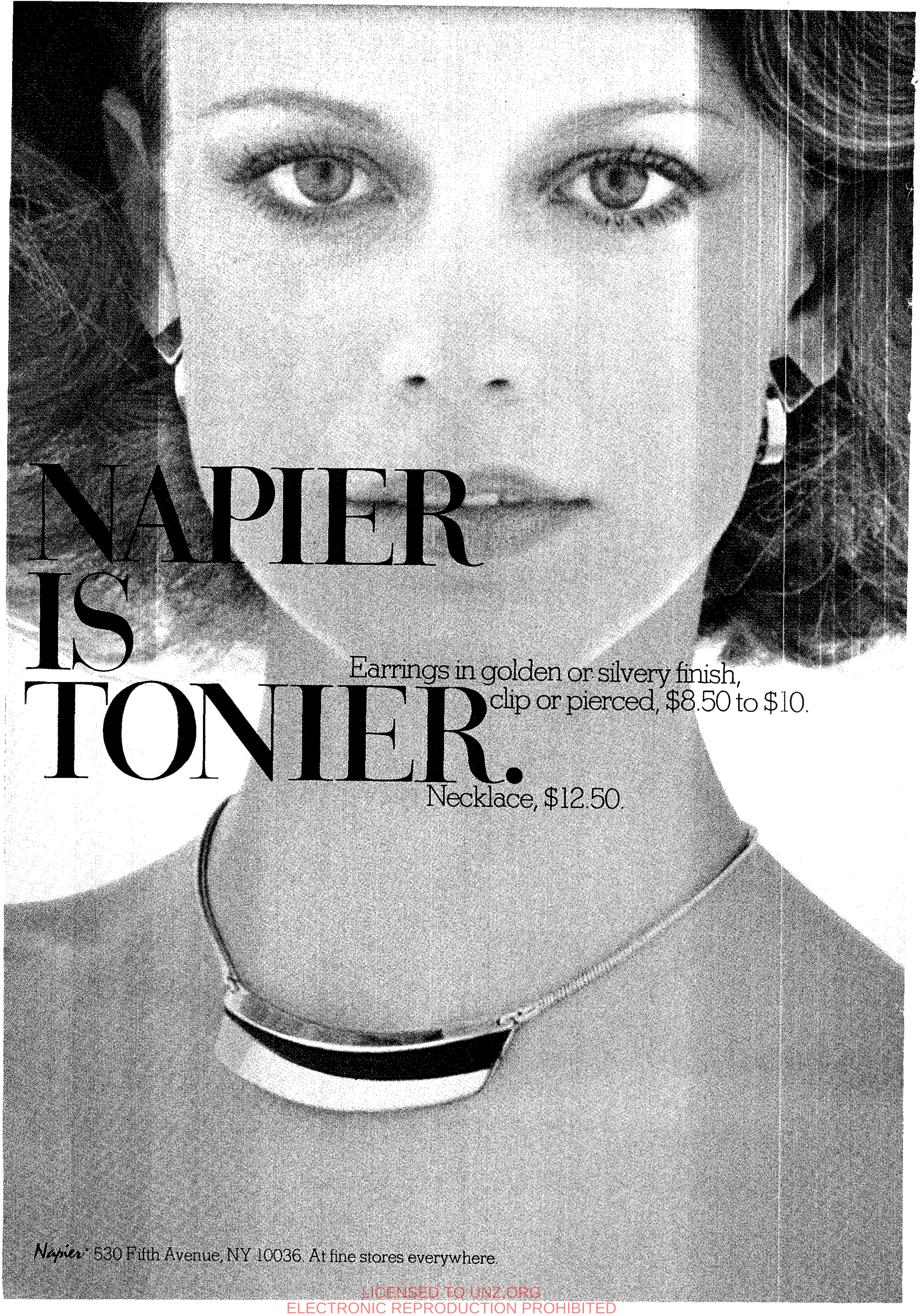
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landscapes in mixed mediums. Through Dec. 4. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Leonel Góngora—Expressionist paintings of nudes, along with studies of characters in Bergman's movie "The Magic Flute," in mixed mediums. Through Dec. 23. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Witold Gordon (1884-1968)—Precisionist tempera paintings of New York storefronts, still-lifes, roadside Coca-Cola oases in the South, and New Orleans façades, plus two original paintings for *New Yorker* covers. Through Nov. 30. (Brown, 157 E. 69th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays. Special hours on Friday, Nov. 26: 2 to 5.)

Nancy Grossman—Collages made of a tough paper stained with paint or colored with pastel and cut into shapes that the artist assembles into a male head or figure whose features are mysteriously bidden under several layers of mummy-like tape. Through Dec. 11. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

John Held, Jr. (1889-1958)—Drawings, watercolors, and linoleum-block prints of archetypes of the twenties and thirties by the cartoonist-illustrator who gave identity to the hip-flask, flapper generation. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Anne Helioff—Abstract paintings—acrylics and watercolors—based on the sea, which is represented by horizontal layers of unusually warm colors, no doubt inspired by the artist's recent sojourn in Hawaii. Through Friday, Nov. 19. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Addie Herder—Collage constructions set in boxes, usually, and made up of postage stamps, playing cards, cigar bands, ticket stubs, and the like. In addition, there are three-dimensional pieces that might be maquettes for, say, a Byzantine theatrical setting or a wicked doge's palace. Through Dec. 18. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

John William Hill (1812-79) **and John Henry Hill** (1839-1922)—Small, precise pencil drawings and watercolors, all of them landscapes and most of them devoted to upstate scenery, by a father and son who took Ruskin's art theories literally, had no truck with commercialism (except for peddling their works from house to house), and nearly starved. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Jim Huntington—Freestanding abstract vertical sculptures that combine stone and steel. Through Dec. 4. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Paul Jenkins—Flowing masses of rich color, sometimes evoking the sea, sometimes a sunset sky, and sometimes a strangely lighted landscape, mostly done with acrylics that have dried to a sort of crackled, reticulated surface. Through Dec. 18. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Jordan—Missouri and New Hampshire landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Reuben Kadish—Figurative bronze and terra-cotta sculptures. Through Dec. 10. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jacob Landau—Watercolors and drawings described by the artist as "apocalyptic and prophetic works" and consisting mainly of attenuated-figure drawings washed with psychedelic colors. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

André Lhote (1885-1962)—Small, appealing canvases of village scenes, landscapes, and waterfront vignettes, all done in pure, bright colors, with the individual compositions locked together in the mosaic-like arrangements that this pioneer Cubist is well known for. Through Dec. 18. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Open Mondays.)

Roy Lichtenstein—A still-life, a landscape, a composition of architectural decorative motifs, and a large abstract, ten and a half feet square and made up of nine canvases, are included in this show. They date from 1964 to last year, and are all imprinted, more or less, with his characteristic Benday dots. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Rosemary Mayer—Ephemeral-looking sculptures made of light aluminum mesh molded and shaped by hand and painted in pastel tones so that they look like undulating tulle, along with a series of cheerful, flowery watercolors by a young artist who recently studied in Germany. Through Dec. 4. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Claude Monet (1840-1926)—A benefit loan exhibition of sixty-eight paintings covering six decades in the life of this indefatigable outdoor painter, who roamed France (and later England) depicting harbors, wharves, haystacks, village landscapes, windmills, steamy railroad yards, and so on, before settling down to the studies of water lilies on which his declining years were spent. Through Nov. 28. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

William Perehudoff—New acrylic paintings by a Saskatchewan artist whose previous works have emphasized three or four relatively heavy slats of contrasting colors superimposed on a solid background, and whose current efforts have all but eliminated the slats, reducing them in some instances to a single thin vertical that splits the canvas in two. Through Dec. 4. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Judith Rothschild—Large, white-paper cutouts applied to an abstract ground. Through Dec. 18. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

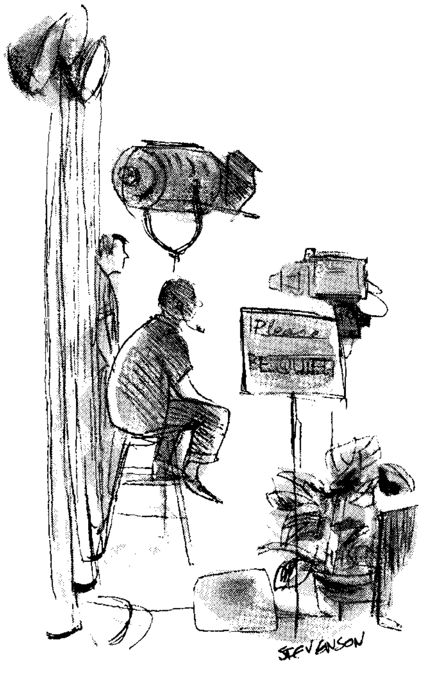
Edouard Vuillard (1868-1940) / **Paul Vázquez**—Early paintings. Through Tuesday, Nov. 23. / Bold, bright strokes of color, and random pools of lesser intensity, done in oils on paper or canvas. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Harvey Weiss—Welded-brass sculptures, mostly. Through Dec. 30. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

John Wesley—A number of references to the American past—a teetering Washington crossing the Delaware, Woodrow Wilson crossing his eyes—by a Pop artist who seems to have been weaned on Disney. Through Dec. 1. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Don Wynn—Adirondack scenes—sun-dappled landscapes and boulder-strewn ravines—predominate in this show, which also includes portraits, a self-portrait, and a couple of fine pencil drawings. Through Dec. 4. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Modern Portraits—When artists are painting themselves or their close friends, they let go in a way that seldom occurs when the subject matter is more formal, and a sense of this free, unfettered atmosphere brightens this benefit show of twentieth-century portraiture put together by the Department of Art History of Columbia University. The survey includes paintings, drawings, and photographs by Matisse, Chagall, Mondrian, Rauschenberg, Warhol, Cartier-Bresson, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)



Group Shows—At the **BABCOCK**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Drawings by a group that includes Marsden Hartley, Everett Shinn, and Sol Wilson. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. . . . **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Drawings by André Masson, Egon Schiele, Yves Tanguy, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. . . . **CARUS**, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings, watercolors, and graphics by German Expressionists Nolde, Kirchner, and others. Also works by Russian artists. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . **FAIR**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A couple of pencil abstracts, by William Baziotes; the germ, in ink, of an architectural enterprise by Le Corbusier; and a number of remarkable pencil drawings in a surrealist vein by a young woman named Janet Fanto are included in this show of twenty-one American and European artists. Through Dec. 23. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: A show of paintings by Americans. The earliest work is a portrait by John Smibert dated 1729 and the latest is a 1961 Andrew Wyeth; in between are paintings by Homer, Sully, Trumbull, Hassam, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. . . . **KERR**, 49 E. 82nd St.: "American Realism: From the Hudson to the Brandywine" includes works by Thomas Cole, Asher B. Durand, and Andrew, N.C., and James Wyeth. Through Nov. 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Portraits and landscapes by folk artists Joseph Pickett, Grandma Moses, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings and collages from the forties and fifties by, among others, John D. Graham, Arshile Gorky, and Franz Kline. Through Jan. 5. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Prints, drawings, and small sculptures (by, among others, Arthur B. Davies, Leo Ganso, and Doris Caesar) that center on the figure. Through Saturday, Nov. 27.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Samuel Adler—Spectral abstracts in shades of gray, and collages, mostly in the same tones, by this veteran American painter. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Alexander Archipenko (1887-1964)—A stylish-looking collection of wood, plaster, terra-cotta, and bronze sculptures, completed between 1915 and 1958 and often painted in arresting earth colors. Some of the smaller pieces are little gems of Cubistry, and there are also drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Glen Baxter / **Marilyn Lerner**—A dozen delicate idiosyncratic colored-pencil drawings by this English poet. / Abstract paintings in which a large V-shaped area, outlined by ridges of paint, is nearly always prominent. Through Dec. 4. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—Interspersed among the helter-skelter watercolors of rutted snow and skull-like houses and haunted swamps for which the painter is famous are some gentle, precise, detailed pencil studies of old farm buildings that show us a new dimension of this many-sided artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Carlos Cruz-Diez—Low-relief wall pieces of painted metal, by an Optical artist. Through Dec. 11. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Stuart Davis (1894-1964)—A comprehensive showing of his lithographs and serigraphs, some of which are accompanied by the original pencil sketch from which they sprang. Through Wednesday, Nov. 24. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

Stephen Etnier / **Isabel Bishop**—A late-afternoon quality seems to pervade Mr. Etnier's seaside paintings, whether they are done in Maine, where he lives, or in the tropics (Nassau and Hawaii), where he sometimes spends the winter months. / A set of thirty-one illustrations for a newly published edition of Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," drawn in pen-and-ink and wash by an artist who ap-

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pears to be ideally cast for the job. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Lawrence Fane—Abstract welded-steel sculptures made from such found objects as car bumpers and sewer pipes. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

William Fares—Paintings done with layered acrylic, some of it peeled back, and all built around a basic geometrical shape. Through Dec. 4. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lionel Gilbert—Semi-abstract still-life paintings. Through Dec. 24. (Alonzo, in a new location, at 30 W. 57th St.)

Robert Gwathmey—A retrospective of the stylized, Gothic compositions by this artist, who has devoted much of his career to depicting the plight of the black man in the Deep South; included are some pencil drawings lightly washed with color that offer a sunnier side of the situation. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Yvonne Jacquette—Bird's-eye views of the Maine countryside and the East River, painted by a young artist who makes sketches and snapshots from airplanes and converts them into large paintings or monotypes almost as detailed—and somehow more realistic—than aerial photographs. Through Nov. 30. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Wilson Kitchel—An installation consisting of what appears to be an abandoned office (six desks, with chairs, phones, etc.), which is meant to convey, by contrast with the relatively busy gallery it is appended to, something about the relationship of art and society. Between the gallery and the installation, an automatic Olivetti typewriter, serving as a sort of Greek chorus, spews out, over and over, an encyclopedia-length explanation by the artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (D'Arc, 15 E. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—Small sculptures and a series of lithographs, plus an original colored drawing, make up this pleasant exhibit. Through Dec. 10. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Greg Otto—Drawings done with a soft-lead Eagle Turquoise pencil (B to 3B) on a heavy rag paper called Museum Board; in most of them, thousands upon thousands of tiny strokes cover the entire sheet, giving it the appearance of a pebbled surface, in which some viewers, thanks to an optical illusion of sorts, see various colors. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Arnaldo Pomodoro—Immense sculptures in bronze, stainless steel, and structural steel, in many cases consisting of a simple geometric figure—a sphere, a cylinder, a pyramid—whose polished surface has been cracked open at some point, revealing an intricate, honeycomb structure underneath. There are a couple of preparatory drawings, done on canvas on the same herculean scale. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Tommy Simpson—Odd constructions handsomely turned out in raw, unfinished wood. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Portnoy, 56 W. 57th St.)

Saul Steinberg—Cartoons. Through Dec. 4. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Horacio Torres (1924-76)—Paintings of nudes done in the classical tradition. Through Dec. 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ernest Trova—Recent sculptures, most of them outsize pieces (the largest is sixteen feet long) made of stainless steel or Corten steel. It is interesting to see that elements of his famous "Falling Man" are discernible here and there, all but absorbed into the massive abstractions. Through Dec. 1. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Joyce Weinstein—Abstract oils and pastels. Through Dec. 3. (Cortella, 41 E. 57th St.)

Neil Welliver—Huge, dramatic paintings of wetlands in Maine, where flooded streams come gushing down the mountainsides through snow-covered boulders into stump-ridden flats full of beaver dams and lodges. The scale is heroic, and the visitor is surprised at the small size of the oil sketches, also on view, from which they derived. Through Dec. 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Dotty Attie—Three series of tiny, photographically exact pencil copies of details from classical works, which are used to illustrate weird, cryptic stories made up by the artist; one dainty little horror is about a child who sucks his thumb. Through Dec. 1. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Janet Braun-Reinitz / Arline Hershberg—Swags of filmy white or black nylon material draped in sculptural shapes. Through Nov. 28. / Paintings of tiers of cubes, done in bright colors and offering the same illusion one sees in a schoolboy's drawing of a skeletal cube: Is it coming or going? Through Sunday, Nov. 21. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St. Open Sundays.)

Norman Colp / Judy Cohen and Harvey Stein—Mr. Colp vectors in on the art world again by (a) computing the "mass" of ten local dealers (Paula Cooper, Ivan Karp, and Barbara Toll among them), and translating the sum into leaden cubes (the smallest weighs thirty-six pounds seven ounces), which are displayed on a white pedestal, and by (b) collecting minute particles—dust, hair, lint—that had settled on art works in leading galleries, and exhibiting this debris along with color photographs of the works involved. / A tribute to Smokey the Bear that, by the unhappy coincidence of his recent death, is unusually timely. Miss Cohen dressed herself in a Smokey outfit and posed for photographs (by Mr. Stein) in areas where Smokey's crusade might have helped—a blighted district in the Bronx, for instance. Through Dec. 4. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Michael Cooper / R. J. Kreznar—Collage paintings. / Glass sculptures. Through Dec. 4. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Jackie Ferrara—Unpainted birch plywood and Masonite stacked in the shape of pyramids. Also related drawings. Through Dec. 1. (Protetch, 157 Spring St.)

Sideo Fromboluti—Larger-than-life renditions of partially nude drowsy-looking female figures, plus landscapes, by an artist who paints with a thick impasto. Through Wednesday, Nov. 24. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Buckminster Fuller—The centerpiece of this show is a multifaceted, spherical piece, set on a freestanding shaft about five feet high and titled "'Jitterbug,' a Sculpture Describing the Synergetic Transformation of Nature's Structural Component—the Tetrahedron." That just about sums it up. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Solway, 139 Spring St.)

Cynthia Gallagher / Julius Tobias—Large abstract paintings and small works on paper. / A single work in cement that consists of two units that run the full length of the gallery. Through Wednesday, Nov. 24. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Gordon Hart—A new development in this artist's huge, mural-size abstract oil paintings is that he is now dividing the canvas into two or more distinct color areas, instead of devoting a whole canvas to one, as he has in the past. His use of contrasting rods of color at the sides of his work continues. Through Dec. 1. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Margaret Miller—Sculptures incorporating wood, rope, and twigs. Through Wednesday, Nov. 24. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St.)

Elizabeth Murray—Abstract oils, some of them on shaped canvas, in which a central field of interest—sometimes a single, simple shape, and sometimes a relatively complicated arrangement—is set on a contrasting background that the painter has worked hard to keep subdued. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Bruce Nauman—Recent sculptures; to wit, a dozen cubical forms (technically, they are rhombohedrons) made of plaster and loosely arranged on the floor in one room, and, in another, fourteen smaller ones, sliced from a steel bar six inches square. There is also a grim-looking cage, made of a steel frame and heavy-duty steel mesh, sixteen and a half feet long, thirteen and a half feet wide, and seven feet tall, with a second cage, about a foot smaller, inside. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)...¶ An installation made up of huge limestone cubes, accompanied by a text. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Claes Oldenburg—Recent comic conceits of this modern master, most of them shown in various sizes, ranging from relative portability to monumental—among them a typewriter eraser (the kind with a brush), a compact rendering of the alphabet in what looks like wet noodles, served up on a Good Humor stick, and a wood screw that could be taken for an African carving. Through Dec. 4. (Castelli, 420 and 410 West Broadway.)

Robert Perless—Huge mobiles, called "wind sculptures," which move with a certain dignity when a breeze engages them. The largest is an extended "V," like a bird in flight, that is twenty-five feet long and set on a twelve-foot triangular pedestal. Through Nov. 30. (Bonino, 98 Prince St.)

Dorothea Rockburne—This artist, who uses an ancient Greek mathematical formula to work out the shape of her compositions (they consist of creased and folded abstractions made of linen or heavy paper), has now begun to color them according to the dictates of her own intuition, rather than by calculation—with good results. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Jacqueline Shatz—Abstract paintings based on flowers. Through Dec. 1. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at 1.)

Michelle Stuart—Strips of paper (which have impressions of rocks and earth embedded in their surface) are affixed to the gallery walls. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Representational Drawings—Outstanding works in graphite and other mediums by four artists—Wolfgang Gafgen, who focusses here on lengths of frayed rope; Juan Gonzales, who depicts a gauzy curtain rising over a gentle seascape; Joe Nicastri, who draws delicately tinted bouquets of fading flowers on a plaster ground; and Bill Richards, who sets down every fern, every stem, every shadow in a swampy thicket. Through Dec. 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Michael Donohue—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (47 Bond Street Gallery, one block north of Bleecker St., between Broadway and Bowery. Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Richard Fleischner—An outdoor piece built on the site and consisting of a trestlelike wooden ramp a hundred feet long, rising from ground level to a height of ten feet and covered with a thick green layer of growing sod. Through Nov. 30. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Norman Lewis—A retrospective of his abstract paintings. Through Friday, Nov. 19. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6.)

Andy Warhol—Pen-and-ink drawings completed this year. Through Dec. 15. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, except Nov. 26, from 11 to 4:30.)

New York's Stepchildren—An exhibit of photographs of architectural details on civic buildings, some of which are earmarked for destruction. Starts Thursday, Nov. 18. (American Institute of Architects, 20 W. 40th St. Mondays through Fridays, except Nov. 26, from 9:30 to 4:30.)

Anemones: An Air Aquarium—An undersea environment in which enormous lobsters, carp, blowfish, sea anemones, and the like, made of clear, soft polyethylene and red sailcloth, swell up to their full size—as much as forty feet long—when computer-set air blowers turn on, and subside, as if exhausted, when the blowers turn off. Spectators are free to walk around in this pulsating world, and marvel at the whole operation, which was created by the artist Otto Piene and his assistants Mira Cantor, Ragnhild Karlstrom, and Ken Leslie, and which occupies the glass-enclosed ground floor of 88 Pine St. (a block north of Wall St.). Through Dec 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 2; Saturdays, noon to 3:30.)

Group Show—A single painting or sculpture by a group of women artists that includes Alice

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Baber, Gillian Jagger, and Gabriele Roos. Through Dec. 2. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Weekdays, 9 to 9.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

George Alpert—A two-gallery exhibit of black-and-white photographs. Both shows through Nov. 30. (SoHo Photo, 34 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.... ¶ SoHo-at-Portogallo, 72 W. 45th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Robert Demachy (1859-1936)—Fifty vintage prints by a French Pictorialist. Complementing the exhibit are works by Stieglitz, Käsebier, and Steichen. Through Dec. 11. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... ¶ A smaller selection of works by Demachy. Also photographs by Pepe Diniz. Through Dec. 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Jerome Flax—Color photographs. Through Friday, Nov. 19. (Kulicke, 636 Broadway, at Bleecker St.)

Robert Frank and Gotthard Schuh (1897-1969)—City scenes and landscapes taken in Europe. Through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Jay Maisel—Dye-transfer color prints. Through Dec. 4. (Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Susan Meiselas—Photographs of carnival performers. Through Wednesday, Nov. 24. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Benjamin Porter / Larry Siegel—A group of pictures taken in South America. / Photographs of people, including his family and friends. Through Dec. 5. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Stephen Shore—Color views of city scenes, highways, suburban houses, and storefronts. Through Jan. 2. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9.)

Paul Strand (1890-1976)—A selection of photographs from his entire career, including thirty vintage prints. Also work by Emmet Gowin. Through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)... ¶ Photographs and gravures. Also work by photographer John J. Gruen. Through Dec. 4. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Frank M. Sutcliffe (1853-1941)—Landscapes shrouded in fog, harbor scenes, and farmers tilling the soil in Whitby, England, figure in these naturalistic photographs (close to a hundred and all of them vintage) by a photographer who was influenced by the works of Millet and Corot. Through Dec. 18. (Kimmel-Cohn, 41 Central Park W., at 64th St.)

Weegee (1899-1968)—More than fifty candid flash-pictures from the forties taken in, among other places, jail cells and night clubs and on the Bowery. Through Dec. 22. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Harlow**, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Photographs of dancers, most of them taken in the early years of this century, by Charles Schenk, Emil Otto Hoppe, Arnold Genthe, and others. Through Dec. 24. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **Henry Street Settlement**, 466 Grand St.: "Family Album," a show of a hundred and twenty-five photographs depicting several generations of black New York families. Through Nov. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) ... **International Center of Photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Walker Evans, Irving Penn, and William Eggleston are three of the photographers in a show that traces the development of both commercial and non-commercial photography since the late eighteen hundreds. Also, in a separate exhibit, color prints by David Robinson. Through Jan. 2. (Open Sundays.)... **Museum of the City of New York**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: More than two hundred prints, most of them of people at work, that were taken by a commercial-photography firm in New York City at the turn of the century. Through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)... **Witkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Photographs documenting American

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life during the Depression and the years leading up to the Second World War, taken by eleven Farm Security Administration photographers, among them Ben Shahn, Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, and John Vachon. Through Dec. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A big exposition of Andrew Wyeth's works, half of it centered on the Kuerner farm in Pennsylvania and the other half centered on the Olson house in Maine, with the works arranged so that one can follow an idea from the earliest sketch (or inspiration) on through the finished painting; for example, the original jotting that ultimately resulted in the perhaps overexposed "Christina's World" is here, together with intervening studies and then the real thing. Through Feb. 6.... ¶ The museum is in the process of laying out new quarters for its Egyptian collection (which is so tremendous that a lot of it has not been seen practically since the time of Queen Tiy), and thirteen galleries have now been opened to view. There will just be time to see it all before the next segment is opened, in the fall of 1978.... ¶ An exhibit of drawings, prints, and illustrated books by artists who worked in seventeenth-century Rome, among them Poussin, Rubens, and Bernini. Through Jan. 16.... ¶ A show of the works (chiefly models and statuettes for public monuments) of American sculptor Daniel Chester French (1850-1931). Through Jan. 9. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Natural Paradise" examines the romantic element as found in the works of American painters from the early eighteen-hundreds to 1950. Thomas Cole, Edward Hopper, Barnett Newman, Jackson Pollock, and Georgia O'Keeffe are a few of the artists included. Through Nov. 30.... ¶ Photographs by Stephen Shore. Through Jan. 2. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A small show of oils and works on paper (all done before 1930) by Piet Mondrian. Starts Friday, Nov. 19.... ¶ Frankenthaler, Albers, Newman, and Warhol are four of the artists in an exhibition that surveys American painting since 1945. A separate showing of Arshile Gorky's works (dated 1944-48) is also being shown. Through Jan. 16. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Calder's Universe," a retrospective exhibition paying homage to one of our major national resources, has now unexpectedly become a memorial tribute to the artist whose death last week cut short the abundant flow of blessings from his hand. Included in the show are samplings from almost every phase of his output—toys, tapestries, tools, graphics, drawings, on up to herculean stabiles as big as the Whitney can accommodate (and excellent photographs of some it can't). The setting is superb, and one of the high spots is a videotape of the Master putting on his celebrated circus, at one point roaring like a lion. Through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A selection of thirty-two paintings, drawings, sculptures, and other works by members of the American Abstract Artists, a group that was founded in 1936 and held annual exhibits until the early forties. Among the prominent members whose works are included are Ilya Bolotowsky, David Smith, and Gertrude and Balcolm Greene. Through Dec. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The twentieth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints, along with works by artists who were represented in previous years. Starts Saturday, Nov. 20.... ¶ A documentation of the Lubavitcher Hasidic Jewish community of Crown Heights by photographer Mal Warshaw. Through Nov. 28. This show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A selection of natural-history books (on loan from the Cooper-Hewitt Museum), along with examples of the Chelsea china and contemporary wallpapers whose motifs were derived from the books' illustrations. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual Childe Hassam Purchase Exhibition, this year numbering seventy-one entries (of which about twenty will be bought for distribution to American museums) by contemporary painters, among them Nancy Hagin, Benny Andrews, and Hans Moller.... ¶ Works from the academy's collection, the earliest dated 1883. John Sloan, Saul Steinberg, and Elihu Vedder are a few of the artists included. Both shows through Jan. 2. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Southeast Asian ceramics (jars, bowls, vases, bottles, covered boxes), some of them of Khmer manufacture, dating from the ninth century to the seventeenth. Through Dec. 5. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5, and Thursday evening, Nov. 18, until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of Chinese folk art, including both utilitarian and decorative objects, dating from the fifteenth century through 1900. Through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The opening show of the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design consists of a host of separate exhibits whose theme is the efficacy of design. Through Feb. 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the work of Ben Shahn, including paintings, prints, posters, drawings, and photographs. Through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6; Thanksgiving Day, noon to 3. Additional hours for this exhibit: Wednesday evenings until 10.)

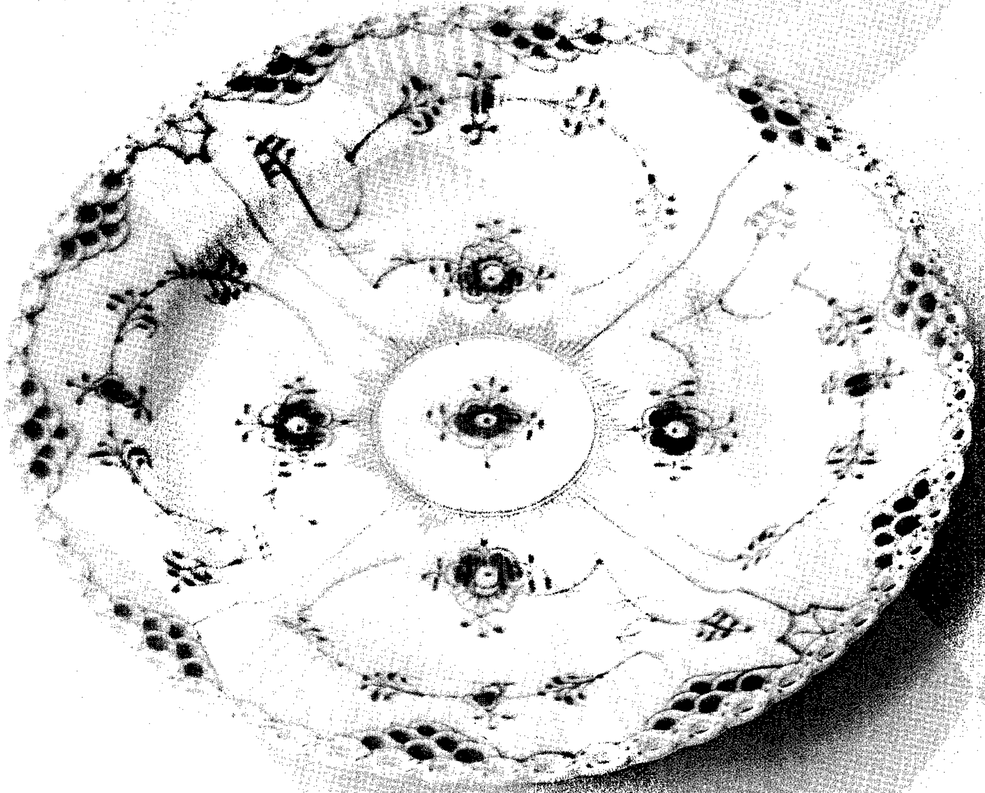
Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books and manuscripts collected by William Morris, along with examples of his calligraphy and of books that he himself designed (including the Kelmscott Chaucer of 1896). Through Nov. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"A Child's Comfort," an exhibit of quilts made from 1830 to the present in sizes to fit infant- and doll-size beds. Through Jan. 23. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 to 5:30.)

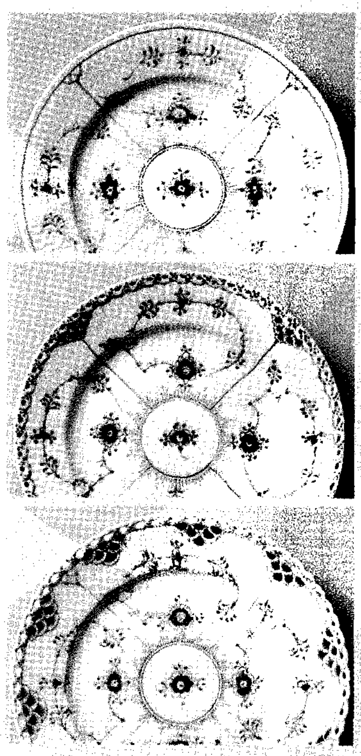
New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Two Hundred Years of American Illustration" includes original work done by illustrators (Audubon, Gibson, and Thurber among them) for books, magazines, newspapers, and posters. Starts Friday, Nov. 19.... ¶ Photographs of contemporary New York by Andreas Feininger compared with earlier views of the city by artists and photographers from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of materials recently acquired by the Berg Collection includes correspondence, workbooks, diaries, and manuscripts by such writers as May Sarton, Arthur Conan Doyle, and Joseph Conrad. Through Feb. 11. (Weekdays, except Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—



Time was when a Plate was just a Plate.



The dinner-service you bought when you married has lasted as long as that antiquated dining-table you keep meaning to replace. But it doesn't really look right anymore even if you had the most beautiful Scandinavian table to put it on.

In fact the time has come to get a service which looks right on any table, on any occasion, from family breakfasts to formal dinner-parties. Where fine workmanship, good design and flawless quality are all equally important.

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Get yourself a new table as well. You've done without the things you wanted long enough.

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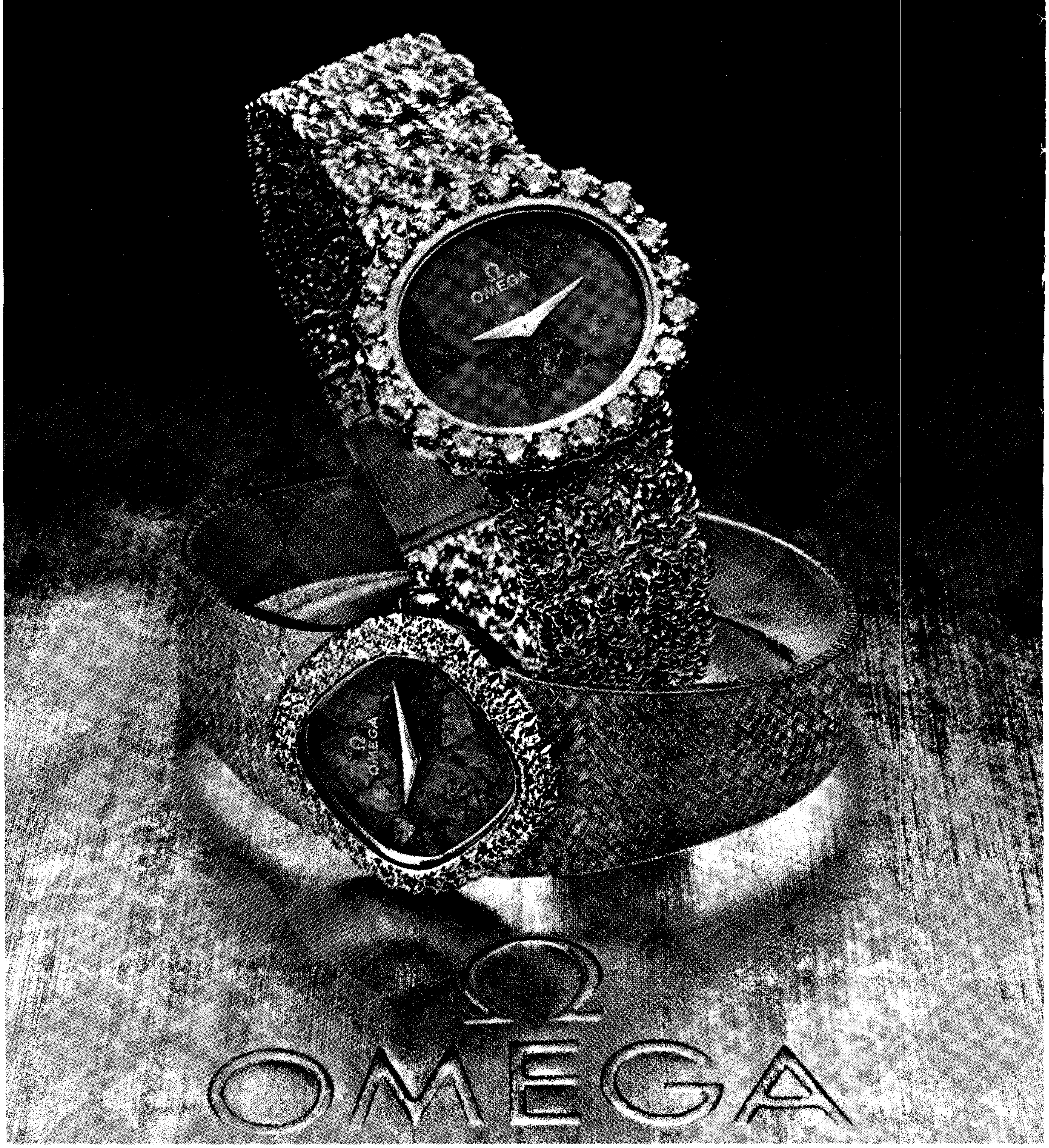
AND DIAMONDS.



In the case of either Omega you see above, all that glitters is gold, and more.

Encircling each face is a plethora of sparkling diamonds. The faces themselves are semi-precious lapis lazuli (top) and opal mosaic (bottom).

And just as glittering is the unfailing accuracy either watch delivers.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Posters, letters, photographs, and other memorabilia tracing the careers of Kurt Weill and Lotte Lenya both here and abroad. Through March 12. (Mondays and Thursdays, *except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 8;* Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Drawings and prints in mixed mediums by Freida High. Through Sunday, Nov. 21. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 7:30: "Lohengrin," with Pilar Lorengar, Mignon Dunn, René Kollo, Donald McIntyre, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Allan Monk; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Aida," with Ljiljana Molnar-Talajic, Elena Obraztsova, Ruggero Orofino, Mario Sereni, and Jerome Hines; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 19, at 8: The Metropolitan's première of Massenet's "Esclarmonde," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Giacomo Aragall, Louis Quilico, Clifford Grant, John Macurdy, and John Carpenter; Richard Bonynge. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 1: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lucine Amara, Roberta Peters, Rosalind Elias, Justino Díaz, and Richard Stilwell; Leopold Hager. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 7:30: "Lohengrin," with Pilar Lorengar, Mignon Dunn, René Kollo, Donald McIntyre, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Lawrence Shadur; James Levine. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 21, at 6:30: The American première of "Einstein on the Beach," a five-hour avant-garde opera by Robert Wilson, with a score by Philip Glass. The first of two performances. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 22, at 7: "Die Meistersinger," with Eva Marton, Shirley Love, Gerd Brenneis, and Thomas Stewart; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 7:30: "Lohengrin," with Pilar Lorengar, Mignon Dunn, René Kollo, Donald McIntyre, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Lawrence Shadur; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Esclarmonde," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Giacomo Aragall, Louis Quilico, Clifford Grant, and John Macurdy; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Aida," with Ljiljana Molnar-Talajic, Tatiana Troyanos, Gilbert Py, Louis Quilico, and Jerome Hines; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 26, at 7:30: "Lohengrin," with Pilar Lorengar, Mignon Dunn, René Kollo, Donald McIntyre, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Lawrence Shadur; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 2: "Esclarmonde," with Joan Sutherland, Huguette Tourangeau, Giacomo Aragall, Louis Quilico, Clifford Grant, and John Macurdy; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Rosalind Elias, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Ezio Flagello; James Levine.

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of the United States première of Chabrier's comic opera "Le Roi Malgré Lui," in an English translation entitled "The Reluctant King" by Maurice Valency. Staged by Bliss Hebert, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Manuel Rosenthal. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday, Nov. 18, and Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8; Sunday, Nov. 21, at 3; and Monday, Nov. 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

Opera at the Y—Michael Feldman conducting the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in the American premières of Josef Berg's chamber operas "Breakfast at Schlakenwald Castle" and "European Tourists." Staged by Thomas Gruenewald. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Rafael Kubelik conducting on Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 19, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 7:30 (all with Claudio Arrau, piano). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting on Wednesday, Nov. 24, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 26-27, at 8:30; Tuesday, Nov. 30, at 7:30; and Thursday, Dec. 2, at 8:30 (all with Victoria Canale, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; and John Reardon, baritone).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Murray Perahia, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 17-18, at 8.)

London Philharmonic Orchestra—Bernard Haitink conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday and Monday, Nov. 21-22, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

New York Chamber Soloists—The third in a series of five all-Mozart programs, this one entitled "The Young Mozart," with Jean Hakes, soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Raymond Murcell, bass. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the first in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one devoted to early-twentieth-century American masters, with Virgil Thomson narrating his own "The Plough That Broke the Plains." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York—Richard Kapp conducting, with Berenice Lipson-Gruzen, piano. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

City Symphony—Stephen Jablonsky conducting a benefit concert, with Judith Raskin, soprano, and John Lewis's jazz quartet. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Hamao Fujiwara, violin, and Sharon Moe, French horn. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

West Side Orchestral Concerts—*Frédérique* Petrides conducting the second of two concerts, this one with Masako Yanagita, violin. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing a program of German music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

St. Patrick's Cathedral Concert—John Grady directing the combined choirs of St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul in Philadelphia, the Plymouth Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn, and St. Bartholomew's Church, with Nadja Witkowska, soprano; Ellen Alexander, mezzo-soprano; William Neill, tenor; and Walter Hook, bass. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 7:30. Tickets are on sale at the Parish House, 14 E. 51st St.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing the first in a series of three concerts of Handel oratorios, this one "Israel in Egypt," with Elaine Russell and Peggy Pruett, sopranos; Daniel Collins, countertenor; Seth McCoy, tenor; Bruce Fifer and Lewis White, bass-baritones; and Mr. Westenburg, harpsichord. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program contrasting American and European choral works. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

RECITALS

Eugenia Earle—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Kyung-Wha Chung, Myung-Wha Chung, and Myung-Whun Chung—Violin, cello, and piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Earl Wild—Piano, in an all-Liszt program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

New York Vocal Arts Ensemble—A vocal quartet in a program entitled "The Golden Age of Salon Music." (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The first in this season's series of six concerts, this one a program of contemporary Swiss music performed by the Bern String Quartet and Geneviève Calame, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Carlos Barbosa-Lima—Classical guitarist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Diane Walsh—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2:30.)

Choros Woodwind Quintet—With Dennis Smylie, bass clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2:30.)

Dickran Atamian—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Trio di Milano—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

New School Concerts—The Galimir Quartet. (*New School, 66 W. 12th St.* 581-5197. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 11 A.M.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 3.)

Lili Kraus—Piano, in the second of three recitals entitled "Sundays in Vienna." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 3.)

Viola da Gamba Trio of Basel—A program of medieval and Renaissance music, with Bernard Krainis, recorder. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

Gary Karr and Harmon Lewis—Double bass and organ. (Church of St. John the Evangelist, First Ave. at 55th St. Monday, Nov. 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Osian Ellis, harp; James Buswell and Yoshiko Nakura, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 5, and Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 7:30.)

Paul O'Dette and Helen Boatwright—Lute and soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Ludwig Olshansky—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Festival of Winds—The first in a series of four concerts, this one performed by the American Brass Quintet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Lorin Hollander—Piano, in an all-Schubert recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

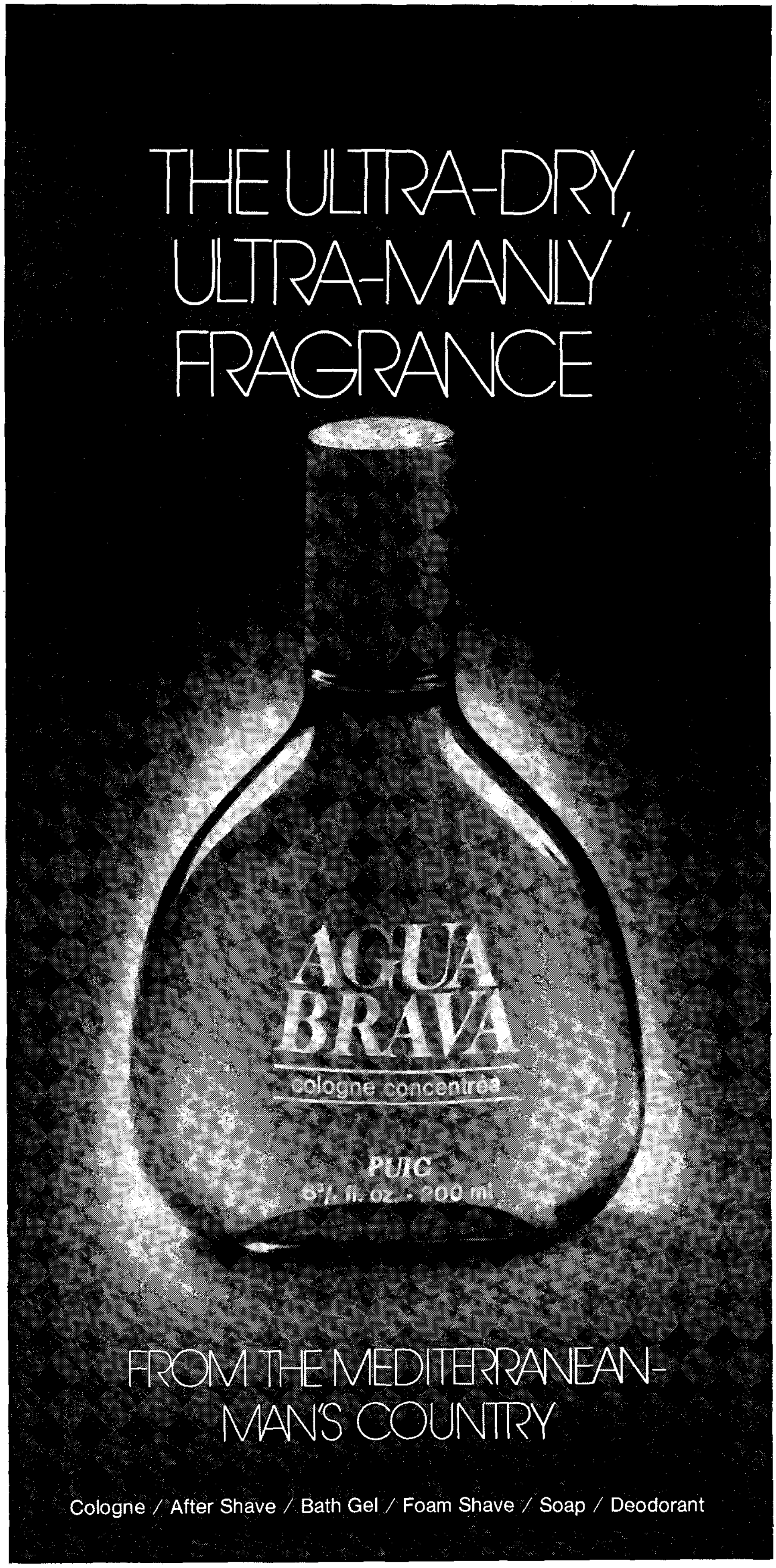
American String Quartet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

String Trio of New York—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

Emil Gorovets—Tenor, in a program of Yiddish, Hebrew, and Russian songs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd


THE ULTRA-DRY, ULTRA-MANLY FRAGRANCE
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Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Denver, Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Kansas City, Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. San Antonio, Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta, Friday, Nov. 26, at 8:05.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 20: Fordham vs. Brooklyn College, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick, at 1. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 27: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 12:50. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Sunday, Nov. 21: Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Denver Broncos, at Denver.

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Thursday, Nov. 25, at 8:05.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Thursday, Dec. 23. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Demoiselle, Saturday, Nov. 20; the Firenze Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 25; and the Remsen, Saturday, Nov. 27. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 31. The Maryland Futurity, Saturday, Nov. 27.

SQUASH RACQUETS—Boodles Squash Open—Tournament matches, Friday, Nov. 19, at 6:30, and Saturday, Nov. 20, at 10 A.M. . . . ¶ Quarterfinals, Saturday, Nov. 20, at 1 and 3. . . . ¶ Semifinals, Sunday, Nov. 21, at 11 A.M. . . . ¶ Finals, Sunday, Nov. 21, at 3. (Uptown Racquet Club, 151 E. 86th St. For information about tickets, call 860-8630.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 11. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights, except Thanksgiving, at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

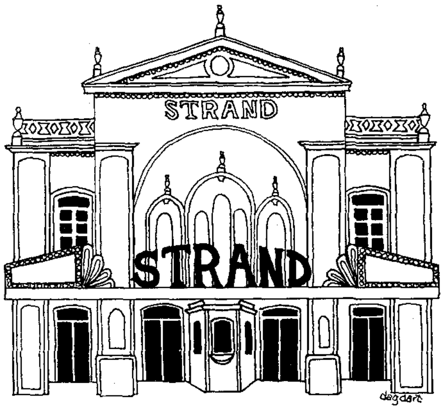
POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—At ST. MARKS IN-THE-BOUWERIE: John Ashbery, Ted Berrigan, and others reading from the works of Frank O'Hara. (Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8:30. Admission by contribution.) . . . THE BROOK: Howard Moss and Cynthia MacDonald reading from their own works. (Eighth floor, 40 W. 17th St. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 2:30. Admission by contribution.) . . . 92ND STREET Y: Ian Richardson reading from the works of Shakespeare, Byron, Thomas, Betjeman, and other British poets, Sunday, Nov. 21, at 8. . . . ¶ Hortense Calisher and Larry Woiwode reading from their own novels, Monday, Nov. 22, at 8. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

NATIONAL POSTAGE STAMP SHOW—The twenty-eighth annual exhibit will feature special showings by the United States Post Office Department and eleven foreign postal administrations. On the first day of the show, new stamps will be issued by the United States, Canada, the Republic of South Africa, and the United Nations. (Madison Square Garden Center Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Friday, Nov. 19, from 10 to 9; Saturday, Nov. 20, from 10 to 7; and Sunday, Nov. 21, from 11 to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 2: Jewelry, from several owners. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 18-20, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including Chinese Export porcelains and American paintings, silver, glass, folk art, furniture, and decorations; from the American Heritage Society. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 2: European porcelains, including Worcester, faïence, and Meissen pieces; from various collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 26, at 2: European tapestries and furniture; from many owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 20.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 23: "Face to Face" and "Amarcord."
From Nov. 24: "Bugsy Malone."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Nov. 23: "Misty Beethoven" and "Cry Uncle" (both X-rated).
From Nov. 24: "Fritz the Cat" (X-rated). "The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat," and "Heavy Traffic."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Nov. 17: "Swept Away" and "Seven Beauties."
From Nov. 18: "James Dean, the First American Teenager."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 23: "Swept Away" and "Seven Beauties."
From Nov. 24: "Bugsy Malone."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Two-Minute Warning."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Next Man."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th (755-3020)
To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Network."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"How Funny Can Sex Be?"

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Maîtresse."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Front."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Nov. 18: "A Matter of Time."
Nov. 19-23: "The Great Scout & Cathouse Thursday" and "Futureworld."
From Nov. 24: "Shout at the Devil."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Nov. 17: "Taxi Driver" and "The King of Marvin Gardens."
From Nov. 18: "James Dean, the First American Teenager."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Nov. 25 (tentative): "A Child Is a Wild Young Thing."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Last Tycoon."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Nov. 20: "Small Change."
From Nov. 21: "Rocky."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
To be announced.

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Lumière."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Marquise of O . . ."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Marathon Man."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 23: "Gator."
From Nov. 24: "Bugsy Malone."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 23: "Dog Day Afternoon" and "The Outlaw Josey Wales."
From Nov. 24: "Alex & the Gypsy."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Two-Minute Warning."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Next Man."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Carrie."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Nov. 18: "A Matter of Time."
Nov. 19-23: "The Great Scout & Cathouse Thursday" and "Futureworld."
From Nov. 24: "Shout at the Devil."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Nov. 23: "Battle Command."
From Nov. 24: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Edvard Munch."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Car Wash."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Carrie."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 20: "Camille" and "Two-Faced Woman." Nov. 21-23 "Ninotchka" and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise." From Nov. 24: "Anna Karenina" and "Mata Hari."
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 23: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Harold and Maude." From Nov. 24: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 23: "A Child Is a Wild Young Thing." From Nov. 24: "Felicia" and "S.O.S." (both X-rated).
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 23: "A Piece of Pleasure" and "Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others." From Nov. 24: "Alice in Wonderland" and "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?" (both X-rated).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Silent Movie."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Incredible Sarah."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 23: "The Gumball Rally" and "The Drowning Pool."
From Nov. 24: "The Bad News Bears" and "Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Nov. 20: "The Front."
From Nov. 21: "Small Change."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Nov. 17: "Jules and Jim."
Nov. 18: "Mississippi Mermaid."
Nov. 19: "Fahrenheit 451."
Nov. 20: "The Story of Adèle H."
Nov. 21: "Jules and Jim."
Nov. 22: "Day for Night."
Nov. 23: "The Bride Wore Black."
From Nov. 24: "Network."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 23: "Barry Lyndon."
From Nov. 24: "Face to Face."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Carrie."
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 23: "Dog Day Afternoon" and "The Outlaw Josey Wales." From Nov. 24: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 23: "Battle Command." From Nov. 24: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 23: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Harold and Maude."
From Nov. 24: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and "No Deposit No Return."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These *theatres* are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 17: "Amarcord" (†); and "I Vitelloni" (1953), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Alberto Sordi and Franco Fabrizi.
Nov. 18: "Images" (1972), directed by Robert Altman, with Susannah York and René Auberjonois; and "Diary of a Mad Housewife" (1970), directed by Frank Perry, with Richard Benjamin, Frank Langella, and Carrie Snodgress.
Nov. 19: "Planet of the Apes" (†); and "Beneath the Planet of the Apes" (1970), *the second in the "Ape" series, with James* Franciscus and Kim Hunter, directed by Ted Post.
Nov. 20: "Happy New Year" (1973), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian; and "And Now My Love." (†)
Nov. 21: "The Boy Friend" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Twiggy; and "42nd Street" (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter.
Nov. 22: "The Joyless Street" (†) and "As You Desire Me." (†)
Nov. 23: "Yojimbo" (1962) and "Sanjuro" (1963), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
Nov. 24: "Topper" (1937), directed by Norman Z. McLeod, with Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Roland Young, and Billie Burke; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938), directed by Howard Hawks, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.
Nov. 25: "Moby Dick" (†) and "Captains Courageous." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 17: "Lucky Luciano" (1974), directed by Francesco Rosi, with Gian Maria Volonte and Rod Steiger; and "The Mattei Affair" (1973), in Italian, directed by Francesco Rosi, with Gian Maria Volonte.
Nov. 18: "L'Amour Fou" (1968), in French, directed by Jacques Rivette, with Bulle Ogier and Jean-Pierre Kalfon.
Nov. 19: "Stormy Weather" (1943), directed by Andrew Stone, with Lena Horne, Bill Robinson, and Fats Waller; and "The Gang's All Here" (1943), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda.
Nov. 20: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958), directed by Richard Brooks, with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives; and "The Night of the Iguana." (†)
Nov. 21: The opera "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (1966), directed by George Tressler, sung by Norman Foster and Mildred Miller; and "Falstaff" (1967), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Jeanne Moreau, John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, and Margaret Rutherford.
Nov. 22: "Days and Nights in the Forest" (†); and "Simabaddha" (1971), in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray.
Nov. 23: "The North Star" (†) and "Watch on the Rhine." (†)
Nov. 24: "Electra" (†) and "Antigone." (†)
Nov. 25: "A Man for All Seasons" (1966), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Paul Scofield, Robert Shaw, and Leo McKern;

and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

Nov. 17: "Freaks" (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "Forbidden Planet" (1956), directed by Fred M. Wilcox, with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen.

Nov. 18; "The Mystery of the Wax Museum" (1933), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Lionel Atwell, Fay Wray, and Glenda Farrell; and "Freaks."

Nov. 19: "200 Motels" (1971), with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention; and "Freaks."

Nov. 20: "Brewster McCloud" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman; and "Freaks."

Nov. 21: "Yellow Submarine" (1968), directed by George Dunning, a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles; and "Freaks."

Nov. 22: "Pound" (†); and "Freaks."

Nov. 23: "Thieves Like Us" (1974), directed *by Robert Altman, with Keith Carradine,* Shelley Duvall, John Schuck, and Bert Remsen; and "Freaks."

Nov. 24 "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

Nov. 25: "Walkabout" (1971), directed by Nicolas Roeg; and "The Wild Child." (†)

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)

Through Nov. 18: "Fantastic Planet" (1973), in French, directed by René Laloux, an animated, science-fiction film; and "Last Days of Man on Earth" (1974), directed by Robert Fuest, with Jon Finch and Sterling Hayden.

Nov. 19-20: "Forbidden Planet" (1956), directed by Fred M. Wilcox, with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen; and "The Time Machine" (1960), directed by George Pal, with Rod Taylor, Alan Young, Yvette Mimieux, and Sebastian Cabot.

Nov. 21-23: "The Thing" (†) and "Seconds." (†)

Nov. 24-25: "On the Beach" (†) and "The Power." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Nov. 20: "Holiday" (1938), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan; and "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with *Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift,* and Katharine Hepburn.

From Nov. 21: "Top Hat" (1935), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; and "Swing Time" (1936), directed by George Stevens, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Nov. 18: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

Nov. 19-20: "Bombshell" (†) and "Saratoga." (†)

Nov. 21-22: "Broadway Thru a Keyhole" (1933), directed by Lowell Sherman, with Constance Cummings and Russ Columbo; *and "Go Into Your Dance."* (†)

Nov. 23-24: "Scarlet Street" (1946), directed by Fritz Lang, with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea; and "Fury." (†)

From Nov. 25: "Three Little Words" (†) and "The Three Musketeers." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 18 at 2:30: "Tempi Nostri" (1954), in Italian, directed by Allessandro Blasetti, with Vittorio De Sica, Lea Padovani, Marcello Mastroianni, Yves Montand, and Michel Simon; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 6: "The President's Analyst" (1967), directed by Theodore J. Flicker, with James Coburn, Godfrey Cambridge, and Severn Darden. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 8:30 and Nov. 19 at 2:30: "What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?" (1966), directed by Blake Edwards, with James Coburn, Dick Shawn, Sergio Fantoni, Aldo Ray, and Carroll O'Connor. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 6: "Tempi Nostri.". . . ¶ Nov. 20 at noon: "Who's Minding the Mint?" (1967), directed by Howard Morris, with Jim Hutton, Dorothy Provine, Milton Berle, and Joey Bishop. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 2:30: "The Graduate" (1967), directed by Mike Nichols, with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 *at 5: "The Party" (1968), directed by Blake* Edwards, with Peter Sellers. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at noon: "A Boy Named Charlie Brown" (1969), directed by Bill Melendez, an animated feature. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2:30: "The Producers" (1968), directed by Mel Brooks, with Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 5: "Foolish Wives" (1922), directed by, and with, Erich von Stroheim. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at noon: A program of comedy shorts—"Free Rent" (1937), "Home Movies" (1940), "Things We Can Do Without" (1953), and "So You Want to Be Your Own Boss" (1954). . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 2:30: "The Party.". . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 6: A program of films by Bruce Conner. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at noon: "The Producers.". . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 2:30: "The President's Analyst.". . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 2:30: "Love Affair" (1939), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying *for them in person at the museum* after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Nov. 21: A film by Kathy Acker and Alan Sondheim. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 23: A program of six short films by George Landow. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Snow, Sharits, Riefenstahl, Warhol, Carter, Smith, Vertov, Belson, Baillie, Halford, and others. Showings Nov. 17 at 7 and 8:30; Nov. 18-19 at 7; Nov. 20 at 2:30, 7, and 9:30; Nov. 21 at 8; and Nov. 23-25 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Nov. 18-21 "Beware of a Holy Whore" *(1970), in German, directed by Rainer* Werner Fassbinder, with Werner Schroeter, Eddie Constantine, and Lou Castel; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 25: A program of three films by Werner Herzog. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alex & the Gypsy—Off the beaten track, but that's just about the only thing you can give it points for. Jack Lemmon is Alex, a cynical, loquacious bailbondsman, whose character is taken from the Stanley Elkin short novel "The Bailbondsman," but the movie involves him with a gypsy (Geneviève Bujold) invented by the screenwriter, Lawrence B. Marcus. Lemmon is always up, and works desperately hard. And so Bujold, who's meant to be the vibrant, tempestuous one, has to fight him for every bit of audience attention, and what should be a love story is a shouting match—ersatz D. H. Lawrence and ersatz Billy Wilder. Directed by John Korty. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/18/76.) (Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Nov. 24.)

Amarcord (1974)—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Art; through Nov. 23.)

And Now My Love (1975)—A winsome love story that believes firmly in the predetermination of love and in the gifts of Claude Lelouch. The man in the current movie (André Dussollier) is a poor but honest jailbird who turns to porno filmmaking, then to commercial filmmaking, then to a future of Lelouch-like, snow-white feature filmmaking about life, love, and death; this takes him to America, travelling first-class. The girl (Marthe Keller), rich but also honest, and very, very bored, inherits a fortune from her father (Charles Denner). She becomes a Socialist, gives away her fortune, throws on a simple mackintosh, goes to the airport (in a chauffeur-driven car), and travels to America. She, too, goes first-class, in spite of her Socialism, because she and André Dussollier have been fated to meet all through the film: in a Lelouch movie, love and the director's sense of convenience conquer all. Story and screenplay by Lelouch and Peter Uytterhoeven. In French. (4/7/75) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 20.)

Anna Karenina (1935)—Greta Garbo is Anna in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The picture is more M-G-M than Tolstoy; the cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Mischa Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't all it might be, and Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there to be gazed upon. (Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 24.)

Antigone (1961)—There are some masterly sequences in George Tzavellas's neglected version of the Sophocles drama, as well as a strong, fine Antigone by Irene Papas and a great Creon by Manos Katrakis. In modern Greek. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 24.)

As You Desire Me (1932)—Greta Garbo plays a café entertainer with amnesia in Budapest, trying to escape from the influence of a novelist, played by Erich von Stroheim. Melvyn Douglas is her forgotten husband—a count, what else? The plot is taken from Pirandello and made into trumpery, but there is always Garbo, though the rewards of the film are pretty inverted. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 22.)

The Bad News Bears—A story of a team of sort of mini-Mets, with Tatum O'Neal as a pitcher, and Walter Matthau as a coach who feeds his team Coke and franks and pours slugs of Scotch into his cans of beer. Michael Ritchie directed, from Bill Lancaster's script. (Playboy; starting Nov. 24.)

Barry Lyndon—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (12/29/75) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 23.)

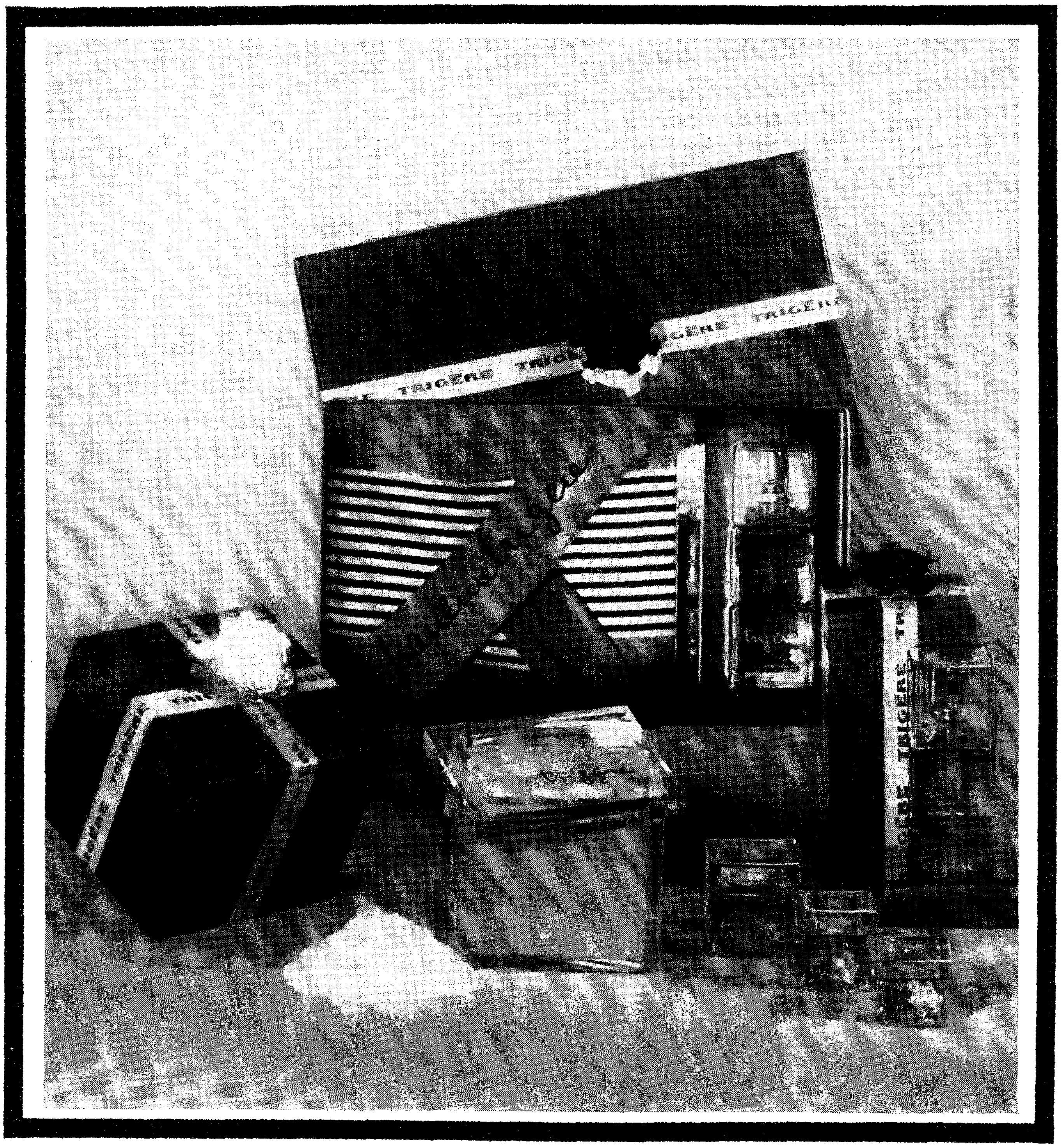
Bombshell (1933)—Great fun in the uninhibited early-thirties style. A wisecracking comedy-satire, with Jean Harlow in the title role as a good-hearted dumb blond movie star. Also with Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone, Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, and Isabel Jewell. Victor Fleming directed rather raucously but from a good screenplay by John Lee Mahin and Jules Furthman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 19-20.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Paramount; Nov. 23.)

Bugsy Malone—An aberration from England, set in New York in 1929 and made with a cast of children, average age twelve. It's a kiddie-gangster musical, with slapstick gang wars—a film that operates on darlingness and the kitsch of innocence. Alan Parker wrote and directed; the score (sung by adults) is by Paul Williams. With Jodie Foster as the vamp Tallulah, Martin Lev as the villain Dandy Dan, and among the nonprofessionals, the appealing Florrie Dugger as the complacent ingenue Blousey. (9/27/76) (Art, Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; starting Nov. 24.)

Camille (1937)—There may be too much stuffed furniture, but under George Cukor's direction Greta Garbo gives a warm and generous performance that is possibly her finest. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 20.)

Captains Courageous (1937)—One of the



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Saks Fifth Avenue

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25		

M-G-M powerhouse entertainments; beefy and rousing and good fun for all. (Great for children—almost guaranteed tears and laughter.) Freddie Bartholomew plays the rich brat who learns about life from the fishermen of the Gloucester fleet, especially from Spencer Tracy (as a Portuguese), and with a little help from Mickey Rooney. Victor Fleming keeps the handsome production in motion; the Kipling novel was reworked by first-rate hands: John Lee Mahin, Marc Connelly, and Dale Van Every. With Melvyn Douglas, the inevitable Lionel Barrymore, John Carradine, Charley Grapewin, Leo G. Carroll, and Jack La Rue, cast against type as a priest; the score is by Franz Waxman. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 25.)

Carrie—With Sissy Spacek, John Travolta, and Piper Laurie; directed by Brian De Palma. (Reviewed in this issue.) (86th St. East, Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Car Wash—A junk-food mixture of poetry, black anger, bathroom humor, routines that have come through the sit-com mill, and worn-to-the-stump faggot jokes. The action is centered on one workday in an L.A. car wash that is white-owned but staffed mostly by blacks. Michael Schultz directed, from a script by Joel Schumacher. (10/25/76) (8th St. Playhouse.)

A Child Is a Wild Young Thing—With Marie Antoinette Skinner, directed by Peter Skinner. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 23. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through Nov. 25, tentative.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Quad Cinema, and Olympia; through Nov. 23.)

Cousin, Cousine—A very good film, by Jean-Charles Tacchella, about muddled and ironically sensual family gatherings. Full of Rabelaisian cheer and finely acted. In French. (8/2/76) (Paris.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Paramount; Nov. 22.)

Days and Nights in the Forest (1969)—On the surface, this Satyajit Ray film is a lyrical romantic comedy about four educated young men from Calcutta, driving together for a few days in the country, and the women they meet. The subtext is perhaps the subtlest, most plangent study of the cultural tragedy of imperialism; the young men are self-parodies—clowns who ape the worst snobberies of the British. A major film by one of the great film artists, starring Soumitra Chatterji and the incomparably graceful Sharmila Tagore. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 22.)

Dog Day Afternoon (1975)—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Nov. 23.)

The Drowning Pool (1975)—A poor film, apart from a climactic water problem in a hydrotherapy chamber, and apart from the talents, quizzicality, and technical grace together of Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman. They shouldn't be misspent in a private-eye story like this, full of dull-eyed mock sophistication and steamy ideas of the South. The picture, directed by Stuart Rosenberg, is a trite celebration of the old male-loner myth that still so often comes up in Westerns, heroin-smuggling stories, thrillers, tales of vigilantes, whatever. (6/30/75) (Playboy; through Nov. 23.)

Edvard Munch—Peter Watkins' nearly three-hour film about the Norwegian painter of 1863-1944, who prefigured Expressionism. Working with non-actors, he has devised a technical method that makes the film seem to be happening in the here and now. Munch is played by Geir Westby, and the love of Munch's life—the anonymous Mrs. Heiberg of his journals—by Gro Fraas, a noble-faced beauty. In Norwegian, with English narration by the director. (9/20/76) (Waverly.)

Electra (1962)—The Greek director Michael Cacoyannis has filmed his version of the Euripides tragedy in an authentic setting and with an authentic solemn grandeur. Luckily, the heroine, Irene Papas, is fair to look upon, and so is the Greek landscape. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 24.)

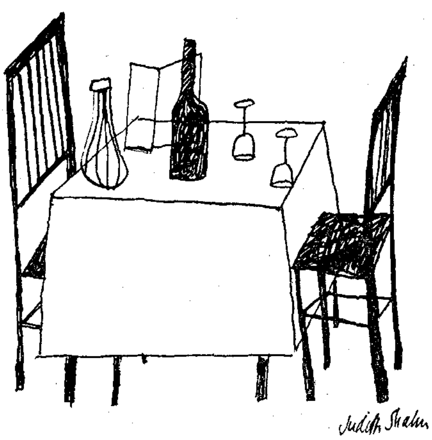
Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Art; through Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 24.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Ray Bradbury's story about a future society in which books are forbidden was filmed in England by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. There are charming childlike moments, but the performers seem listless, and the whole enterprise is a little drab. (Paramount; Nov. 19.)

Fritz the Cat (1972)—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity; everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 24.)

The Front—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark in the role of Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front. But the pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (Coronet. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through Nov. 20.)

Fury (1936)—When this melodrama about an orgy of mob violence against an innocent man—it was Fritz Lang's first American movie—opened in London, Graham Greene said in his review that it was "the only film I know to which I have wanted to attach the epithet of 'great.'" Though Americans may rate it high, they are unlikely to go that far. Spencer Tracy (as the victim) and Sylvia Sidney are very fine, and the picture has so much vitality that it's easy to make allowances for the tacky ending, which doesn't jibe with Lang's sensibility and style. But the sensibility and style are themselves hurdles. The schematic view of fate, the lighting and design, the stylized movements of the lynchers all relate to the theatrical wing of the German Expressionist movement; Lang brings a heavy battery of advanced stagecraft to the small-town American Southern setting. Joseph L. Mankiewicz produced; Norman Krasna did the story; Bartlett Cormack and Lang did the screenplay. With Edward Ellis, Walter Brennan, Bruce Cabot, and Walter Abel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 23-24.)



Futureworld—Futurebunk. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; Nov. 19-23.)

Gator—With Burt Reynolds, Jack Weston, Lauren Hutton, and Jerry Reed; directed by Mr. Reynolds. (72nd Street East; through Nov. 23.)

Go Into Your Dance (1935)—Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have a number together ("About a Quarter to Nine"), and Jolson sings "She's a Latin from Manhattan." The movie isn't topnotch, but it does have Helen Morgan and Glenda Farrell and Patsy Kelly; the songwriters Al Dubin and Harry Warren also appear. Miss Keeler had been in many musicals before this one, but she retains her peculiarly appealing amateurishness. Archie Mayo directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 21-22.)

The Great Scout & Cathouse Thursday—With Lee Marvin, Oliver Reed, Robert Culp, and Elizabeth Ashley; directed by Don Taylor. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; Nov. 19-23.)

The Gumball Rally—A cross-country car race, with Michael Sarrazin, directed by Chuck Bail. (Playboy; through Nov. 23.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Quad Cinema, and Olympia; through Nov. 23.)

Heavy Traffic (1973)—Ralph Bakshi, begetter of "Fritz the Cat," wrote and directed this outrageous and sombre full-length cartoon about life in Manhattan. It was conceived in love and loathing, and executed with a savage gift that is often disruptingly funny. The graphics elide from animation into realistic acting, and actual sets are mixed with photographed city backdrops that sometimes have haunting effects created in the darkroom. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 24.)

How Funny Can Sex Be?—An eight-episode film, with Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East.)

The Incredible Sarah—An aberration. The staccato, wrenchingly modern Glenda Jackson plays the lyrical, incandescent Sarah Bernhardt. Written by Ruth Wolff and directed by Richard Fleischer, this picture is in the stupefying tradition of "Song of Norway." (11/15/76) (Festival.)

James Dean, the First American Teenager—A British documentary, including footage from television plays done by Dean during the early fifties, and interviews with people who knew and worked with him. Narrated by Stacy Keach. (Cinema Village, and R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Nov. 18.)

Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. With Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (10/18/76) (Fine Arts.)

The Joyless Street (1925; shown in the United States under the title "The Street of Sorrow")—Set in Vienna, this erotic view of the breakdown of postwar society made the ravishing young Greta Garbo (in the flimsiest of evening gowns) internationally famous, although the star of the film is the great, strange Asta Nielsen, as a kept woman. G. W. Pabst directed this extraordinary, novel-like triumph of cinematography and design. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 22.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Paramount; Nov. 17 and 21.)

The King of Marvin Gardens (1972)—Indecipherable dark nonsense about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. An unqualified disaster, though Ellen Burstyn tries valiantly, and so does Bruce Dern. Jack Nicholson is dim and ploddingly serious. Directed by Bob Rafelson, from a script by Jacob Brackman. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Nov. 17.)

The Last Tycoon—From the F. Scott Fitzgerald novel, with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, and Donald Pleasence. Directed by Elia Kazan. (Cinema I.)

Lumière—Directed by, and with, Jeanne Moreau. In French. (Beekman.)

Maîtresse—With Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu, directed by Barbet Schroeder. In French. (Baronet.)

Marathon Man—William Goldman's book—a visceral thriller about a Nazi ring of thieves in New York—seemed a lead-pipe cinch to make audiences almost sick with excitement (the way "The French Connection" did); it's "Death Wish" with a lone Jewish student (played by Dustin Hoffman) getting his own back from the Nazis. But the director, John Schlesinger, opts for so much frazzled cross-cutting that there isn't the clarity for suspense. The only emotion one is likely to feel is revulsion at the brutality and general unpleasantness. With Laurence Olivier, Roy Scheider, and Marthe Keller. (10/11/76) (Loews Tower East.)

The Marquise of O . . .—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work recreated for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. In German. (10/25/76) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Mata Hari (1932)—George Fitzmaurice directs Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore. A fairly lousy script, but Garbo can redeem lousiness; she makes a scene with the blinded Novarro ("Here are your eyes," she says, touching her own) seem a terrific moment in romantic cinema. (Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 24.)

A Matter of Time—The romantic story, taken from Maurice Druon's novel "Film of Memory" is about a peasant girl (Liza Minnelli) who gets a job as a maid in a Roman hotel. A contessa (Ingrid Bergman) who lives there was once a great demimondaine; she talks about her romantic adventures, and the maid visualizes herself living through the events. But the film has been mangled: the producers took it away from the director, Vincente Minnelli, shifted scenes around, cut others, and even added stock footage. The result exposes Liza Minnelli, in particular, to ridicule; however, though Ingrid Bergman's performance has no rhythm left, Bergman herself is assured enough to do much of the role in statuesque repose, and she has a glamour beyond anything she's had before onscreen. With Charles Boyer and Isabella Rossellini. (11/1/76) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I; through Nov. 18.)

Mississippi Mermaid (1970)—A small, appealing film by Truffaut, bungled as a thriller but gently expressive as a love story. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist on a tropical island who orders a bride (Catherine Deneuve) from France through the classified ads. In French. (Paramount; Nov. 18.)

Moby Dick (1930)—John Barrymore's second Ahab; he had also appeared in a silent version called "The Sea Beast," with Dolores Costello as the beautiful girl waiting on shore. In this talkie remake, directed by Lloyd Bacon, the girl is played by Joan Bennett. (Dolores Costello had become Mrs. Barrymore and was pregnant.) It should be explained that in both these versions Ahab's driven character is accounted for by the existence of a beautiful girl who really did love him but whom he misunderstood. The first version was excitingly romantic; this talkie is much less so—Barrymore is forty-eight and isn't wildly in love with his leading lady, and he's working with a whale that resembles a vast mattress. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 25.)

Network—With Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, and Robert Duvall; directed by Sidney Lumet. (Sutton. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting Nov. 24.)

The Next Man—Glamour and gore, featuring an international-playgirl assassin (Cornelia Sharpe, who speaks tonelessly and slits her eyes to express emotion). The ludicrous story is about a war between oil cartels and a visionary Saudi Arabian diplomat (Sean Connery) who's trying to bring about world peace (by reciting gaseous speeches). Anti-terrorist sentiments are tossed in between the cheesecake and the bombs, bullets, and knives. The producer, Martin Bregman, originated this project; Richard C. Sarafian directed. (11/15/76) (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné.)

The Night of the Iguana (1964)—Richard Burton is the defrocked clergyman working as a tour guide; Ava Gardner is the strumpety widow who operates the rundown Mexican hotel where the action centers; Deborah Kerr is the saintly, middle-aged spinster from Nantucket, travelling with her ninety-seven-year-old poet-grandfather (Cyril Delevanti); Sue Lyon is the teen-ager out to seduce the minister; and Grayson Hall is the head of the schoolteachers' tour group. The director, John Huston, brings some coarse melodramatic vitality to the Tennessee Williams play, but whatever poetry it had seems to have leaked out. And without that the movie is terribly obvious, sentimental, and plain dumb. It's also indifferently made. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 20.)

The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat (1974)—An animated film, directed by Robert Taylor. A sequel to "Fritz the Cat," this time R-rated, and not nearly as good, because of the absence here of the brilliant creative talent of Ralph Bakshi. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 24.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo in Lubitsch's comedy—the one famous for her laughing for the first time, though it should be even more famous for the way her innate eloquence pierces the Lubitsch kitsch. She is a Russian on the run—to flee a country, or to look for a love, which she somehow manages to make seem everyone's condition. Garbo is implicitly omniscient as no other actress ever seems to have been—the world's parent. (Quad Cinema; Nov. 21-23.)

No Deposit No Return—From the Disney studios, with David Niven and Darren McGavin, directed by Norman Tokar. (Olympia; starting Nov. 24.)

The North Star (1943)—Samuel Goldwyn produced this Second World War atrocity in his typical, shiny prestige format. Anne Baxter, Farley Granger, Walter Huston, Dana Andrews, Ann Harding, Walter Brennan, and Jane Withers are Russians living in a village that fights back against its German invaders. Lillian Hellman wrote the script, Aaron Copland wrote the music, James Wong Howe did the careful, studio-ish cinematography, and Lewis Milestone, who had made his reputation with "All Quiet on the Western Front"—which was about the humanity of the young German soldiers who proudly went off to die in the First World War—disgraced himself by directing this slick piece of propaganda, which dehumanizes the Germans and, in the process, romanticizes the Russians so foully that they're turned into Andy Hardy's neighbors. Among the stock characters are Erich von Stroheim, Dean Jagger, Martin Kosleck, Tonio Selwart, Esther Dale, Paul Guilfoyle, and Carl Benton Reid. The film was doctored to change its political slant and reissued under the title "Armored Attack;" the version showing here is the original. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 23.)

On the Beach (1959)—Linus Pauling is quoted as saying, "It may be that some years from now we can look back and say that 'On the Beach' is the movie that saved the world." The greatest ability of the director, Stanley Kramer, may have been for eliciting fatuous endorsements from eminent people. The picture brings together a group of stars and puts them on the littoral of Australia, to await the lethal hydrogen-bomb cloud that has wiped out the rest of the world's population. Gregory Peck plays the commander of an American submarine with his customary relentless dignity, even when he's cuddling up with Ava Gardner, a lovable wildflower "who has lived too hard and drunk too much." Anthony Perkins, one of the submarine officers, gangles, and wrestles, wet-eyed, with the problem of whether to give suicide pills to his wife (Donna Anderson) and child; Fred Astaire is a civilian scientist who explains the disaster by saying that somebody has pulled a boner. John Paxton

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adapted the Nevil Shute novel. (New Yorker; Nov. 24-25.)

The Outlaw Josey Wales—Directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Nov. 23.)

A Piece of Pleasure—Claude Chabrol's picture about male authoritarianism, written by Paul Gégauff. Gégauff plays the man; his wife in private life, Danielle Gégauff, plays his mistress of eight years. They have a marvellous time together, apparently. Country house, ravishing small daughter, amity (as long as the woman knuckles under), enduring sexuality. But the man has proposed a theory of sexual self-rule. The film is about his surprise when she agrees—a response that strikes him as mutinous. In French. (6/21/76) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 23.)

Planet of the Apes (1968)—The first of the series, and one of the best science-fiction fantasies to come out of Hollywood in its decade. With Charlton Heston and Kim Hunter, directed by Franklin Schaffner. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 19.)

Pound (1970)—Robert Downey's satire—plotless, as satire now has to be—about people who are represented as dogs, presumably as a metaphor for the bestial pass that we have come to. Sometimes (not always) you feel that Downey's idea of satire is to knock over a cripple in the street and crack up about it. But one grows fond of a gentle character played by Harry Rigby who asks what he's doing here since he's a penguin, meanwhile trotting off to white-tie parties. (Elgin; Nov. 22.)

The Power (1968)—Sci-fi about a couple of men with superhuman mental powers; they can think somebody to death. Naturally, one of them is the villain and the other the hero, but the film is so lacklustre you don't care which one wins. Byron Haskin directed this George Pal production, based on a novel by Frank M. Robinson. The cast includes George Hamilton, Suzanne Pleshette, Michael Rennie, Nehemiah Persoff, Yvonne De Carlo, Aldo Ray, Gary Merrill, Earl Holliman, and Arthur O'Connell. (New Yorker; Nov. 24-25.)

Rocky—Written by, and with, Sylvester Stallone, directed by John G. Avildsen. (Cinema II; starting Nov. 21.)

Saratoga (1937)—In Jean Harlow's last picture (unfinished at the time of her death and patched together), she plays a woman disturbed by problems of conscience; she has no chance to show her special talent for making the rowdy silly and enjoyable. Still, even in this incongruous and stilted role she's lively, and whenever she's off the screen, the film is dispirited. The story is about race-track life; Clark Gable, Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, and Lionel Barrymore go through their routine paces. Jack Conway directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 19-20.)

Seconds (1966)—John Frankenheimer's macabre sci-fi thriller about a diabolical conspiratorial organization that arranges for people to be "reborn" via plastic surgery. There are some good ideas tucked away inside the scrambled unpleasantness; the best of them concerns a banker (John Randolph) who is vaguely dissatisfied with his life and arranges a Faustian bargain for a second chance (he comes back as Rock Hudson) but doesn't have any conception of a new life. Unfortunately, Hudson seems dull to us as well as to himself. Frankenheimer shows off (he even stages a bacchanal), and James Wong Howe displays his camera pyrotechnics as if they were going on sale in the nation's supermarkets; Lewis John Carlino did the screenplay, from David Ely's novel. With Salome Jens, Jeff Corey, Murray Hamilton, Wesley Addy, and Will Geer. (New Yorker; Nov. 21-23.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Cinema Village; Nov. 17. . . ¶ Gramercy; through Nov. 23.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). The film is somewhere between the genial "little" English comedies of the fifties, with their nifty plots and overqualified performers, and the splashy, stylized James Bond pictures. Chief among the overqualified performers, who seem to be having an actors' holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Plaza.)

Shout at the Devil—With Lee Marvin, Roger Moore, and Barbara Parkins; directed by Peter Hunt. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Nov. 24.)

Silent Movie—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—this is 1976. Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (7/12/76) (Guild.)

The Slipper and the Rose: The Story of Cinderella—With Richard Chamberlain, Gemma Craven, Annette Crosbie, Dame Edith Evans, Margaret Lockwood, and Kenneth More; directed by Bryan Forbes. (Music Hall.)

Small Change—Truffaut's series of sketches on the general theme of the resilience of children turns out to be that rarity—a poetic comedy that's really funny. There's a serious side (the story of a mistreated boy) that's a failure, and Truffaut's view of childhood innocence has elements of middle-class preciousness, but the jokes make the film worth seeing. In French. (10/4/76) (Cinema II; through Nov. 20. . . ¶ Little Carnegie; starting Nov. 21.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—The famous Disney animated film, with the virulently wicked stepmother, the Prince Charming, the poisoned apple, and the birds and the flowers. It has its lurid touches and its cheap effects, but it's undeniably a classic. (Quad Cinema, and Olympia; starting Nov. 24.)

The Story of Adèle H. (1975)—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Paramount; Nov. 20.)

Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise (1931)—Mediocre Garbo, though she will always be loved by collectors, even in high-flown garbage like this. With Clark Gable. (Quad Cinema; Nov. 21-23.)

Swept Away (1975)—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Cinema Village; Nov. 17. . . ¶ Gramercy; through Nov. 23.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; Nov. 17.)

The Thing (1951)—Written by Charles Lederer and directed by Christian Nyby, about a belligerent and extremely brainy visitor from another planet who arrives at the North Pole in a flying saucer. The interplanetary guest is absolutely colossal, vegetable in anatomy, and hard to put up, let alone put up with. Quite well acted, and written in a funny pseudo-scientific style that sends up laboratory jargon. (New Yorker; Nov. 21-23.)

Three Little Words (1950)—Vera-Ellen and the invincible Fred Astaire in a musical that dabbles with no pain at all in the lives of the songwriters Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Astaire is Kalmar; Vera-Ellen plays his wife and dancing partner; Red Skelton is Ruby. Keenan Wynn as a theatrical agent has one of the funnier drunk scenes in the long repertory of comic drunks. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 25.)

The Three Musketeers (1948)—In grinning, leaping homage to Douglas Fairbanks, Gene Kelly plunges his sword into dozens of extras, vaults onto more horses than there are in a rodeo, swings from assorted drapes and chandeliers, and hops about seventeenth-century rooftops. His D'Artagnan veers between romance and burlesque, but is always enjoyable. However, the lavish M-G-M production is a heavy, roughhousing mess. As Lady de Winter, Lana Turner sounds like a drive-in waitress exchanging quips with hot-rodders, and, as Richelieu, Vincent Price might be an especially crooked used-car dealer. (In order not to offend anyone, he doesn't wear clerical trappings, and is never addressed by his ecclesiastical title.) Angela Lansbury wears the crown of France as if she'd won it in a milking contest at a county fair, and, as Lady Constance, June Allyson looks like a little girl done up in Mama's clothes. Kelly's amorous grapplings don't seem as strenuous as they actually were: he threw Lana Turner on her bed so hard that she fell off it and broke her elbow. He should have thrown the director, George Sidney, and the costume designer, Walter Plunkett, who swaddled the performers. Among them are Van Heflin, Gig Young, Frank Morgan, and Keenan Wynn. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 25.)

Two-Faced Woman (1941)—Greta Garbo's last film, with M-G-M trying to Americanize the unmistakable Viking. George Cukor directs her, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Gordon, and Constance Bennett, who blandly steals the whole comedy of errors. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 20.)

Two-Minute Warning—With Charlton Heston, John Cassavetes, Martin Balsam, Beau Bridges, and Marilyn Hassett; directed by Larry Peerce. (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others—A fabulous all-star cast that includes Yves Montand, Michel Piccoli, Serge Reggiani, Gérard Depardieu, Stéphane Audran, Marie Dubois, and Antonella Lualdi, in an undeservedly neglected movie about a group of people who take refuge in friendship. All hell breaks loose in their lives, but the friendship pads their falls. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (3/15/76) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 23.)

Watch on the Rhine (1943)—Lillian Hellman's 1941 cautionary play about Fascists in this country. Paul Lukas is the European Underground leader who brings his American wife (Bette Davis) and three children home to the Washington mansion of her mother (Lucile Watson). Herman Shumlin directed this polemical melodrama, which is housebound and fearfully lofty. Dashiell Hammett is credited with the screenplay, but from the theatrical look and sound of things he can't have changed much. Lukas, repeating his stage role, won an Academy Award; Davis is subdued and unexciting. The film has some inadvertent humor: the children of this liberal couple are the most highly disciplined little prigs imaginable. With George Coulouris as a suave, vile Fascist, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Woods, Henry Daniell, and Beulah Bondi. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 23.)

The Wild Child (1970)—A late-eighteenth-century doctor (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Elgin; Nov. 25.)

Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood—A lot of mummified-looking human co-stars in cameo parts playing second role to a hyper-trained dog. (Playboy; starting Nov. 24.)

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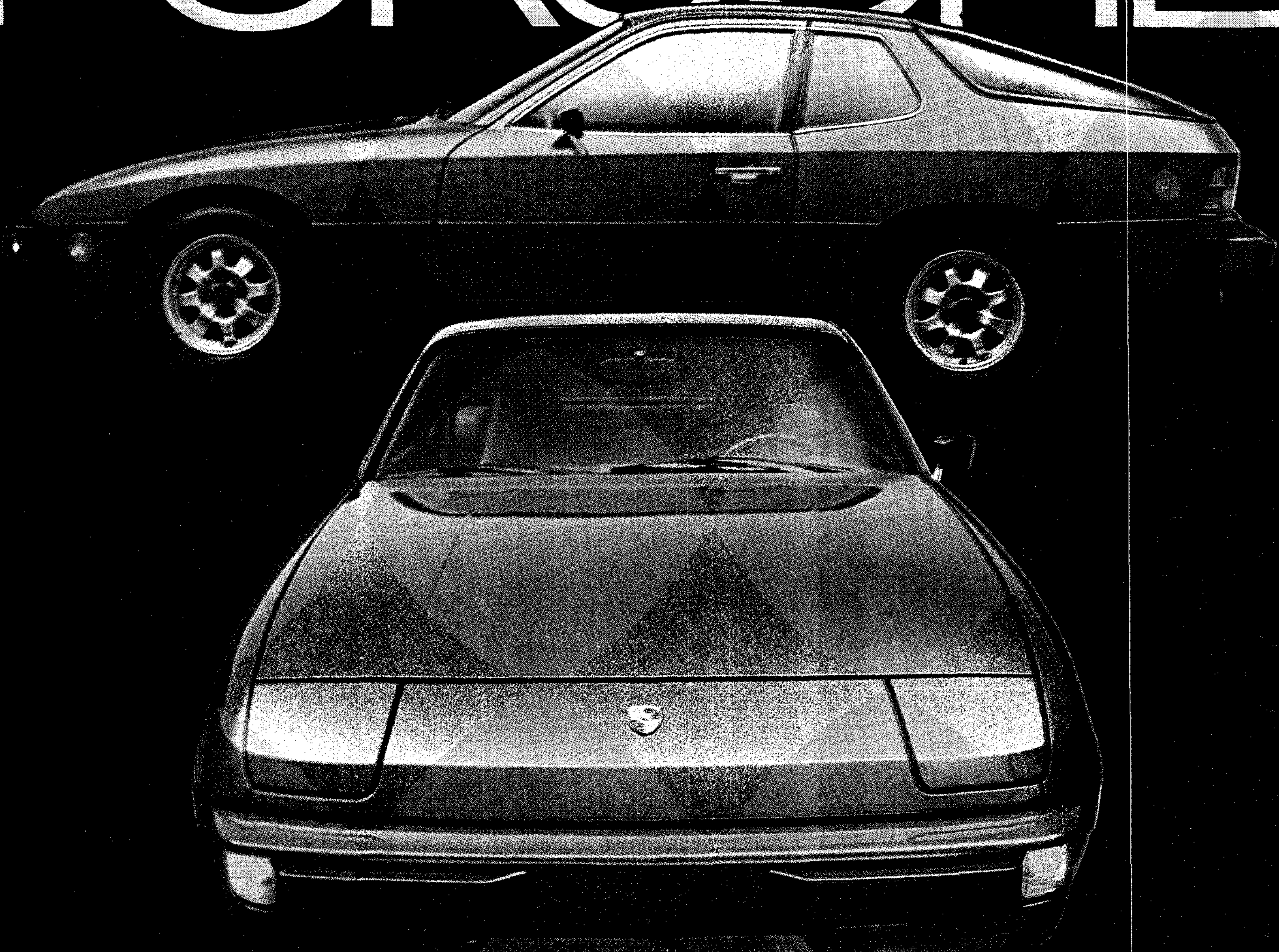

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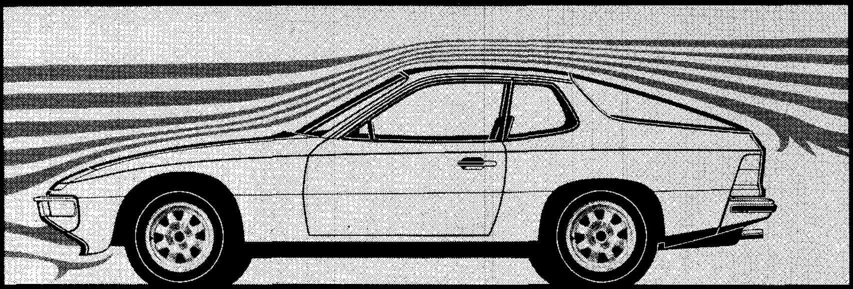

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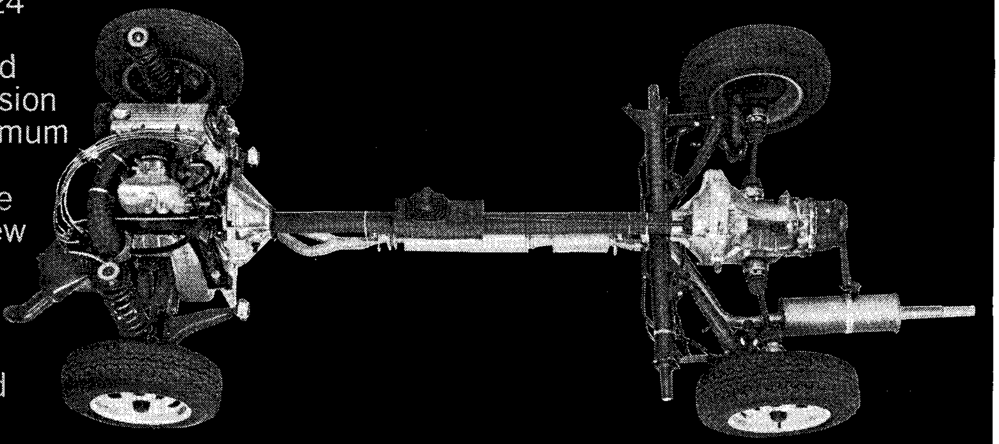

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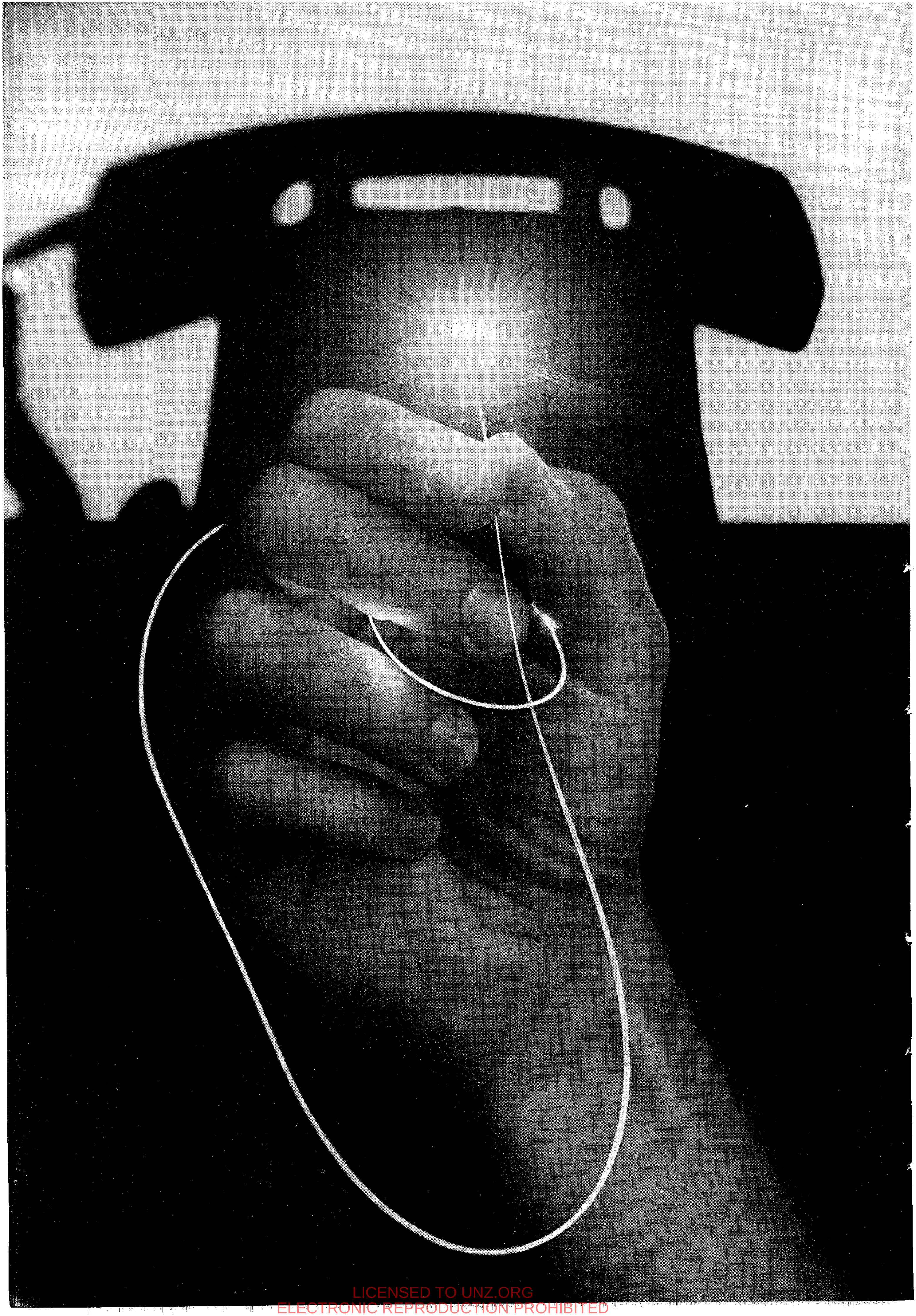

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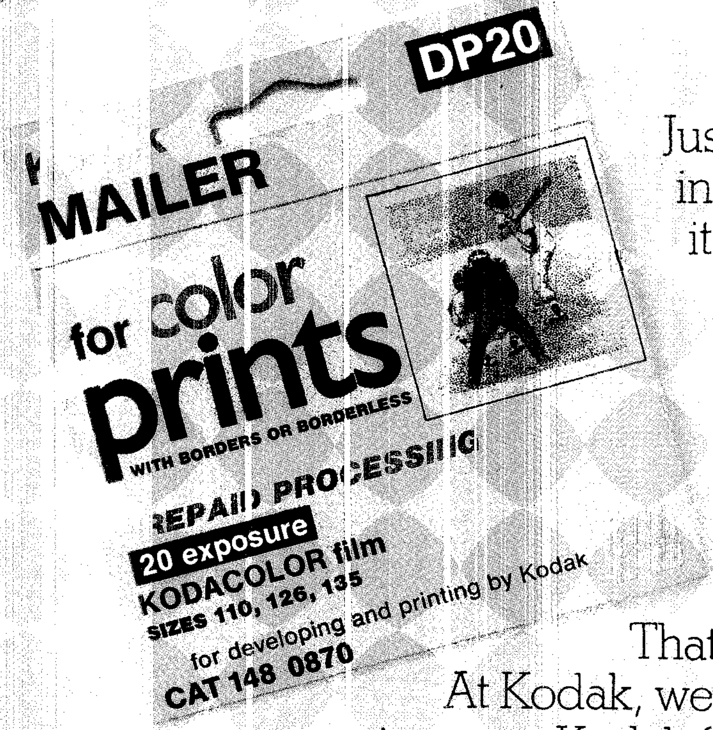
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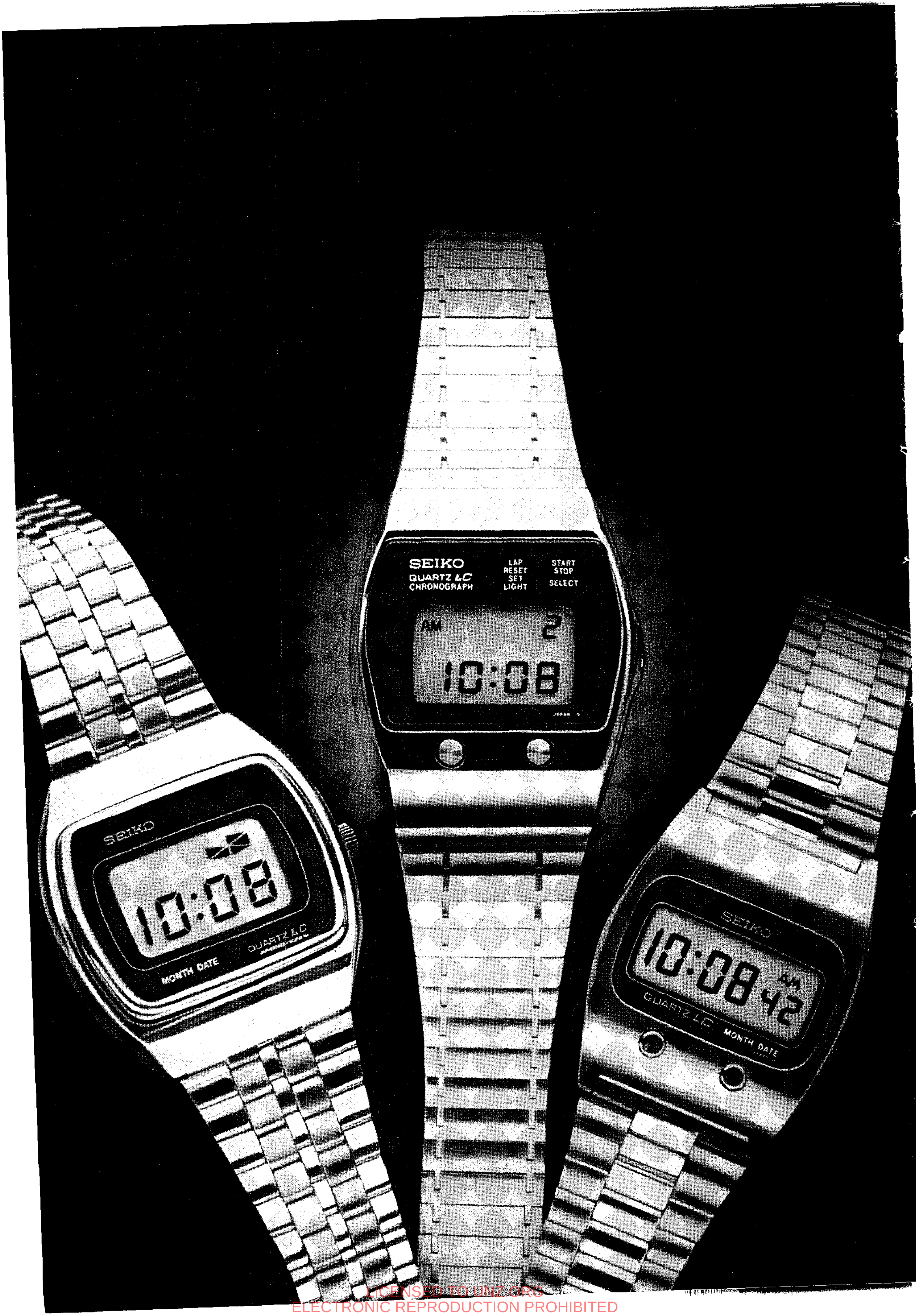
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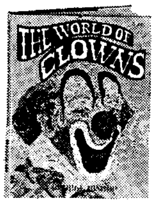

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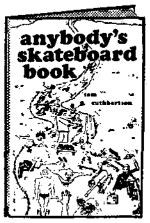

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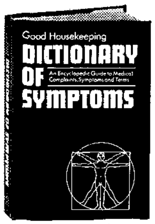

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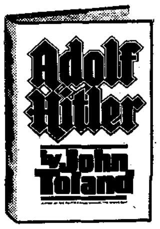

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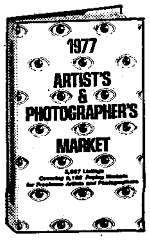

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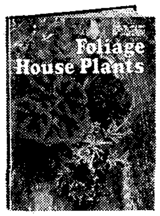

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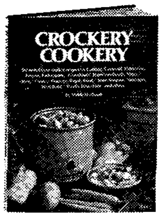

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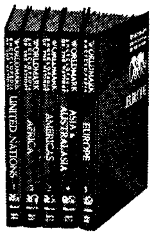

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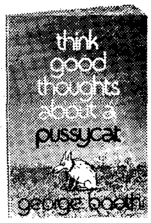

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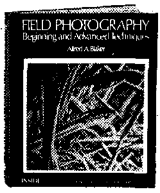

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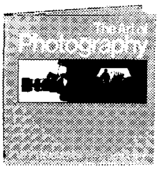

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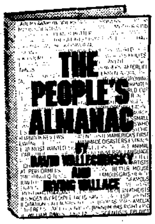

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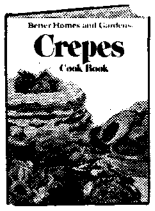

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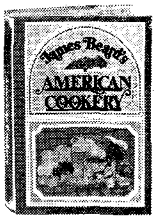

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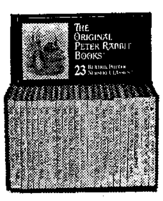

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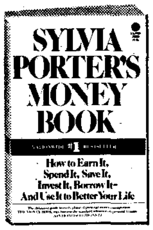

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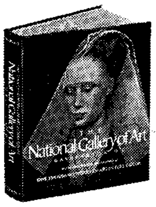

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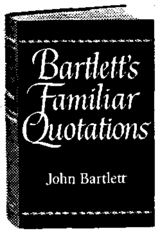

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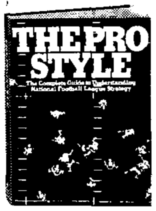

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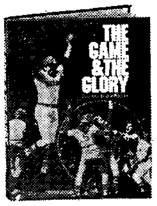

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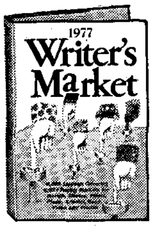

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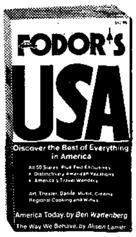

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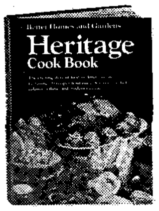

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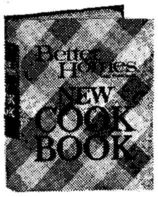

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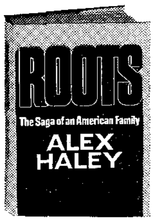
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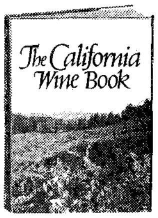
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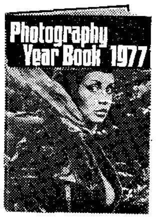
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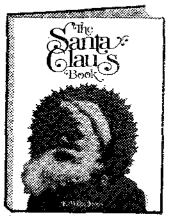
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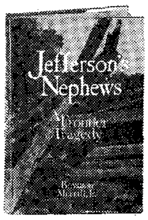
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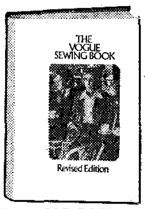
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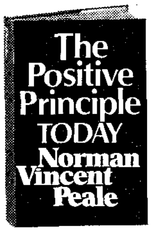
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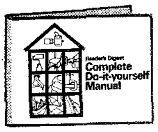
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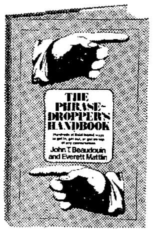
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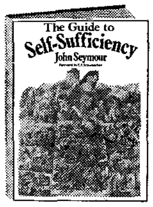
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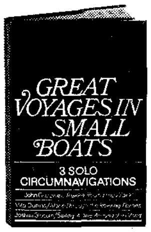
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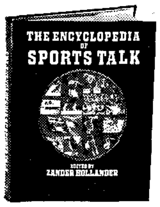
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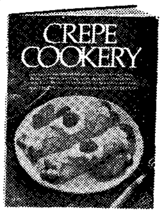
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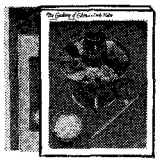
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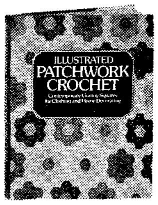
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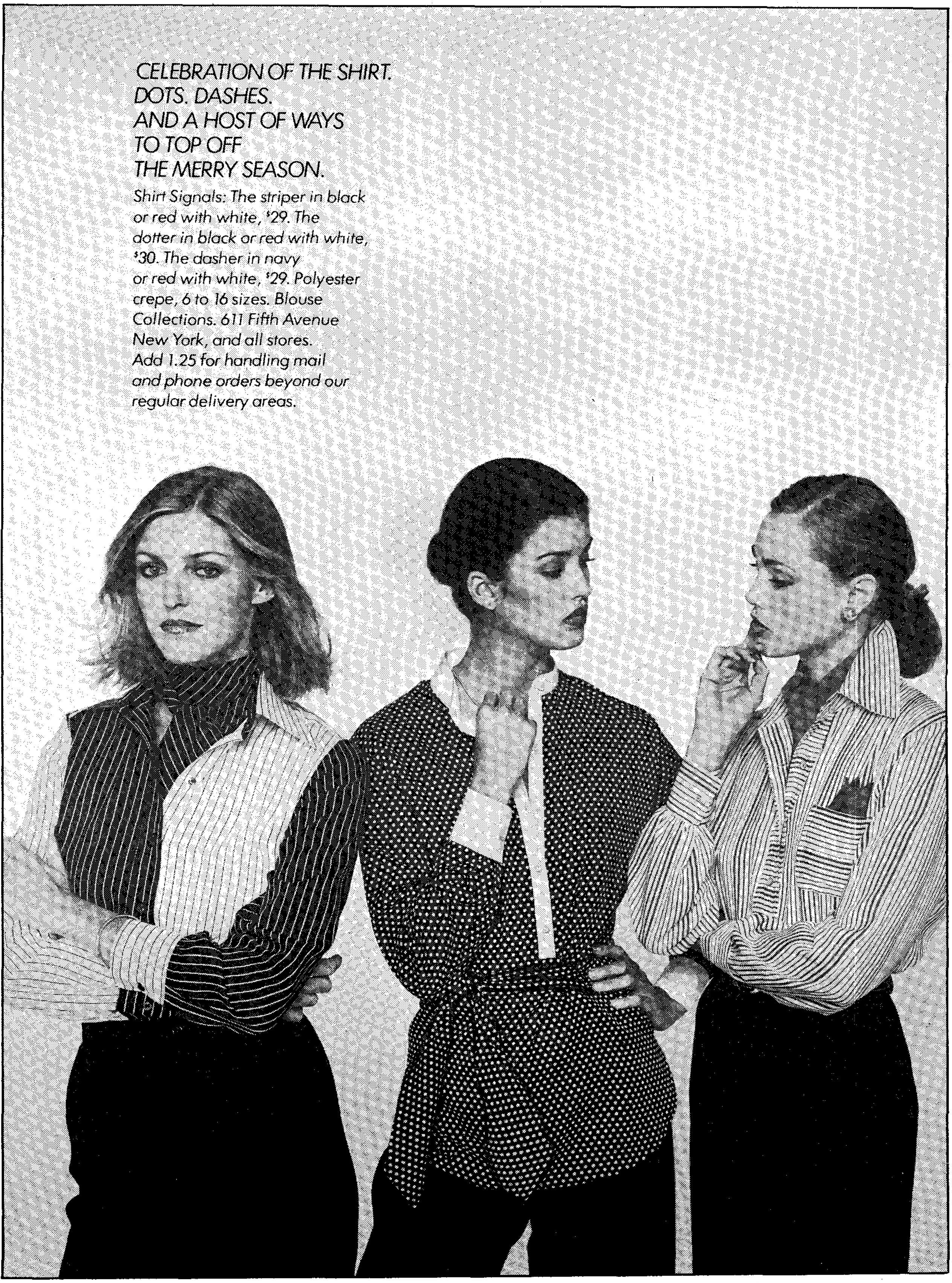CELEBRATION OF THE SHIRT.
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Notes and Comment

PRESIDENT-ELECT Jimmy Carter told reporters a few days after the election that he believed he had won because "the debates let the American people be kind of reassured that 'well, at least Jimmy Carter has some judgment about foreign affairs and defense and all.'" Such reassurance was necessary, he went on, since President Ford had conducted "a very good, strategic campaign." Speaking of that campaign, Mr. Carter said, "His major thrust against me was fear—fear of change, fear of the future. His advertising campaign was very skillfully designed to create fear about change, and that's something that we had a hard time dealing with." He also said that after the first debate "there was a general sense around the country—through the polls—that I had lost the debate." This was the low point of the campaign for him, he continued, and he and members of his staff "had some real concern about news coverage." He added, "I felt that the comparison between the treatment of Mr. Ford, particularly in the evening news programs, was just deference shown to the Presidency and to the White House. . . . Every time I made a mistake, it was the news, and Mr. Ford's news was that he came out into the Rose Garden and signed a bill, and he was in charge of things, very authoritative, very sure of himself—no problems, no squabbles, no mistakes." Without the last two debates, he said, "I would have lost."

This is a curious reading of events. To begin with, while it is true that President Ford conducted a very good campaign—indeed, a masterly campaign—it is equally true that Mr. Carter conducted one of the worst Presidential campaigns within memory. The basic question is not how he won the election but why he nearly lost it. Immediately after the Democratic National Convention, in July, his standing in the polls was around thirty per cent above Mr. Ford's, and yet his margin of victory in the election was only three per cent of the popular vote. Of course, the original figure was misleading—so misleading that it was reprehensible for the pollsters to publish it, because it gave the candidate who was shown to be so far ahead an unfair advantage. As Tom Wicker wrote in the *Times* a few days after the election, "no one even remotely familiar with American politics could have believed that Mr. Carter ever had such a lead." At the time of those polls, Wicker went on, "Mr. Carter did not even have an opponent, since Mr. Ford and Ronald Reagan were still fighting it out for the Republican nomination. Matched against either one of them, the Georgian's theoretical lead was bound to shrink; and when his opponent proved to be an incumbent President, the shrinking effect was magnified. Finally, the big leads reported last summer left out of account the fact that there was still a campaign to be waged, with all its possibilities for error and advantage. Looked at in that more realistic fashion, Mr. Carter probably was never more than, say, ten points ahead of President Ford." Wicker's figure was, of course, an educated guess, and it could as fairly be put at half the original estimate, or fifteen percentage points. That kind of margin would have been a landslide victory. After having such a lead, how did Mr. Carter nearly lose the election?

For Mr. Carter to charge that President Ford's "advertising campaign was very skillfully designed to create fear about change" is rather strange, in view of the Carter campaign slogan "A leader, for a change." After basing his campaign on endlessly repeated appeals for a change in leadership, Mr. Carter cannot turn around now and claim that President Ford created public fear about a change in leadership. If anyone created that fear, it was Jimmy Carter. His personal mistakes and his wretchedly run campaign were the cause of that fear, which the President's campaign managers very sensibly, and fairly, seized on. What is more, for Mr. Carter to blame the press for his narrow victory is nonsense. Of course the press reported his mistakes. He was a mysterious, and often a weird, candidate, and it was the duty of the press to cast any light it could on him before the voters went to the polls. And to complain that the press allowed Mr. Ford to seem Presidential is a petty and irrelevant grievance; Mr. Ford *was* President, and Mr. Carter knew from mid-August on that he would be battling against an incumbent of the White House, who was bound to do precisely what the incumbent did. As a matter of fact, the press pounded equally hard at the President's worst campaign error—his statement that Eastern Europe was not under Soviet domination—and at Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz's wanton racism. Mr. Carter's loss of support cannot justly be attributed to President Ford's use of the public's fear of change or to the press's scrutiny of Mr. Carter. That loss of support followed his grave errors of judgment on several occasions—his self-destructive references to his personal religious and marital views, for instance—and was hastened by the generally inept management of his campaign.

When the Republican National Convention ended, a little over ten weeks before Election Day, it was clear that Gerald Ford was a captive of the extreme right wing of the Republican Party. He had accepted its platform, including the repudiation of his Secretary of State, who had done more than anyone else in his Administration to lend substance to his Presidency; and he had chosen the most venomous Vice-Presidential candidate since General Eisenhower picked Senator Richard

Nixon as his running mate in 1952. Although the American people have never elected a President who was openly, or even apparently, on either the extreme right or the extreme left, the Carter campaign staff didn't use the fundamental issue of President Ford's right-wing position at all. The two other issues that should have made up the nucleus of his campaign were, first, unemployment and inflation and, second, Watergate and the pardon of former President Nixon. To any but the rankest political amateurs, it was obvious that these three issues were what should have been kept in the forefront of the campaign from start to finish. Yet the right-wing issue wasn't mentioned, and the two other issues were buried in trivia, charges and countercharges, and stridency. In fact, the debates that President-elect Carter attributes his victory to could more accurately be described as the best example of why he nearly lost. Instead of repeatedly, quietly, and forcefully citing President Ford's dismal leadership in dealing with the pressing problems of inflation and unemployment, his continuing alliance with holdovers from the Watergate days, along with his pardon of the former President, and his deep obligation to the right wing of his party, Mr. Carter conducted himself like a lowly, and fearful, cost accountant reporting to an unforgiving boss. To be sure, he had to seem well informed, but not at the sacrifice of the basic issues. And to imagine that the voters feel that to serve as President a man must know everything, rather than be able to enlist people who will present facts, and then make decisions based on the facts, is to seriously underestimate the voters. Mr. Carter's most important decision during the campaign was to take his staff's advice on memorizing and using facts and figures in the debates, and both the advice and the decision were bad.

In political campaigns, it is said, nothing finally counts except victory. When a candidate comes from behind to win, his aides are considered brilliant. When he comes from very far behind, his aides take on the aura of genius. And when his aides are amateurs, they are viewed with even greater awe. For instance, that was the reaction to John F. Kennedy's staff after his victory in 1960. Such a view was wrong to the point of being silly. His people bullied and bought their way to the nomination, and of the leading Democratic candidates that year probably only John Kennedy could have come as close as he came to losing the election to one of the most widely disliked and mistrusted men in the history of American politics. (And in 1968 only Hubert Humphrey, with the help of Lyndon Johnson, could have actually lost to the same man.) Winning primary elections and winning a Presidential nomination are far different from winning the Presidency—as Senator George McGovern so clearly demonstrated in 1972, when he and his amateur staff came from nowhere to take the nomination, and then lost all but one state and the District of Columbia. As impressive as that loss was, it is less impressive than Mr. Carter's near-loss, for Senator McGovern was never ahead in the polls. From a lead of landslide proportions, Mr. Carter fell to a point where a shift of three thousand votes in Ohio and four thousand votes in Hawaii would have elected President Ford. Such a precipitous decline is crucially significant—not so much when it comes to analyzing what happened as when it comes to looking forward to what may happen. For now the amateurs who nearly defeated their sure winner will be in charge of the White House. President-elect Carter has said that he intends to make certain that he doesn't end up with a "palace guard," like the one that surrounded Nixon. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of his intentions, but there is good reason to doubt whether this one will prevail, for the job is so immense and so complex that any President must have aides with the authority to screen out matters that seem unimportant and people who seem bothersome. And aides who select what and who shall reach the Oval Office almost inevitably become palace guardsmen, whether or not a President wants them to be. The new President might look back on what actually happened during the election campaign, and then worry less about being guarded and more about being assisted by competent and politically experienced people—people who know this country and who understand at least the simpler political realities. He might also keep in mind that it was amateurs, in the Kennedy and Nixon Administrations, who were responsible for the war in Vietnam and for Watergate.

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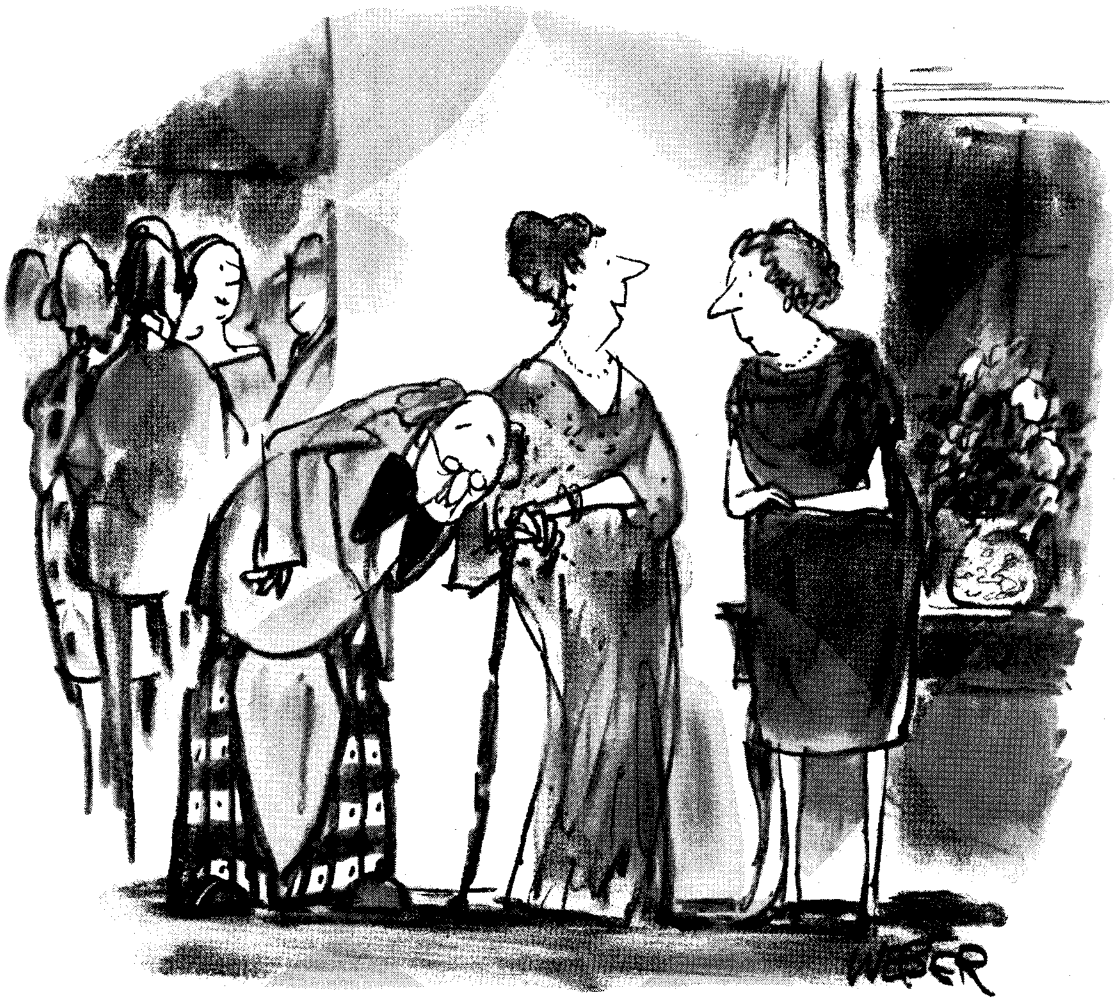
The Little People

FOR the last five years, Charles Simonds, a thirty-one-year-old New Yorker, has spent most of his time on the streets of the lower East Side, creating intentionally ephemeral art objects for an audience that consisted largely of black and Puerto Rican kids from the neighborhood. This month, his latest work is on display at the Museum of Modern Art. "A show at the Modern would have been inconceivable to me a couple of years ago," he told us over a cup of coffee at a restaurant just a few doors from the museum. For want of a better label, Simonds' work may be described as environmental art, although it is far removed from the grandiose projects that environmental artists usually dream of. Instead of dyeing Lake Erie bright red or veiling the stone faces of Mount Rushmore with chiffon, Simonds has been exploring the possibilities of environmental art on a Lilliputian scale. Out of the simplest materials—clay, sand, twigs, pebbles, water, and Elmer's glue—he fashions miniature landscapes and buildings that look like archeological sites seen through the wrong end of a spyglass. To call them "models" is misleading, since they do not stand for anything else. Simonds thinks of them as the recently abandoned habitations of the Little People, a diminutive race of beings whose work habits, social customs, and religious rituals he has worked out in great detail in his head. References to the Little People make Simonds' work sound cute or hermetic, but in fact it is neither. Aesthetically, his constructions have more in common with the boxes of Joseph Cornell than with the cartoons of Walt Disney. In any event, Simonds—the son of two psychoanalysts—does not view the creation of an imaginary civilization as an escape from reality. Quite the contrary. To hear him tell it, it was only through the Little People that he found a means of expressing himself and satisfying his social conscience at the same time.

Simonds remembers being "involved with clay" ever since he was in the fourth grade of the New Lincoln School, in upper Manhattan. At the University of California at Berkeley, he majored in art and worked a lot "in plastic." But during his undergraduate years—from 1963 to 1967—the campus was in a perpetual ferment, and he took part in his share of sit-ins and demonstrations. After graduation, he taught art for a time at Newark State College (now Kean College of New Jersey) while he experimented on his own with new materials and with a new approach to the act of creation. Near Sayreville, New Jersey, he discovered an area of clay pits that, according to local people, had provided the raw material for the red bricks in many of New York City's older buildings. To get a feel for the material, he buried himself in a pool of wet clay, then emerged slowly from the ooze, while a friend took movies of his symbolic "rebirth." Back in the Manhattan loft where he was living, he began playing around with wet red clay, building up shapes that evoked—for him, at least—images of various body parts and fantasies about bodily functions. One afternoon, he sprinkled white sand on top of a slab of wet clay and was struck by the "geographical" effect. "The sense of a particular place came to me," he told us. "Not an object but a place—something you could fall into." He found that by manipulating the sand and clay he could capture the feeling of different landscapes, ranging from a desert in the American Southwest to an African plain. Then he got "an urge to populate" the places he was creating, and the concept of the Little People was born. They remained incorporeal, but to house them he learned to mass-produce tiny bricks by rolling out a slab of clay one-quarter—and later one-sixteenth—of an inch thick and cutting it with a sharp knife into rectangles. Before long, his loft was filled with the dwelling places of his imaginary companions. "One of the happiest moments of my life," Simonds recalls, "came when I said to myself, 'Why not take these places outside?' "

He started timidly, on the second-floor window ledge of a friend's apartment in SoHo. The results pleased him so much that he began moving out into the street itself—along curbs, in the rubble of vacant lots, or wherever the forces of decay or demolition had gouged a suitable niche in an old brick wall. This was in the spring of 1971, and over the next five years he built more than two hundred and fifty "places" for the Little People, most of them on the lower East Side. He developed a simple work routine that rarely varied. After scouting a neighborhood, on a delivery bicycle, to choose a good site, he parked the bicycle and took his tools and materials out of the delivery box. He usually began by smearing the surface of the curb or rubble or niche with wet red clay; on this foundation he piled up bricks in more or less neat courses, using long-handled industrial tweezers to grip each brick, dip it into a weak solution of Elmer's glue and water, and then tamp it gently into place. He let the irregularities of the site dictate irregularities in design, but most of the buildings were basically rectangular, with squarish gaps in the walls for windows and doors. For roof timbers and other details, he used peeled twigs that he had collected; when he wasn't actually building something, he was on the lookout for pieces of wood that matched the scale of the Little People's habitations. A typical structure might be three inches high and five inches long. He usually started working in the morning, and he never spent more than one day on a single site. While he worked, he was surrounded by children, who would first stare in silence, then would begin to ask questions about what he was doing, and in most cases would end up "helping him" by building annexes to his original structures. During all his days on the street, he was never prevented by neighborhood people, the police, or anyone else from finishing a construction. "What I was doing was essentially inoffensive, nonthreatening," he says. "The people on the street never hassled me; I was taken as someone who had nothing anyone might want to steal and who was giving something, doing something to beautify the neighborhood. There wasn't even the threat of Art with a capital 'A.' On the street, there's no obligation to look at something and judge it. If you don't like it, you just pass it by."

In time, Simonds became aware of a "microcosmic sociology" growing up around his constructions. "Some kids, the younger ones, wanted to play with them, to blow them up with firecrackers, to make wars with them. Other kids, usually the older ones, wanted to protect them. Because of the materials I used, my constructions absolutely could not be moved. They were for everyone in the neighborhood to enjoy, as long as they were left alone. The moment you tried to move them, to take them away for your own private enjoyment, you destroyed



"Judge Tate is a delightful blend of the old and the new."

them. But, no matter how many people wanted to see them preserved, it took only one person to destroy them, so eventually, of course, they all got destroyed."

Some of Simonds' constructions were reduced to miniature rubble in less than an hour; most lasted a few days; one or two (in inaccessible spots) survived for almost five years. Simonds reconciled himself to the short life of his pieces as part of the creative process he had chosen, and he learned never to look back; he made no effort to document his constructions with photographs or sketches (although some of his friends did). But, as a result of his almost daily appearances on the streets, he did become active in a number of groups that are working to improve living conditions on the lower East Side. And, because of his continuing involvement (and his welcome) within the community, he decided he could accept with a clear conscience the invitation to exhibit some of his work at the Museum of Modern Art. "I felt I had reached the point where I could do both things," he told us.

At the museum, he was given a room fourteen feet by nineteen feet just off the main lobby, and he has filled it with a red clay landscape dominated by a thirty-inch-high mountain and the "architectural remains" of four evolving types of communities. There is a community that extends itself narrowly in one direction, so that it resembles a tree lying on its side; a circular community that has obviously kept cannibalizing old structures to erect new ones on the same foundations; a community built in the shape of a rising spiral; and a walled town with a gateless gate. The entire construction rests on twenty-three plywood panels, and it can be moved and reassembled without collapsing. When the exhibit leaves the museum, in early December, Simonds hopes to see it installed in the Tompkins Square Library, or some other community facility, on the lower East Side. In the meantime, it is attracting considerable attention from museumgoers, including many young children.

Sherlockian Gathering

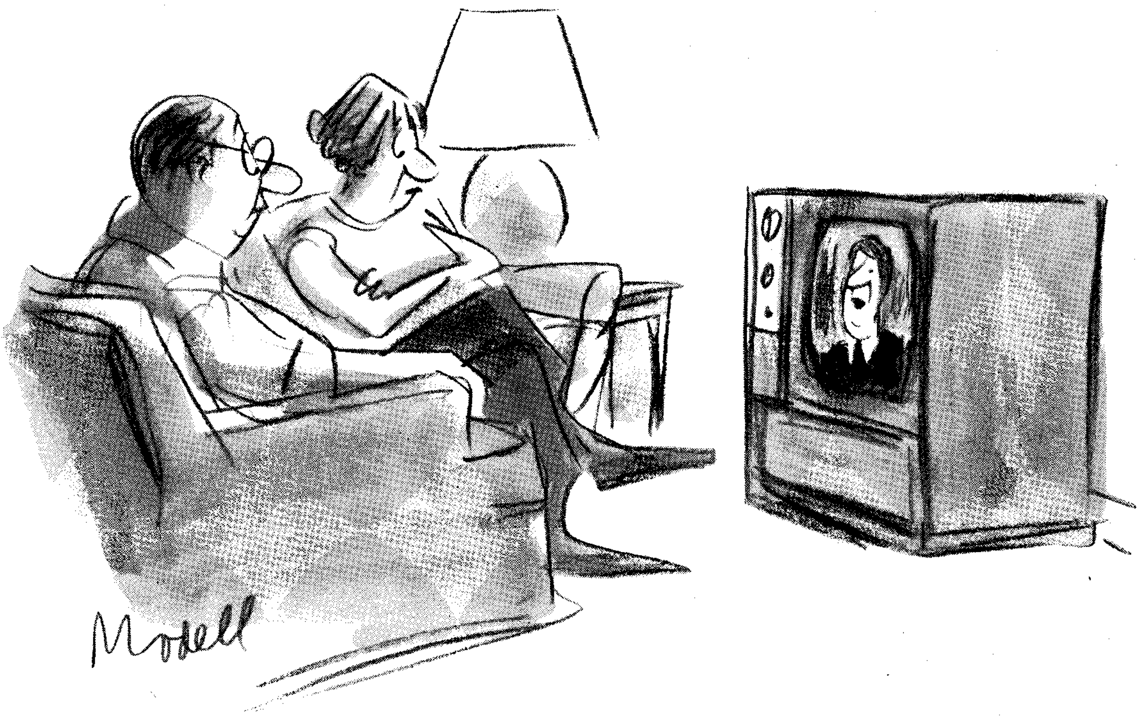
MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES was not the most convivial of men. His idea of a good time was to stay at home in his lodgings at No. 221-B, Baker Street, alone or with Dr. Watson, and to play the violin. As a special indulgence, the great detective might treat himself to a syringe of cocaine, after which he would sink back with a sigh into his velvet armchair, utterly content. It is beyond dispute that Holmes disliked parties ("loathed every form of society with his whole Bohemian soul"), or affected to. He once remarked, when he came home from an afternoon stroll to find a letter on the table waiting for him, "This looks like one of those unwelcome social summonses which call upon a man either to be bored or to lie." Holmes's contemporary devotees, though, are as gregarious as their master was solitary. Some nights ago, to take the most recent example, about a hundred and sixty of them converged upon the Culinary Institute of America, in the village of Hyde Park, New York, for "An Evening Dining with Sherlock Holmes." The company included many distinguished members of the Baker Street Irregulars, which is the College of Cardinals of the Sherlockian movement, and also members of its far-flung "scion societies"—the Bootmakers of Toronto, the Speckled Band of Boston, the Creeping Men of Cleveland, the Red Circle of Washington, the Scandalous Bohemians of New Jersey, and others. And looking down benevolently from his seat in Heaven, we have no doubt, was Hyde Park's most famous son. For Franklin D. Roosevelt was not only an honorary member of the Baker Street Irregulars but also the author of two theories of Holmes's parentage: first, that he was a foundling, whose "one great failure was his inability after long search to find his parents," and, second, "on further study," that he "was born an American and was brought up by his father or a foster father in the underground world, thus learning all the tricks of the trade in the highly developed American art of crime." And, indeed, there is considerable evidence in the Canon to support both of these propositions—or maybe there's not, but that is the sort of thing that people were saying to each other as they stood drinking glasses of port or sherry or mulled cider-and-brandy before dinner at the Culinary Institute. People talked, as well, of the recent television presentation "Sherlock Holmes in New York," starring Roger Moore, which everyone seemed to have liked, and of the new movie "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution," with Nicol Williamson as Holmes and Alan Arkin as Sigmund Freud, which some liked a lot and others liked not at all. Earlier in the day, a mysterious two-hour power failure had menaced the preparation of the dinner. As word of it spread through the room, the obvious explanation began to sink in. Eyes narrowed, voices dwindled to a whisper, and over and over could be heard the single, chilling word "Moriarty!"

We asked Otto Penzler, who edited (with Chris Steinbrunner) "The En-

"I'm sorry, I can't cope with that now!"

cyclopedia of Mystery and Detection," and who has a famous collection of Sherlockiana, if it was true that the name of Arthur Conan Doyle was never pronounced at meetings of the Baker Street Irregulars.

"A foul untruth," Penzler replied. "Everyone recognizes the significance of Conan Doyle's contribution. After all, he was Dr. Watson's literary agent."



"Due to the mature subject matter of the following program, we recommend that viewers get a grip on themselves beforehand."

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The Culinary Institute, which is the largest cooking school in America, is housed in a former Jesuit seminary (Teilhard de Chardin is buried there), and dinner was served in what used to be the chapel. This lent the proceedings a suitably devotional air. On a buffet table in the center of the room were huge ice sculptures of three Holmesian icons—the deerstalker cap, the magnifying glass, and the calabash pipe. The breadbasket at each table contained, along with various kinds of bread, a magnifying glass made of a bread stick with a gelatine lens. The meal was a notable one—twenty-three dishes, each of which was described in the menu with a pertinent reference from the Sacred Writings. For example:

Trout à la Thoreau
Trout poached in milk. "Circumstantial evidence is occasionally very convincing, as when you find a trout in the milk, to quote Thoreau's example." (Sherlock Holmes in "The Adventure of the Noble Bachelor.")

And:

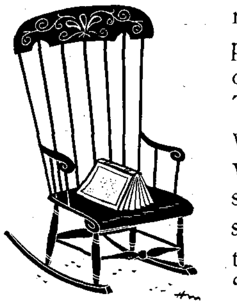
English Trifle
"You know my method. It is founded upon the observation of trifles." (Sherlock Holmes in "The Boscombe Valley Mystery.")

The dinner was sponsored by the Hudson Valley Sciontists, the Dutchess County offspring of the Baker Street Irregulars, in honor of the publication, by Bobbs-Merrill, of "Dining with Sherlock Holmes: A Baker Street Cookbook," by Julia Carlson Rosenblatt and Frederic H. Sonnenschmidt. Dr. Rosenblatt, a slender, very attractive woman who wears her hair in a pageboy cut, apologized for the absence of her co-author, who is a teacher at the Culinary Institute and a chef with a long list of culinary honors. "Fritz is still in Frankfort, at the Culinary Olympics," she said. "He's one of the twelve members of the American team. The good news is that the U.S. finished third, tied with France—a very impressive showing." Switzerland won, by the way, and Canada came in second; there were twenty-one teams competing. Dr. Rosenblatt is a woman of no small accomplishment herself. She is a former professor of psychology at Vassar, and she has written monographs on such arcane topics as "The Effect of Instructions and Perspective-Drawing Ability on the Perception of Geometric Illusions." (Holmes wrote one on "The Chaldean Roots in the Ancient Cornish Language.") She would certainly be a member of the Baker Street Irregulars if that society were not an all-male one. She *is* a member of the Adventuresses of Sherlock Holmes, the only all-female scion society, and her Holmesian inclinations are shared by her husband, Judge Albert M. Rosenblatt, a Baker Street Irregular who is also something of a real-life detective, having served as District Attorney of Dutchess County for six years, until his elevation last year to the State Superior Court bench.

Dinner ended, as is usual among Sherlockians, with toasts. There were toasts to Mycroft Holmes, to Irene Adler ("*The* Woman"), to Mrs. Hudson, and to Watson. It fell to Peter Blau, of the Red Circle of Washington, to toast the President and President-elect of the United States, and he had found a couple of apt Canonical references. From "The Valley of Fear": "The treasurer, Carter, was a middle-aged man with an impassive, rather sulky expression and a yellow parchment skin. He was a capable organizer, and the actual details of nearly every outrage had sprung from his plotting brain." And, from "His Last Bow": "It nearly passed over a little Ford coming in the opposite direction." The principal toast—to the World's First Consulting Detective himself—was given by Dr. Julian Wolff, the Commissionaire of the Baker Street Irregulars. ("Do you know who he is?" the man next to us whispered in awestruck tones. "He is the Pope!") Dr. Wolff concluded by paraphrasing Watson paraphrasing Plato: "He is the best and wisest man that we have ever known—ladies and gentlemen, Sherlock Holmes!" The cries of "Hear, hear!" were fervent.

Spuds

STILL in a culinary mode, this week's topic in our educational-extension course, if the class will please come to order, is potatoes. Our guest speaker is Cecil D. Andrus, the Governor of Idaho, who—en route to presiding, as a relatively old governor, over the Seminar for New Governors, sponsored by the National Governors' Conference, at Pinehurst, North Carolina—was in town last week to spread the gospel on behalf of the Idaho Potato Commission. With the further brief introductory observation that Idaho, a traditionally conservative state that gave Gerald Ford sixty per cent of its vote this year, gave Cecil Andrus, a Democrat, *seventy-one* per cent in electing him to a second gubernatorial term in 1974, we will yield the floor. Governor Andrus:



What makes Idaho potatoes unique is our elevation, along with our volcanic soil, our warm days and cold nights, and the purity of our water, which we use for irrigation in almost metered quantities. The result of all this is a fluffy, mealy-quality potato, instead of the soggy, watery kind you might get from other, nameless places, and in a premium fresh-baked potato this difference is crucial. The potato was introduced into what is now Idaho—we attained statehood in 1890—back in 1837, by a Presbyterian missionary, the Reverend Henry H. Spalding. The russet Burbank potato—one of Luther Burbank's crowning achievements and now our king of potatoes—didn't come along until late in the nineteenth century. Today, Idaho produces more potatoes than any other state. Last year, our crop totalled eighty million hundredweight bags. That's eight billion pounds of potatoes. Seventy per cent of these are processed and the rest sold fresh. Did you know that the annual per-capita consumption of potatoes in America runs around a hundred and twenty pounds? We have beef and onions and grains in Idaho, but potatoes are our largest agricultural cash crop. This year, they will bring our farmers somewhere between five hundred million and five hundred and fifty million dollars. If I included the returns from processing and shipping potatoes, I could come up with a far higher figure. Agricultural revenue is a pretty good base for a state. Last year, Idaho was fourth among the states in per-capita-income growth, and we got there without a tax increase and with a better-than-balanced budget. We've had significant surpluses for the last three years. Anyhow, seventeen or eighteen per cent of the people in Idaho are, one way or another, in the potato business. That's why we promote potatoes, and that's why I get involved personally—as in the television potato commercials that I do. Most Idaho households get involved, too: they eat potatoes two or three times a day. One reason is that we eat very little rice, and we don't even know what grits are.

I know what you're going to ask: Aren't potatoes fattening? Well, I'm long and lean, so perhaps I'm not exactly your average person, but I do know that the average Idaho baker is an eight-to-ten-ounce, one-hundred-and-twenty-calorie, practically-full-meal-in-itself item, and not fattening at all. The problem arises from slopping on butter and sour cream. The medical society is somewhat at fault for creating the wrong image of potatoes. Instead of maligning them by saying, "Stay away from them," it should be saying, "Stay away from all that stuff you pile on them." If you're on a diet, potatoes can actually be helpful. They're filling, and they're a source of protein. Why, some of the dehydrated potatoes that have been shipped to underdeveloped countries have sustained life for months when people have been able to get very little else. Spuds are amazing. We like to call potatoes "spuds" in Idaho. We even have an Idaho Spud candy bar, which has nothing to do with potatoes beyond its name and its shape.

What was the question? No, there's nothing political about potatoes, though they have figured in some contests. I bet a hundred-pound sack of them last year against Governor Mike O'Callaghan, of Nevada, on the outcome of the annual football game between my Boise State University and his University of Nevada-Reno. He put up five Carson City silver dollars. We won. I learned later that his silver dollars were worth five dollars apiece in the numismatic market, so, inasmuch as my potatoes were worth nine dollars, I did rather well. Potatoes are nonpartisan. There used to be a feeling that lower-income people ate more of them than others did, but I have seen no evidence that Democrats eat more potatoes than Republicans, or vice versa. I don't know anything about Jimmy Carter's potato-eating, but I suppose I had better have my University of Idaho Ag Research people look into a possible peanut-potato combination. Jimmy lived in Idaho for a spell when he was in the Navy—he was stationed near Idaho Falls—and he campaigned for me in 1974. We served him lots of potatoes then, and he ate them all and smiled. He lost Idaho in part because the opposition dwelt on his stand on the registration of handguns. That's an emotional issue in the West. Carter couldn't spend much time out our way, but he sent his son Jack twice. I was with Jack one day at a press conference that covered just about every conceivable subject. That evening, on all three of the major television outlets in Boise, the only part of the conference that was broadcast was the part about handguns. It would have been better for his father if he'd never shown up at all. I'll be involved in the Carter Administration wherever I am [N.B., class: Governor Andrus has been mentioned in the press as a possible Secretary of the Interior], and I think he'll be more fiscally responsible—not conservative but responsible—than any President we've had in a long time. I think he'll put people to work and get the home-building industry moving again, which will mean more sales of lumber, of appliances, of air-conditioning, of glass, insulation, carports, and cars—maybe two of them. Every new back yard will need a new fence, and perhaps a new swing set, and, just think—each new house will mean the sale of two more garbage cans. I don't have to tell you what impact that could have on the garbage-can business.

What was that? Yes, if there are more potato peelings inside those new garbage cans, that is bound to help the potato industry, too. To get back to spuds, I have the feeling that more people are buying fresh potatoes now and preparing them themselves than ever before. My wife, for instance, sometimes buys frozen hashed-brown chunks—we have hashed-brown for breakfast every morning—but when her budget is tight she'll boil an extra spud the night before and use that. It's better to peel potatoes before you boil them, unless they're for potato salad.

My recipe for potato salad? Potatoes. Some boiled eggs. Onions. Pickles. Mayonnaise or salad dressing. A *little* light touch of mustard. Salt and pepper, of course. A pinch of this and a dab of that. I would have to say that baked potatoes are my favorite, though. I like creamery butter on mine, but then, as I say, I don't have a weight problem. At home, we have baked potatoes at almost every meal. The key to baked potatoes, as I wish more restaurants would realize, is to serve them immediately after they're cooked. No self-respecting restaurant would serve a steak that's an hour and a half old, but nobody has the proper respect for potatoes. There's absolutely no reason not to treat them as decently as you treat your meat.

THE LATECOMER

Stuart Bluestone, who had come back from the dead, paused before the door of Apartment 4-C, forcing it to the proper opacity. He had just slowed himself to listen to a babble of voices within—as he remembered such things—when the elevator opened behind him. Two couples got out, and Stuart pushed the bell and then stepped aside, allowing the ladies to precede him into the room. The host, in plaid trousers and blazer, was uncertain of Stuart's identity.

"Hello, Clyde," Stuart said. He held out his hand.

"Let me take your coat," Clyde Wasson said. He was still trying to place him.

It was strange to be in his old apartment. He felt buried, not by soil but by time. The blue walls might never have been white, and the Wassons' furniture was intolerable. All his traces were gone, except for the maroon wall-to-wall carpet that had been part of the deal. Ginny, his wife, had sold the place too soon and given away too much. One of the difficulties of the condition was that one could only watch those one loved make mistakes.

"What do you do?" he was asked, accosted by a glisteningly close-shaven, Harvard-looking gentleman.

"I had terminal cancer of the colon two years ago," Stuart began.

"I'm with Slovath, Howells, Dean & Deacon," the man said, his hand extended. "Ernie Howells."

"Sounds like a law firm," Stuart remarked politely.

"Management consultants. We move people out of the city. How many square feet do you occupy?"

"None," Stuart replied.

"Excuse me." Howells wandered away, mingling with the sofas and porcelain, and Stuart helped himself to a Scotch-and-soda. He noticed that Pat Wasson was watching him.

"Hi," Stuart said. He really did have quite a lot of news to tell her.

"It's been a long time," Pat said. She was searching for the connection.

"Two years this week. And you won't believe where I—"

"I want to hear *all* about it . . . uh . . ."

"Stu."

She still didn't recognize him, even though it had been she who was Ginny's friend—the link between the couples.

"Oh, Pat, what a marvellous blouse," a woman said.

"Jolly, this is Stu," Pat said. "He has something *fascinating* to tell." She revolved toward another guest.

"I work in Pat's agency," Jolly said. "Are you in the advertising field?"

"I'm not in any field," Stuart said. "I died a couple of years ago."

"That's *interesting*. My mother died last year. It was terrible. She was in the hospital *five* months. I don't understand how they can do that to people. Did you know Cindy Laird?"

"I think so."

"She was skiing at Conway and she broke her *neck*. Have you ever heard of such a thing? Left *two* small children. Every day, you pick up the paper and more people have died. All the *obituaries*. Who writes them, do you suppose?"

"People are dying to make the obit page," a bearded young man remarked.

"Oh, Sammy, how's my baby?"

Sammy squeezed her. Jolly was, Stuart supposed, rather huggable. He moved off toward the far corner of the room, where his favorite easy chair had once been—where, in robe and slippers, he had leafed through how many travel sections, book supplements, and "The Week in Review." There was no Sunday *Times* where he came from. There weren't even any Sundays. He sighed and forced himself to go and stand near three overanimated businessmen. Wynken, Blynken, and Nod, he thought.

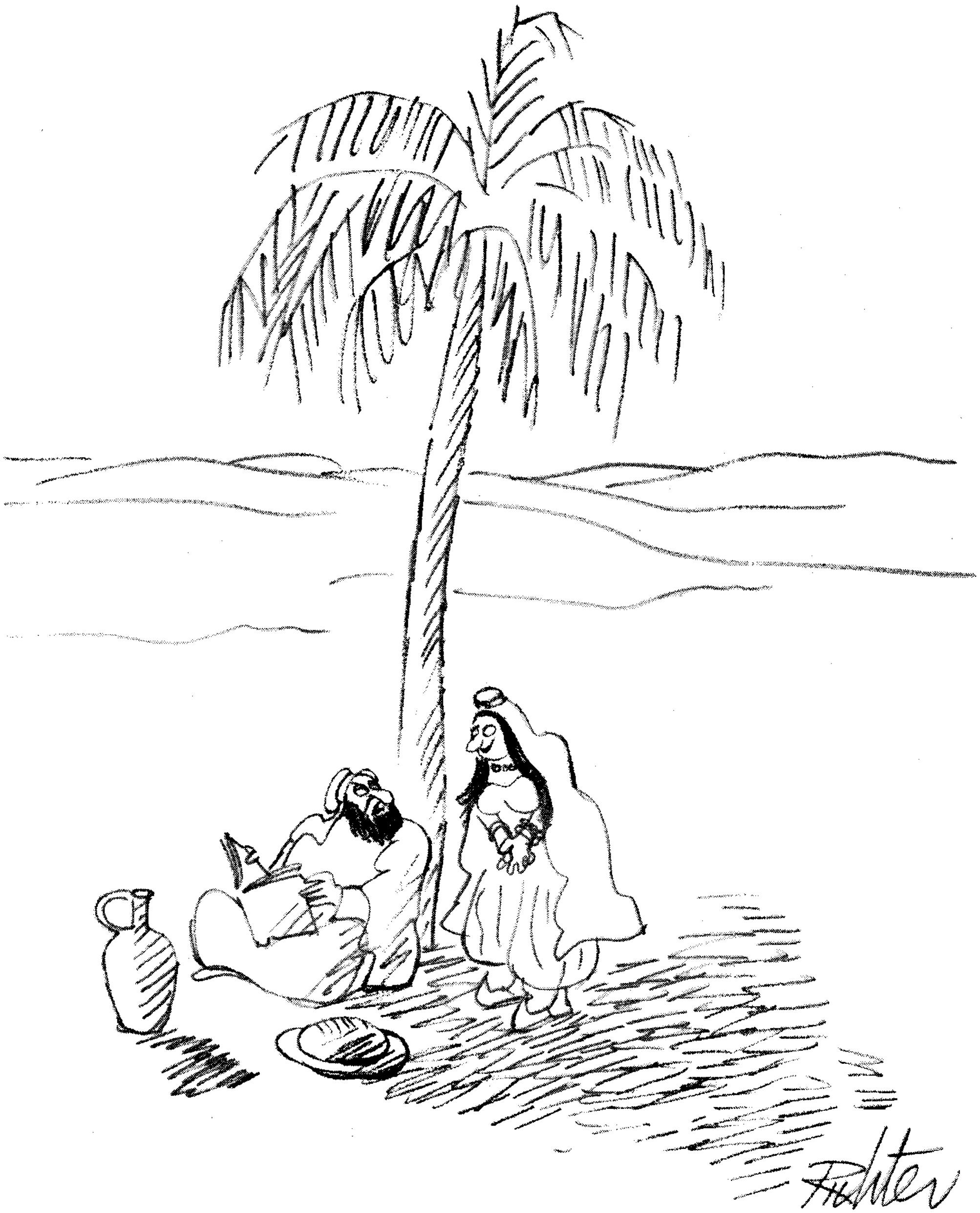
"We're talking about the market, Stu," Wynken said. Stuart recognized Ted Fleming, who had shaved off his mustache.

"This is Stu Bluestone, fellas," Ted said. "Knows more about equities than any man in this room. A chartist."

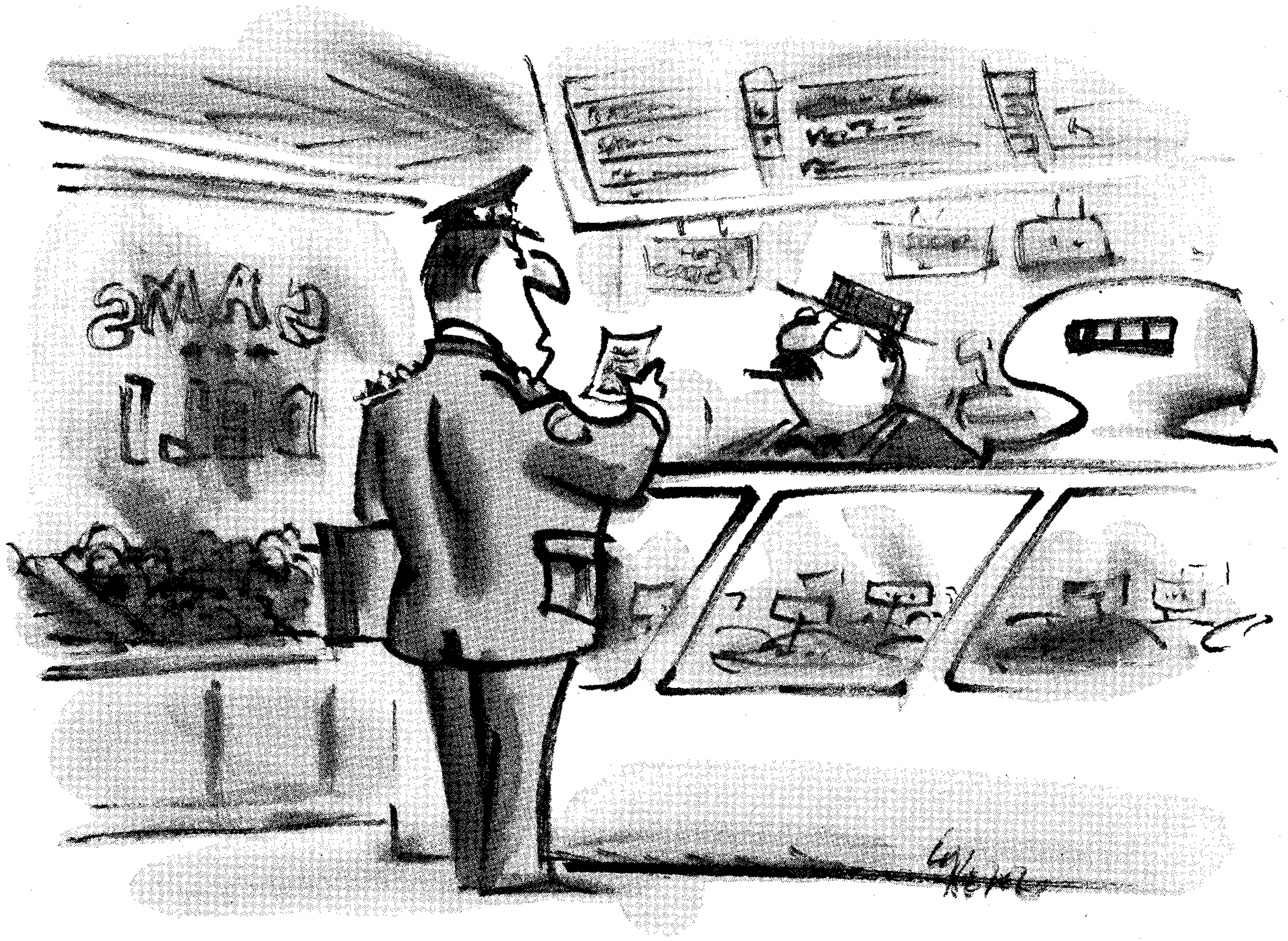
"Not anymore," Stuart said.

"I say it's going back up to a thousand," Nod remarked. His name would probably come to Stuart if the effort were made.

"And you're the one who said the



"Oh, it's thou."



"Twenty-five nuclear submarines, twelve hundred ICBMs, two hundred and seventy-five cruise missiles—oops, wrong list."

• •

Dow was going through the floor," Blynken added. "I remember, it was right in this room."

"No, it was in Pat and Clyde's other place," Stuart said, correcting him. "Equities will pass, my friend. There is more to—"

"Oh, yeah. Boy, I wish I'd taken your advice. Cocoa futures!"

"Hindsight," Nod said.

"I really have hindsight *and* foresight," Stuart said. "You see—"

"Yes, Stu, tell us what's going to happen now," Ted said.

Stuart sensed himself and the others floating in a cage of steel humming between the rivers, the folded rock, and the sky. "I can't tell you *that*, Ted, but there are other things I can reveal," Stuart said. "Something astonishing has happened to me since I saw you."

"*You*?" Ted exclaimed. "Do you know what's happened to me? My wife's living with my boy's roommate. I've been kicked upstairs. I need a disc operation." He stared suddenly at Stuart. "Didn't you . . . Christ! I went to your funeral."

"That's what I've been trying to tell you," Stuart said quietly. "Much is revealed. Have no fear. I can help."

"Listen," Ted said. "I've been to two shrinks. Now I'm in group therapy. Nothing helps. I need a drink."

As Ted went off, Nod took Stuart aside. "Stu," he said, "aren't you afraid Internal Revenue will catch up? You must have a tax problem."

Stuart turned away. He decided to get Clyde into a corner. After all, Clyde had taken over the apartment. "What did you do with the headboard?" Stuart asked him.

"What headboard?"

"In the bedroom. I built it into the wall."

Clyde started, his memory gradually focussing. "You're . . .?" His face suddenly matched the pale gray of his shirt.

"Stu Bluestone." He extended his hand.

Clyde took a step backward and looked rapidly about, almost in fear.

This is better, Stuart thought. "It's O.K.," he said. "I want to tell you where I've been."

Clyde nodded. "You know where *I've* been?" he said. "Pat and I, we went on one of those African camera safaris. We started in Mombasa, on the Indian Ocean, then went up to Kilimanjaro, crossed Lake Victoria, the headwaters of the Nile, and spent three days in Kampala. The Murchison Falls have Niagara beat a mile. It's an adventure to last a lifetime. One morning we woke up and the boy said a lion had come into the camp and eaten all the canned milk—can you beat that? Then—"

"Excuse me," Stuart said. Before disappearing, he handed Clyde his glass. He didn't want it to fall on the floor.

"Wait a minute," Clyde said. "I'm just getting to the good part."

—JAMES MUNVES

•

GEORGETOWN—2-story carriage house. 1 bedrm., a/c., liv. rm. w/firepl., newly painted & carptd. alarm system. $500. incl. util. Call Lge. charming stone patio overlooking 100′ landscaped garden, burglar

—Adv. in the Washington Post.

Does he live in?

YOUR PLACE IS EMPTY

EARLY in October, Hassan Ardavi invited his mother to come from Iran for a visit. His mother accepted immediately. It wasn't clear how long the visit was to last. Hassan's wife thought three months would be a good length of time. Hassan himself had planned on six months, and said so in his letter of invitation. But his mother felt that after such a long trip six months would be too short, and she was counting on staying a year. Hassan's little girl, who wasn't yet two, had no idea of time at all. She was told that her grandmother was coming but she soon forgot about it.

Hassan's wife was named Elizabeth, not an easy word for Iranians to pronounce. She would have been recognized as American the world over—a blond, pretty girl with long bones and an ungraceful way of walking. One of her strong points was an ability to pick up foreign languages, and before her mother-in-law's arrival she bought a textbook and taught herself Persian. "*Salaam aleikum*," she told the mirror every morning. Her daughter watched, startled, from her place on the potty-chair. Elizabeth ran through possible situations in her mind and looked up the words for them. "Would you like more tea? Do you take sugar?" At suppertime she spoke Persian to her husband, who looked amused at the new tone she gave his language with her flat, factual American voice. He wrote his mother and told her Elizabeth had a surprise for her.

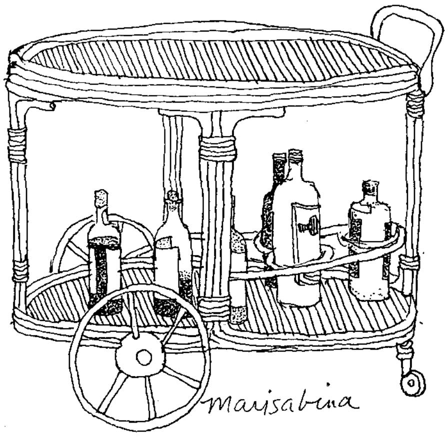
Their house was a three-story brick Colonial, but only the first two stories were in use. Now they cleared the third of its trunks and china barrels and *National Geographics*, and they moved in a few pieces of furniture. Elizabeth sewed flowered curtains for the window. She was unusually careful with them; to a foreign mother-in-law, fine seams might matter. Also, Hassan bought a pocket compass, which he placed in the top dresser drawer. "For her prayers," he said. "She'll want to face Mecca. She prays three times a day."

"But which direction is Mecca from here?" Elizabeth asked.

Hassan only shrugged. He had never said the prayers himself, not even as a child. His earliest memory was of tickling the soles of his mother's feet while she prayed steadfastly on; everyone knew it was forbidden to pause once you'd started.

MRS. ARDAVI felt nervous about the descent from the plane. She inched down the staircase sideways, one hand tight on the railing, the other clutching her shawl. It was night, and cold. The air seemed curiously opaque. She arrived on solid ground and stood collecting herself—a small, stocky woman in black, with a kerchief over her smooth gray hair. She held her back very straight, as if she had just had her feelings hurt. In picturing this moment she had always thought Hassan would be waiting beside the plane, but there was no sign of him. Blue lights dotted the darkness behind her, an angular terminal loomed ahead, and an official was herding the passengers toward a plate-glass door. She followed, entangled in a web of meaningless sounds such as those you might hear in a fever dream.

Immigration. Baggage Claims. Customs. To all she spread her hands and beamed and shrugged, showing she spoke no English. Meanwhile her fellow-passengers waved to a blur of faces beyond a glass wall. It seemed they all knew people here; she was the only one who didn't. She had issued from the plane like a newborn baby, speechless and friendless. And the customs official didn't seem pleased with her. She had brought too many gifts. She had stuffed her bags with them, discarding all but the most necessary pieces of her clothing so that she would have more room. There were silver tea sets and gold jewelry for her daughter-in-law, and for her granddaughter a doll dressed in the complicated costume of a nomad tribe, an embroidered sheepskin vest, and two religious medals on chains—one a disc inscribed with the name of Allah, the other a tiny gold Koran with a very effective prayer for long life folded up within it. The customs official sifted gold through his fingers like sand and frowned at the Koran. "Have I done something wrong?" she asked. But of course he didn't understand her. Though you'd think, really, that if he would just *listen* hard enough, just meet her eyes once . . . it was a very simple language, there was no reason why it shouldn't come through to him.



For Hassan, she'd brought food. She had gathered all his favorite foods and put them in a drawstring bag embroidered with peacocks. When the official opened the bag he said something under his breath and called another man over. Together they unwrapped tiny newspaper packets and sniffed at various herbs. "Sumac," she told them. "Powder of lemons. Shambalileh." They gazed at her blankly. They untied a small cloth sack and rummaged through the kashk she had brought for soup. It rolled beneath their fingers and across the counter—hard white balls of yogurt curd, stuck with bits of sheep hair and manure. Some peasant had labored for hours to make that kashk. Mrs. Ardavi picked up one piece and replaced it firmly in the sack. Maybe the official understood her meaning: she was running out of patience. He threw up his hands. He slid her belongings down the counter. She was free to go.

Free to go where?

Dazed and stumbling, a pyramid of knobby parcels and bags, scraps of velvet and brocade and tapestry, she made her way to the glass wall. A door opened out of nowhere and a stranger blocked her path. "Khanom Jun," he said. It was a name that only her children would use, but she passed him blindly and he had to touch her arm before she would look up.

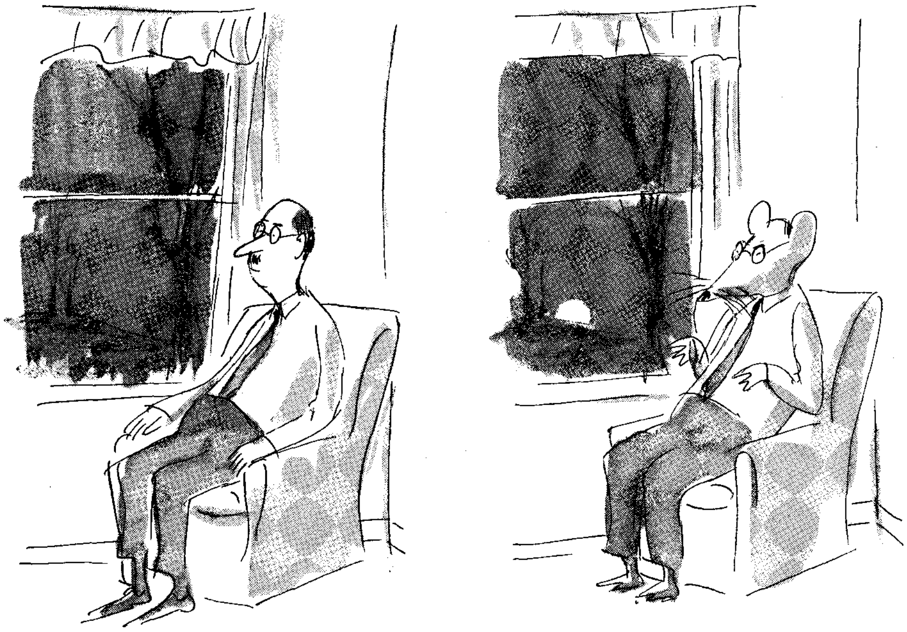
He had put on weight. She didn't know him. The last time she'd seen him he was a thin, stoop-shouldered medical student disappearing into an Air France jet without a backward glance. "Khanom Jun, it's me," this stranger said, but she went on searching his face with cloudy eyes. No doubt he was a bearer of bad news. Was that it? A recurrent dream had warned her that she would never see her son again—that he would die on his way to the airport, or had already been dead for months but no one wanted to break the news; some second or third cousin in America had continued signing Hassan's name to his cheerful, anonymous letters. Now here was this man with graying hair and a thick mustache, his clothes American but his face Iranian, his eyes sadly familiar, as if they belonged to someone else. "Don't you believe me?" he said. He kissed her on both cheeks. It was his smell she recognized first—a pleasantly bitter, herblike smell that brought her the image of Hassan as a child, reaching thin arms around her neck. "It's you, Hassan," she said, and then she started crying against his gray tweed shoulder.

THEY were quiet during the long drive home. Once she reached over to touch his face, having wanted to do so for miles. None of the out-of-focus snapshots he'd sent had prepared her for the way he had aged. "How long has it been?" she asked. "Twelve years?" But both of them knew to the day how long it had been. All those letters of hers: "My dear Hassan, ten years now and still your place is empty." "Eleven years and still . . ."

Hassan squinted through the windshield at the oncoming headlights. His mother started fretting over her kerchief, which she knew she ought not to have worn. She'd been told so by her youngest sister, who had been to America twice. "It marks you," her sister had said. But that square of silk was the last, shrunken reminder of the veil she used to hide beneath, before the previous Shah had banished such things. At her age, how could she expose herself? And then her teeth; her teeth were a problem too. Her youngest sister had said, "You ought to get dentures made, I'm sure there aren't three whole teeth in your head." But Mrs. Ardavi was scared of dentists. Now she covered her mouth with one hand and looked sideways at Hassan, though so far he hadn't seemed to notice. He was busy maneuvering his car into the right-hand lane.

This silence was the last thing she had expected. For weeks she'd been saving up stray bits of gossip, weaving together the family stories she would tell him. There were three hundred people in her family—most of them related to each other in three or four different ways, all leading intricate and scandalous lives she had planned to discuss in detail, but instead she stared sadly out the window. You'd think Hassan would ask. You'd think they could have a better conversation than this, after such a long time. Disappointment made her cross, and now she stubbornly refused to speak even when she saw something she wanted to comment on, some imposing building or unfamiliar brand of car sliding past her into the darkness.

By the time they arrived it was nearly midnight. None of the houses were lit but Hassan's—worn brick, older than she would have expected. "Here we are," said Hassan. The competence with which he parked the car, fitting it neatly into a small space by the curb, put him firmly on the other side of the fence, the American side. She would have to face her daughter-in-law alone. As they climbed the front steps she whispered, "How do you say it again?"



"Say what?" Hassan asked.

"Her name. Lizabet?"

"Elizabeth. Like Elizabeth Taylor. *You* know."

"Yes, yes, of course," said his mother. Then she lifted her chin, holding tight to the straps of her purse.

Elizabeth was wearing bluejeans and a pair of fluffy slippers. Her hair was blond as corn silk, cut short and straight, and her face had the grave, sleepy look of a child's. As soon as she had opened the door she said, "*Salaam aleikum.*" Mrs. Ardavi, overcome with relief at the Persian greeting, threw her arms around her and kissed both cheeks. Then they led her into the living room, which looked comfortable but a little too plain. The furniture was straight-edged, the rugs uninteresting, though the curtains had a nice figured pattern that caught her eye. In one corner sat a shiny red kiddie car complete with license plates. "Is that the child's?" she asked. "Hilary's?" She hesitated over the name. "Could I see her?"

"*Now?*" said Hassan.

But Elizabeth told him, "That's all right." (Women understood these things.) She beckoned to her mother-in-law. They climbed the stairs together, up to the second floor, into a little room that smelled of milk and rubber and talcum powder, smells she would know anywhere. Even in the half-light from the hallway, she could tell that Hilary was beautiful. She had black, tumbling hair, long black lashes, and skin of a tone they called wheat-colored, lighter than Hassan's. "There," said Elizabeth. "Thank you," said Mrs. Ardavi. Her voice was formal, but this was her first grandchild and it took her a moment to recover herself. Then they stepped back into the hallway. "I brought her some medals," she whispered. "I hope you don't mind."

"Medals?" said Elizabeth. She repeated the word anxiously, mispronouncing it.

"Only an Allah and a Koran, both very tiny. You'll hardly know they're there. I'm not used to seeing a child without a medal. It worries me."

Automatically her fingers traced a chain around her neck, ending in the hollow of her collarbone. Elizabeth nodded, looking relieved. "*Oh* yes. Medals," she said.

"Is that all right?"

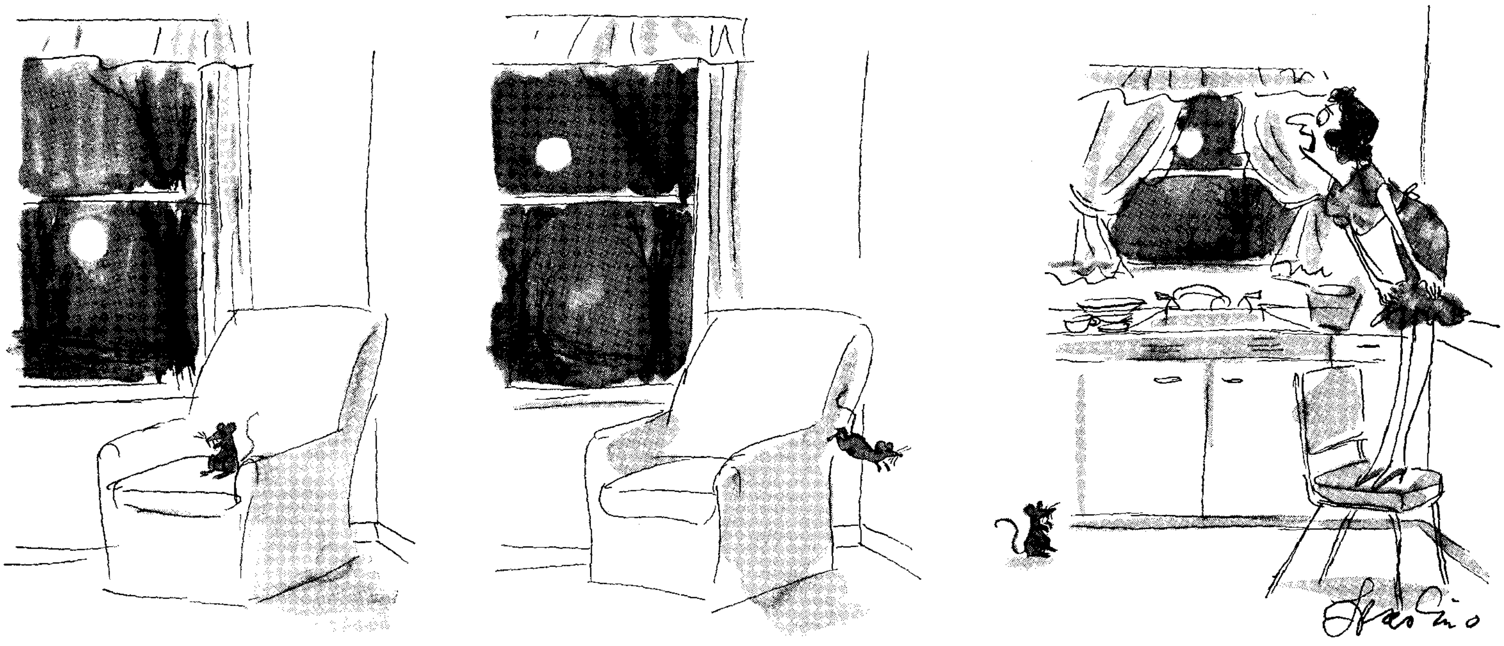
"Yes, of course."

Mrs. Ardavi took heart. "Hassan laughs," she said. "He doesn't believe in these things. But when he left I put a prayer in his suitcase pocket, and you see he's been protected. Now if Hilary wore a medal, I could sleep nights."

"Of course," Elizabeth said again.

When they reëntered the living room, Mrs. Ardavi was smiling, and she kissed Hassan on the top of his head before she sat down.

AMERICAN days were tightly scheduled, divided not into morning and afternoon but into 9:00, 9:30, and so forth, each half hour possessing its own set activity. It was marvellous. Mrs. Ardavi wrote her sisters: "They're more organized here. My daughter-in-law never wastes a minute." How terrible, her sisters wrote back. They were all in Teheran,



drinking cup after cup of tea and idly guessing who might come and visit. "No, you misunderstand," Mrs. Ardavi protested. "I like it this way. I'm fitting in wonderfully." And to her youngest sister she wrote, "You'd think I was American. No one guesses otherwise." This wasn't true, of course, but she hoped it would be true in the future.

Hassan was a doctor. He worked long hours, from six in the morning until six at night. While she was still washing for her morning prayers she could hear him tiptoe down the stairs and out the front door. His car would start up, a distant rumble far below her, and from her bathroom window she could watch it swing out from beneath a tatter of red leaves and round the corner and disappear. Then she would sigh and return to her sink. Before prayers she had to wash her face, her hands, and the soles of her feet. She had to draw her wet fingers down the part in her hair. After that she returned to her room, where she swathed herself tightly in her long black veil and knelt on a beaded velvet prayer mat. East was where the window was, curtained by chintz and misted over. On the east wall she hung a lithograph of the Caliph Ali and a color snapshot of her third son, Babak, whose marriage she had arranged just a few months before this visit. If Babak hadn't married, she never could have come. He was the youngest, spoiled by being the only son at home. It had taken her three years to find a wife for him. (One was too modern, one too lazy, one so perfect she had been suspicious.) But finally the proper girl had turned up, modest and well-mannered and sufficiently wide of hip, and Mrs. Ardavi and the bridal couple had settled in a fine new house on the outskirts of Teheran. Now every time she prayed, she added a word of thanks that at last she had a home for her old age. After that, she unwound her veil and laid it carefully in a drawer. From another drawer she took thick cotton stockings and elastic garters; she stuffed her swollen feet into open-toed vinyl sandals. Unless she was going out, she wore a housecoat. It amazed her how wasteful Americans were with their clothing.

Downstairs, Elizabeth would have started her tea and buttered a piece of toast for her. Elizabeth and Hilary ate bacon and eggs, but bacon of course was unclean and Mrs. Ardavi never accepted any. Nor had it even been offered to her, except once, jokingly, by Hassan. The distinctive, smoky smell rose to meet her as she descended the stairs. "What does it taste like?" she always asked. She was dying to know. But Elizabeth's vocabulary didn't cover the taste of bacon; she only said it was salty and then laughed and gave up. They had learned very early to travel a well-worn conversational path, avoiding the dead ends caused by unfamiliar words. "Did you sleep well?" Elizabeth always asked in her funny, childish accent, and Mrs. Ardavi answered, "So-so." Then they would turn and watch Hilary, who sat on a booster seat eating scrambled eggs, a thin chain of Persian gold crossing the back of her neck. Conversation was easier, or even unnecessary, as long as Hilary was there.

In the mornings Elizabeth cleaned house. Mrs. Ardavi used that time for letter writing. She had dozens of letters to write, to all her aunts and uncles and her thirteen sisters. (Her father had had three wives, and a surprising number of children even for that day and age.) Then there was Babak. His wife was in her second month of pregnancy, so Mrs. Ardavi wrote long accounts of the American child-rearing methods. "There are some things I don't agree with," she wrote. "They let Hilary play outdoors by herself, with not even a servant to keep an eye on her." Then she would trail off and gaze thoughtfully at Hilary, who sat on the floor watching a television program called "Captain Kangaroo."

Mrs. Ardavi's own childhood had been murky and grim. From the age of nine she was wrapped in a veil, one corner of it clenched in her teeth to hide her face whenever she appeared on the streets. Her father, a respected man high up in public life, used to chase servant girls through the halls and trap them, giggling, in vacant bedrooms. At the age of ten she was forced to watch her mother bleed to death in childbirth, and when she screamed the midwife had struck her across the face and held her down till she had properly kissed her mother goodbye. There seemed no connection at all between her and this little overalled American. At times, when Hilary had one of her temper tantrums, Mrs. Ardavi waited in horror for Elizabeth to slap her and then, when no slap came, felt a mixture of relief and anger. "In Iran—" she would begin, and if Hassan was there he always said, "But this is not Iran, remember?"

After lunch Hilary took a nap, and

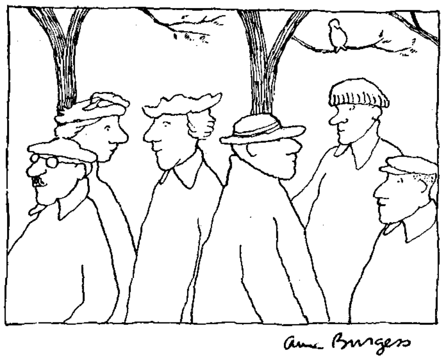
Mrs. Ardavi went upstairs to say her noontime prayers and take a nap as well. Then she might do a little laundry in her bathtub. Laundry was a problem here. Although she liked Elizabeth, the fact was that the girl was a Christian, and therefore unclean; it would never do to have a Christian wash a Moslem's clothes. The automatic dryer was also unclean, having contained, at some point, a Christian's underwear. So she had to ask Hassan to buy her a drying rack. It came unassembled. Elizabeth put it together for her, stick by stick, and then Mrs. Ardavi held it under her shower and rinsed it off, hoping that would be enough to remove any taint. The Koran didn't cover this sort of situation.

When Hilary was up from her nap they walked her to the park—Elizabeth in her eternal bluejeans and Mrs. Ardavi in her kerchief and shawl, taking short painful steps in small shoes that bulged over her bunions. They still hadn't seen to her teeth, although by now Hassan had noticed them. She was hoping he might forget about the dentist, but then she saw him remembering every time she laughed and revealed her five brown teeth set wide apart.

At the park she laughed a great deal. It was her only way of communicating with the other women. They sat on the benches ringing the playground, and while Elizabeth translated their questions Mrs. Ardavi laughed and nodded at them over and over. "They want to know if you like it here," Elizabeth said. Mrs. Ardavi answered at length, but Elizabeth's translation was very short. Then gradually the other women forgot her, and conversation rattled on while she sat silent and watched each speaker's lips. The few recognizable words—"telephone," "television," "radio"—gave her the impression that American conversations were largely technical, even among women. Their gestures were wide and slow, disproving her youngest sister's statement that in America everyone was in a hurry. On the contrary, these women were dreamlike, moving singly or in twos across wide flat spaces beneath white November skies when they departed.

Later, at home, Mrs. Ardavi would say, "The red-haired girl, is she pregnant? She looked it, I thought. Is the fat girl happy in her marriage?" She asked with some urgency, plucking Elizabeth's sleeve when she was slow to answer. People's private lives fascinated her. On Saturday trips to the supermarket she liked to single out some interesting stranger. "What's the matter with that *jerky*-moving man? That girl, is she one of your dark-skinned people?" Elizabeth answered too softly, and never seemed to follow Mrs. Ardavi's pointing finger.

Supper was difficult; Mrs. Ardavi didn't like American food. Even when Elizabeth made something Iranian, it had an American taste to it—the vegetables still faintly crisp, the onions transparent rather than nicely blackened. "Vegetables not thoroughly cooked retain a certain acidity," Mrs. Ardavi said, laying down her fork. "This is a cause of constipation and stomach aches. At night I often have heartburn. It's been three full days since I moved my bowels." Elizabeth merely bent over her plate, offering no symptoms of her own in return. Hassan said, "At the table, Khanom? At the table?"



Eventually she decided to cook supper herself. Over Elizabeth's protests she began at three every afternoon, filling the house with the smell of dillweed and arranging pots on counters and cabinets and finally, when there was no more space, on the floor. She squatted on the floor with her skirt tucked between her knees and stirred great bowls of minced greens while behind her, on the gas range, four different pots of food bubbled and steamed. The kitchen was becoming more homelike, she thought. A bowl of yogurt brewed beside the stove, a kettle of rice soaked in the sink, and the top of the dishwasher was curlicued with the yellow dye from saffron. In one corner sat the pudding pan, black on the bottom from the times she had cooked down sugar to make a sweet for her intestines. "Now, this is your rest period," she always told Elizabeth. "Come to the table in three hours and be surprised." But Elizabeth only hovered around the kitchen, disturbing the serene, steam-filled air with clatters and slams as she put away pots or pacing between stove and sink, her arms folded across her chest. At supper she ate little; Mrs. Ardavi wondered how Americans got so tall on such small

THE FALCONS

There were years when I knew
the flowers in the red stone walls

now in the courtyard where I have returned with you
we drink the wine of visitors
the temperature of the cellars

dusk is welling
out of the dried blood of the masonry
no hour remains on the sundial
by now the owls of the tower corners
are waking on their keepers' fists
but it is still day
out in the air
and three falcons appear there
over the courtyard

no feathers on heads or breasts
and they fly down to us
to our wrists and between them
then hover and perch just above us
keeping us in sight
waiting
they are waiting for us

this time they will come with us
when we leave the island
tonight for the rest of our lives

—W. S. Merwin

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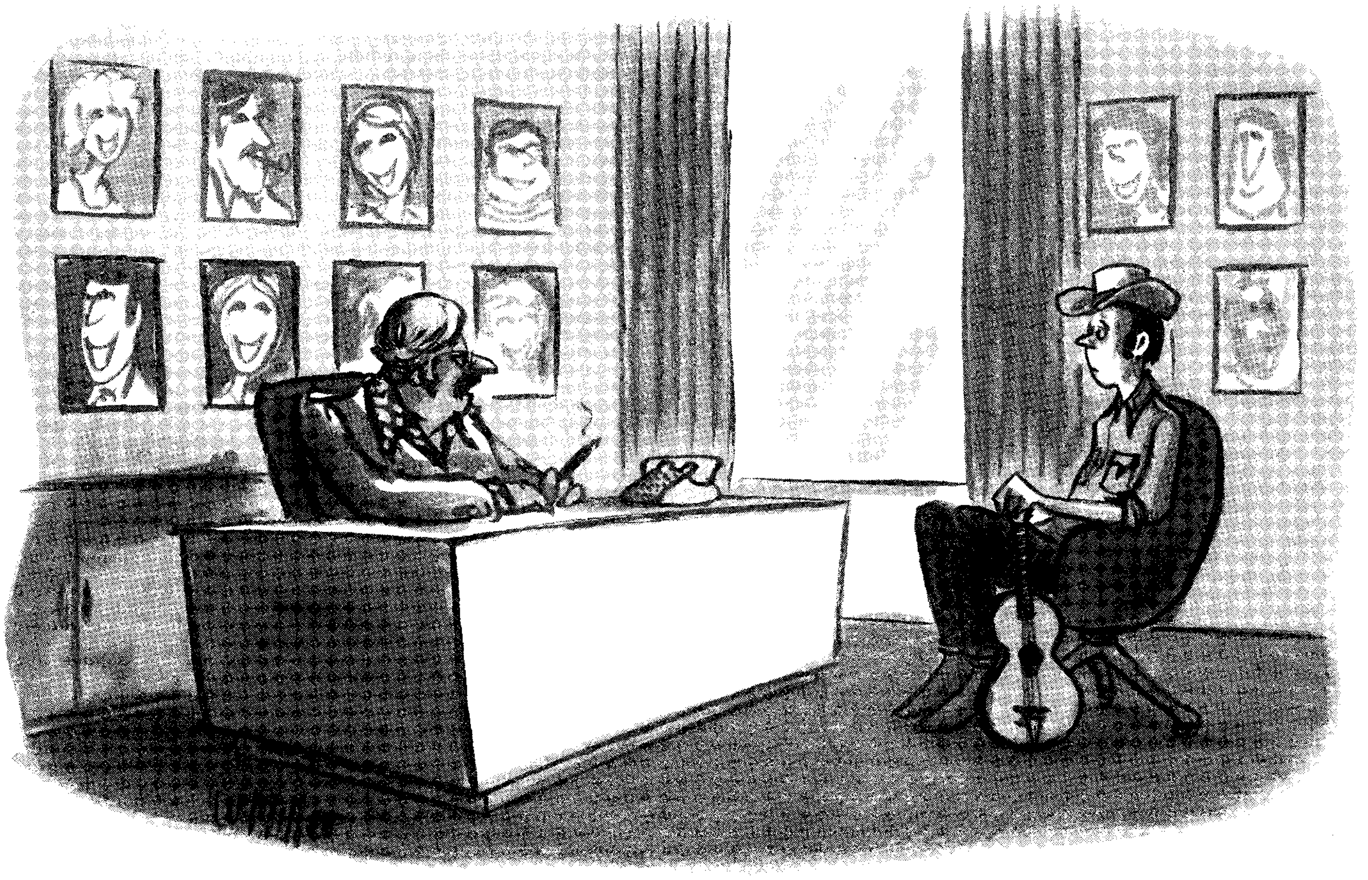


"Take my advice, kid. Forget about show biz and go back to agribiz."

• •

suppers. Hassan, on the other hand, had second and third helpings. "I must be gaining five pounds a week," he said. "None of my clothes fit."

"That's good to hear," said his mother. And Elizabeth added something but in English, which Hassan answered in English also. Often now they broke into English for paragraphs at a time—Elizabeth speaking softly, looking at her plate, and Hassan answering at length and sometimes reaching across the table to cover her hand.

At night, after her evening prayers, Mrs. Ardavi watched television on the living-room couch. She brought her veil downstairs and wrapped it around her to keep the drafts away. Her shoes lay on the rug beneath her, and scattered down the length of the couch were her knitting bag, her sack of burnt sugar, her magnifying glass, and "My First Golden Dictionary." Elizabeth read novels in an easy chair, and Hassan watched TV so that he could translate the difficult parts of the plot. Not that Mrs. Ardavi had much trouble. American plots were easy to guess at, particularly the Westerns. And when the program was boring—a documentary or a special news feature—she could pass the time by talking to Hassan. "Your cousin Farah wrote," she said. "Do you remember her? A homely girl, too dark. She's getting a divorce and in my opinion it's fortunate; he's from a lower class. Do you remember Farah?"

Hassan only grunted, his eyes on the screen. He was interested in American politics. So was she, for that matter. She had wept for President Kennedy, and carried Jackie's picture in her purse. But these news programs were long and dry, and if Hassan wouldn't talk she was forced to turn at last to her "Golden Dictionary."

In her childhood, she had been taught by expensive foreign tutors. Her mind was her great gift, the compensation for a large, plain face and a stocky figure. But now what she had learned seemed lost, forgotten utterly or fogged by years, so that Hassan gave a snort whenever she told him some fact that she had dredged up from her memory. It seemed that everything she studied now had to penetrate through a great thick layer before it reached her mind. "Tonk you," she practiced. "Tonk you. Tonk you." "Thank you," Hassan corrected her. He pointed out useful words in her dictionary—grocery-store words, household words—but she grew impatient with their woodenness. What she wanted was the language to display her personality, her famous courtesy and her magical intuition about the inside lives of other people. Nightly she learned "salt," "bread," "spoon," but with an inner sense of dullness, and every morning when she woke her English was once again confined to "thank you" and "NBC."

Elizabeth, meanwhile, read on, finishing one book and reaching for the next without even glancing up. Hassan chewed a thumbnail and watched a senator. He shouldn't be disturbed, of course, but time after time his mother felt the silence and the whispery turning of pages stretching her nerves until she had to speak. "Hassan?"

"Hmm."

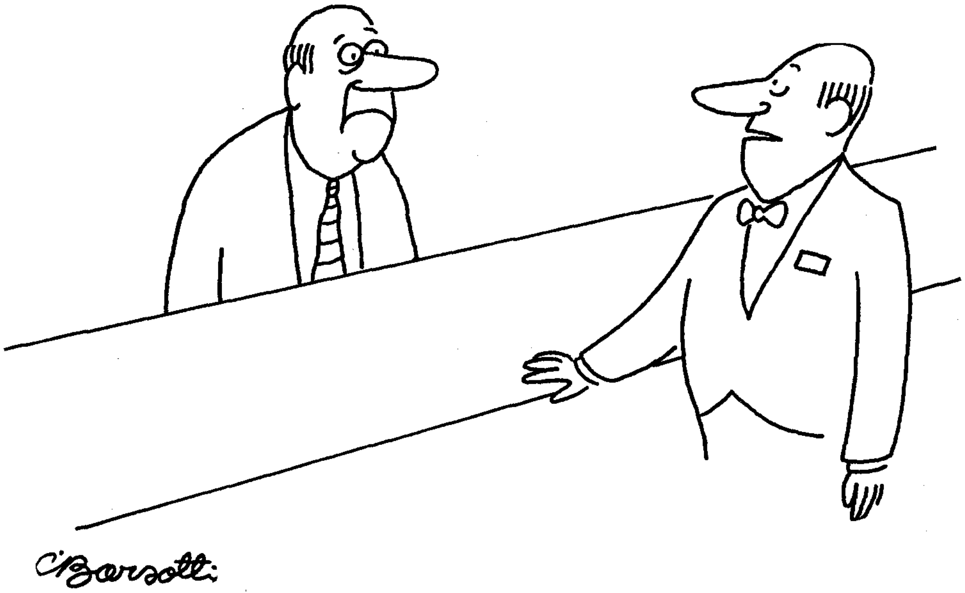
"My chest seems tight. I'm sure a cold is coming on. Don't you have a tonic?"

"No," said Hassan.

He dispensed medicines all day; he listened to complaints. Common sense told her to stop, but she persisted, encouraged by some demon that wouldn't let her tongue lie still. "Don't you have some syrup? What about that liquid you gave me for constipation? Would that help?"

"No, it wouldn't," said Hassan.

He drove her on, somehow. The less he gave, the more she had to



“But, Mr. Herman, your regular is a double.”

ask. “Well, aspirin? Vitamins?” Until Hassan said, “Will you just let me *watch*?” Then she could lapse into silence again, or even gather up the clutter of her belongings and bid the two of them good night.

She slept badly. Often she lay awake for hours fingering the edge of the sheet and staring at the ceiling. Memories crowded in on her, old grievances and fears, injustices that had never been righted. For the first time in years she thought of her husband, a gentle, weak man given to surprising outbursts of temper. She hadn’t loved him when she married him, and at his death from a liver ailment six years later her main feeling had been resentment. Was it fair to be widowed so young, while other women were supported and protected? She had moved from her husband’s home back to the old family estate, where five of her sisters still lived. There she had stayed till Babak’s wedding, drinking tea all day with her sisters and pulling the strings by which the rest of the family was attached. Marriages were arranged, funerals attended, childbirth discussed in fine detail; servants’ disputes were settled, and feuds patched up and then restarted. Her husband’s face had quickly faded, leaving only a vacant spot in her mind. But now she could see him so clearly—a wasted figure on his deathbed, beard untrimmed, turban coming loose, eyes imploring her for something more than an absentminded pat on the cheek as she passed through his room on her way to check the children.

She saw the thin faces of her three small boys as they sat on the rug eating rice. Hassan was the stubborn, mischievous one, with perpetual scabs on his knees. Babak was the cuddly one. Ali was the oldest, who had caused so much worry—weak, like his father, demanding, but capable of turning suddenly charming. Four years ago he had died of a brain hemorrhage, slumping over a dinner table in faraway Shīrāz, where he’d gone to be free of his wife, who was also his double first cousin. Ever since he was born he had disturbed his mother’s sleep, first because she worried over what he would amount to and now, after his death, because she lay awake listing all she had done wrong with him. She had been too lenient. No, too harsh. There was no telling. Mistakes she had made floated on the ceiling like ghosts—allowances she’d made when she knew she shouldn’t have, protections he had not deserved, blows which perhaps he had not deserved either.

She would have liked to talk to Hassan about it, but any time she tried he changed the subject. Maybe he was angry about the way he had heard of Ali’s death. It was customary to break such news gradually. She had started a series of tactful letters, beginning by saying that Ali was seriously ill when in truth he was already buried. Something in the letter had given her away—perhaps her plans for a rest cure by the seaside, which she never would have considered if she’d had an ailing son at home. Hassan had telephoned overseas, taking three nights to reach her. “Tell me what’s wrong,” he said. “I know there’s something.” When her tears kept her from answering, he asked, “Is he dead?” His voice sounded angry, but that might have been due to a poor connection. And when he hung up, cutting her off before she could say all she wanted, she thought, I should have told him straight out. I had forgotten that about him. Now when she spoke of Ali he listened politely, with his face frozen. She would have told him anything, all about the death and burial and that witch of a wife throwing herself, too late, into the grave; but Hassan never asked.

Death was moving in on her. Oh, not on her personally (the women in her family lived a century or longer, burying the men one by one) but on everybody around her, all the cousins and uncles and brothers-in-law. No sooner had she laid away her mourning clothes than it was time to bring them out again. Recently she had begun to feel she would outlive her two other sons as well, and she fought off sleep because of the dreams it brought—Babak lying stiff and cold in his grave, Hassan crumpled over in some dark American alley. Terrifying images would zoom at her out of the night. In the end she had to wrap herself in her veil and sleep instead on the Persian rug, which had the dusty smell of home and was, anyway, more comfortable than her unsteady foreign mattress.

At Christmastime, Hassan and Elizabeth gave Mrs. Ardavi a brightly colored American dress with short sleeves. She wore it to an Iranian party, even leaving off her kerchief in a sudden fit of daring. Everyone commented on how nice she looked. “Really you fit right in,” a girl told her. “May I write to my mother about you? She was over here for a year and a half and never once stepped out of the house without her kerchief.” Mrs. Ardavi beamed. It was true she would never have associated with these people at home—children of civil servants and bank clerks, newly rich now they’d finished medical school. The wives called their husbands “Doctor” even in direct address. But still it felt good to be speaking so much Persian; her tongue nearly ran away with her. “I see you’re expecting a baby,” she said to one of the wives. “Is it your first? I could tell by your eyes. Now don’t be nervous. I had three myself; my mother had seven and never felt a pain in her life. She would squat down to serve my father’s breakfast and ‘Eh?’ she would say. ‘Aga Jun, it’s the baby!’ and there it would be on the floor between her feet, waiting for her to cut the cord and finish pouring the tea." She neglected to mention how her mother had died. All her natural tact came back to her, her gift with words and her knowledge of how to hold an audience. She bubbled and sparkled like a girl, and her face fell when it was time to go home.

After the party, she spent two or three days noticing more keenly than ever the loss of her language, and talking more feverishly when Hassan came home in the evening. This business of being a foreigner was something changeable. Boundaries kept shifting, and sometimes it was she who was the foreigner but other times Elizabeth, or even Hassan. (Wasn't it true, she often wondered, that there was a greater distance between men and women than between Americans and Iranians, or even *Eskimos* and Iranians?) Hassan was the foreigner when she and Elizabeth conspired to hide a miniature Koran in his glove compartment; he would have laughed at them. "You see," she told Elizabeth, "I know there's nothing to it, but it makes me feel better. When my sons were born I took them all to the bath attendant to have their blood let. People say it brings long life. I know that's superstition, but whenever afterward I saw those ridges down their backs I felt safe. Don't you understand?" And Elizabeth said, "Of course." She smuggled the Koran into the car herself, and hid it beneath the Texaco maps. Hassan saw nothing.

Hilary was a foreigner forever. She dodged her grandmother's yearning hands, and when the grownups spoke Persian she fretted and misbehaved and pulled on Elizabeth's sleeve. Mrs. Ardavi had to remind herself constantly not to kiss the child too much, not to reach out for a hug, not to offer her lap. In this country people kept more separate. They kept so separate that at times she felt hurt. They tried to be so subtle, so undemonstrative. She would never understand this place.

IN January they took her to a dentist, who made clucking noises when he looked in her mouth. "What does he say?" she asked. "Tell me the worst." But Hassan was talking in a low voice to Elizabeth, and he waved her aside. They seemed to be having a misunderstanding of some sort. "What does he *say*, Hassan?"

"Just a minute."

She craned around in the high-backed chair, fighting off the dentist's little mirror. "I have to know," she told Hassan.

"He says your teeth are terrible. They have to be extracted and the gums surgically smoothed. He wants to know if you'll be here for another few months, he can't schedule you till later."

A cold lump of fear settled in her stomach. Unfortunately she *would* be here; it had only been three months so far and she was planning to stay a year. So she had to watch numbly while her life was signed away, whole strings of appointments made and little white cards filled out. And Hassan didn't even look sympathetic. He was still involved in whatever this argument was with Elizabeth. The two of them failed to notice how her hands were shaking.

IT snowed all of January, the worst snow they had had in years. When she came downstairs in the mornings she found the kitchen icy cold, crisscrossed by drafts. "This sort of cold enters your bones," she told Elizabeth. "I'm sure to fall sick." Elizabeth only nodded. Some mornings now her face was pale and puffy, as if she had a secret worry, but Mrs. Ardavi had learned that it was better not to ask about it.

Early in February there was a sudden warm spell. Snow melted and all the trees dripped in the sunshine. "We're going for a walk," Elizabeth said, and Mrs. Ardavi said, "I'll come too." In spite of the warmth, she toiled upstairs for her woollen shawl. She didn't like to take chances. And she worried over Hilary's bare ears. "Won't she catch cold?" she asked. "I think we should cover her head."

"She'll be all right," said Elizabeth, and then shut her face in a certain stubborn way she had.

In the park, Elizabeth and Hilary made snowballs from the last of the snow and threw them at each other, narrowly missing Mrs. Ardavi, who stood watching with her arms folded and her hands tucked in her sleeves.

The next morning, something was wrong with Hilary. She sat at the breakfast table and cried steadily, refusing all food. "Now, now," her grandmother said, "won't you tell old Ka Jun what's wrong?" But when she came close Hilary

"Don't worry, darling. You'll happen."

FIFTH AVENUE PARADE

Vitrines of pearly gowns, bright porcelains,
Gilded dalmatics, the stone balconies
Of eminence, past all of these and past
The ghostly conquerors in swirls of bronze,
The children's pond, the Rospigliosi Cup,
Prinked with the glitter of day, the chrome batons
Of six high-stepping, slick drum majorettes,
A local high-school band in robin's-egg blue,
Envied by doormen, strippers, pianists,
Frogged with emblazonments, all smiles, advance
With victorious booms and fifings through a crowd
Flecked with balloons and flags and Popsicles
Toward some weak, outnumbered, cowering North
That will lay down its arms at Eighty-sixth.

—ANTHONY HECHT

• •

screamed louder. By noon she was worse. Elizabeth called Hassan, and he came home immediately and laid a hand on Hilary's forehead and said she should go to the pediatrician. He drove them there himself. "It's her ears, I'm sure of it," Mrs. Ardavi said in the waiting room. For some reason Hassan grew angry. "Do you always know better than the experts?" he asked her. "What are we coming to the doctor for? We could have talked to you and saved the trip." His mother lowered her eyes and examined her purse straps. She understood that he was anxious, but all the same her feelings were hurt and when they rose to go into the office she stayed behind.

Later Hassan came back and sat down again. "There's an infection in her middle ear," he told her. "The doctor's going to give her a shot of penicillin." His mother nodded, careful not to annoy him by reminding him she had thought as much. Then Hilary started crying. She must be getting her shot now. Mrs. Ardavi herself was terrified of needles, and she sat gripping her purse until her fingers turned white, staring around the waiting room, which seemed pathetically cheerful with its worn wooden toys and nursery-school paintings. Her own ear ached in sympathy. She thought of a time when she had boxed Ali's ears too hard and he had wept all that day and gone to sleep sucking his thumb.

While Hassan was there she was careful not to say anything, but the following morning at breakfast she said, "Elizabeth dear, do you remember that walk we took day before yesterday?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth. She was squeezing oranges for Hilary, who'd grown cheerful again and was eating a huge breakfast.

"Remember I said Hilary should wear a hat? Now you see you should have been more careful. Because of you she fell sick; she could have died. Do you see that now?"

"No," said Elizabeth.

Was her Persian that scanty? Lately it seemed to have shrunk and hardened, like a stale piece of bread. Mrs. Ardavi sighed and tried again. "Without a hat, you see—" she began. But Elizabeth set down her orange, picked up Hilary, and walked out of the room. Mrs. Ardavi stared after her, wondering if she'd said something wrong.

For the rest of the day, Elizabeth was busy in her room. She was cleaning out bureaus and closets. A couple of times Mrs. Ardavi advanced as far as the doorway, where she stood awkwardly watching. Hilary sat on the floor playing with a discarded perfume bottle. Everything, it seemed, was about to be thrown away—buttonless blouses and stretched-out sweaters, stockings and combs and empty lipstick tubes. "Could I be of any help?" Mrs. Ardavi asked, but Elizabeth said, "Oh, no. Thank you very much." Her voice was cheerful. Yet when Hassan came home he went upstairs and stayed a long time, and the door remained shut behind him.

Supper that night was an especially fine stew, Hassan's favorite ever since childhood, but he didn't say a word about it. He hardly spoke at all, in fact. Then later, when Elizabeth was upstairs putting Hilary to bed, he said, "Khanom Jun, I want to talk to you."

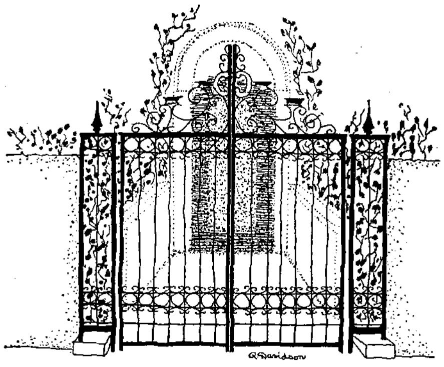
"Yes, Hassan," she said, laying aside her knitting. She was frightened by his seriousness, the black weight of his mustache, and her own father's deep black eyes. But what had she done? She knotted her hands and looked up at him, swallowing.

"I understand you've been interfering," he said.

"I, Hassan?"

"Elizabeth isn't the kind you can do that with. And she's raising the child just fine on her own."

"Well, of course she is," said his mother. "Did I ever say otherwise?"



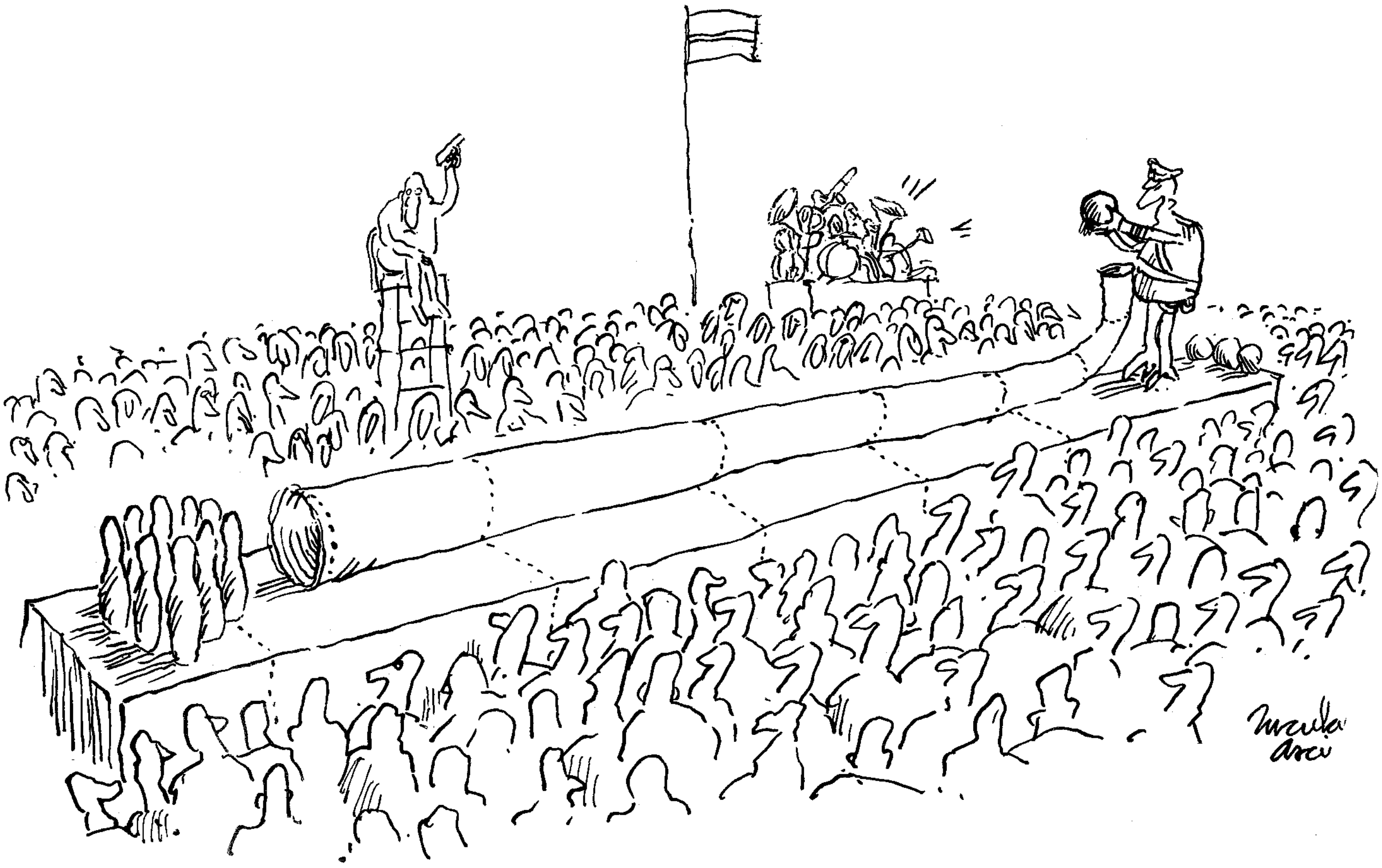
"Show it, then. Don't offer criticisms."

"Very well," she said. She picked up her knitting and began counting stitches, as if she'd forgotten the conversation entirely. But that evening she was unusually quiet, and at nine o'clock she excused herself to go to bed. "So early?" Hassan asked.

"I'm tired," she told him, and left with her back very straight.

Her room surrounded her like a nest. She had built up layers of herself on every surface—tapestries and bits of lace and lengths of Paisley. The bureau was covered with gilt-framed pictures of the saints, and snapshots of her sisters at family gatherings. On the windowsill were little plants in orange and aqua plastic pots—her favorite American colors. Her bedside table held bottles of medicine, ivory prayer beads, and a tiny brick of holy earth. The rest of the house was bare and shiny, impersonal; this room was as comforting as her shawl.

Still, she didn't sleep well. Ghosts rose up again, tugging at her thoughts. Why did things turn out so badly for her? Her father had preferred her brothers, a fact that crushed her even after all these years. Her husband had had three children by her and then complained that she was cold. And what comfort were children? If she had stayed in Iran any longer Babak would have asked her to move; she'd seen it coming. There'd been some disrespect creeping into his bride's behavior, some unwillingness to take advice, which Babak had overlooked even when his mother pointed it out to him. And Hassan was worse—always so stubborn, much too independent. She had offered him anything if he would just stay in Iran but he had said no; he was set on leaving her. And he had flatly refused to take along



his cousin Shora as his wife, though everyone pointed out how lonely he would be. He was so anxious to break away, to get *going*, to come to this hardhearted country and take up with a Christian girl. Oh, she should have laughed when he left, and saved her tears for someone more deserving. She never should have come here, she never should have asked anything of him again. When finally she went to sleep it seemed that her eyes remained open, burning large and dry beneath her lids.

IN the morning she had a toothache. She could hardly walk for the pain. It was only Friday (the first of her dental appointments was for Monday), but the dentist made time for her during the afternoon and pulled the tooth. Elizabeth said it wouldn't hurt, but it did. Elizabeth treated it as something insignificant, merely a small break in her schedule which required the hiring of a babysitter. She wouldn't even call Hassan home from work. "What could he do?" she asked.

So when Hassan returned that evening it was all a surprise to him—the sight of his mother with a bloody cotton cylinder hanging out over her lower lip like a long tooth. "What *happened* to you?" he asked. To make it worse, Hilary was screaming and had been all afternoon. Mrs. Ardavi put her hands over her ears, wincing. "Will you make that child hush?" Hassan told Elizabeth. "I think we should get my mother to bed." He guided her toward the stairs, and she allowed herself to lean on him. "It's mainly my heart," she said. "You know how scared I am of dentists." When he had folded back her bedspread and helped her to lie down she closed her eyes gratefully, resting one arm across her forehead. Even the comfort of hot tea was denied her; she had to stay on cold foods for twelve hours. Hassan fixed her a glass of ice water. He was very considerate, she thought. He seemed as shaken at the sight of her as Hilary had been. All during the evening he kept coming to check on her, and twice in the night she heard him climbing the stairs to listen at her door. When she moaned he called, "Are you awake?"

"Of course," she said.

"Can I get you anything?"

"No, no."

IN the morning she descended the stairs with slow, groping feet, keeping a tight hold on the railing. "It was a very hard night," she said. "At four my gum started throbbing. Is that normal? I think these American pain pills are constipating. Maybe a little prune juice would restore my regularity."

"I'll get it," Hassan said. "You sit down. Did you take the milk of magnesia?"

"Oh, yes, but I'm afraid it wasn't enough," she said.

Elizabeth handed Hassan a platter of bacon, not looking at him.

After breakfast, while Hassan and his mother were still sitting over their tea, Elizabeth started cleaning the kitchen. She made quite a bit of noise. She sorted the silverware and then went through a tangle of utensils, discarding bent spatulas and rusty tongs. "May I help?" asked Mrs. Ardavi. Elizabeth shook her head. She seemed to have these fits of throwing things away. Now she was standing on the counter to take everything from the upper cabinets—crackers, cereals, half-empty bottles of spices. On the very top shelf was a flowered tin confectioner's box with Persian lettering on it, forgotten since the day Mrs. Ardavi had brought it. "My!" said Mrs. Ardavi. "Won't Hilary be surprised!" Elizabeth pried the lid off. Out flew a cloud of insects, grayish-brown with V-shaped wings. They brushed past Elizabeth's face and fluttered through her hair and swarmed toward the ceiling, where they dimmed the light fixture. Elizabeth flung the box as far from her as possible and climbed down from the counter. "Goodness!" said Mrs. Ardavi. "Why, *we* have those at home!" Hassan lowered his teacup. Mixed nuts and dried currants rolled every which way on the floor; more insects swung toward the ceiling. Elizabeth sat on the nearest chair and buried her head in her hands. "Elizabeth?" said Hassan.

But she wouldn't look at him. In the end she simply rose and went upstairs, shutting the bedroom door with a gentle, definite click which they heard all the way down in the kitchen because they were listening so hard.

"Excuse me," Hassan said to his mother.

She nodded and stared into her tea.

After he was gone she went to find Hilary, and she set her on her knee, babbling various folk rhymes to her while straining her ears toward the silence overhead. But Hilary squirmed off her lap and went to play with a truck. Then Hassan came downstairs again. He didn't say a word about Elizabeth.

ON the following day, when Mrs. Ardavi's tooth was better, she and Hassan had a little talk upstairs in her room. They were very polite with each other. Hassan asked his mother how long they could hope for her to stay. His mother said she hadn't really thought about it. Hassan said that in America it was the custom to have houseguests for three months only. After that they moved to a separate apartment nearby, which he'd be glad to provide for her as soon as he could find one, maybe next week. "Ah, an apartment," said his mother, looking impressed. But she had never lived alone a day in her life, and so after a suitable pause she said that she would hate to put him to so much expense. "Especially," she said, "when I'm going in such a short time anyway, since I'm homesick for my sisters."

"Well, then," said Hassan.

At supper that night, Hassan announced that his mother was missing her sisters and would like to leave. Elizabeth lowered her glass. "Leave?" she said.

Mrs. Ardavi said, "And Babak's wife, of course, will be asking for me when the baby arrives."

"Well . . . but what about the dentist? You were supposed to start your appointments on Monday."

"It's not important," Mrs. Ardavi said.

"But we set up all those—"

"There are plenty of dentists she can see at home," Hassan told Elizabeth. "We have dentists in Iran, for God's sake. Do you imagine we're barbarians?"

"No," Elizabeth said.

ON the evening of the third of March, Hassan drove his mother to the airport. He was worrying about the road, which was slippery after a snowfall. He couldn't find much to say to his mother. And once they had arrived he deliberately kept the conversation to trivia—the verifying of tickets, checking of departure times, weighing of baggage. Her baggage was fourteen pounds overweight. It didn't make sense; all she had were her clothes and a few small gifts for her sisters. "Why is it so heavy?" Hassan asked. "What have you got in there?" But his mother only said, "I don't know," and straightened her shawl, looking elsewhere. Hassan bent to open a tooled-leather suitcase. Inside he found three empty urn-shaped wine bottles, the permanent-press sheets from her bed, and a sample box of detergent that had come in yesterday's mail. "Listen," said Hassan, "do you know how much I'd have to pay to fly these things over? What's the matter with you?"

"I wanted to show my sisters," his mother said.

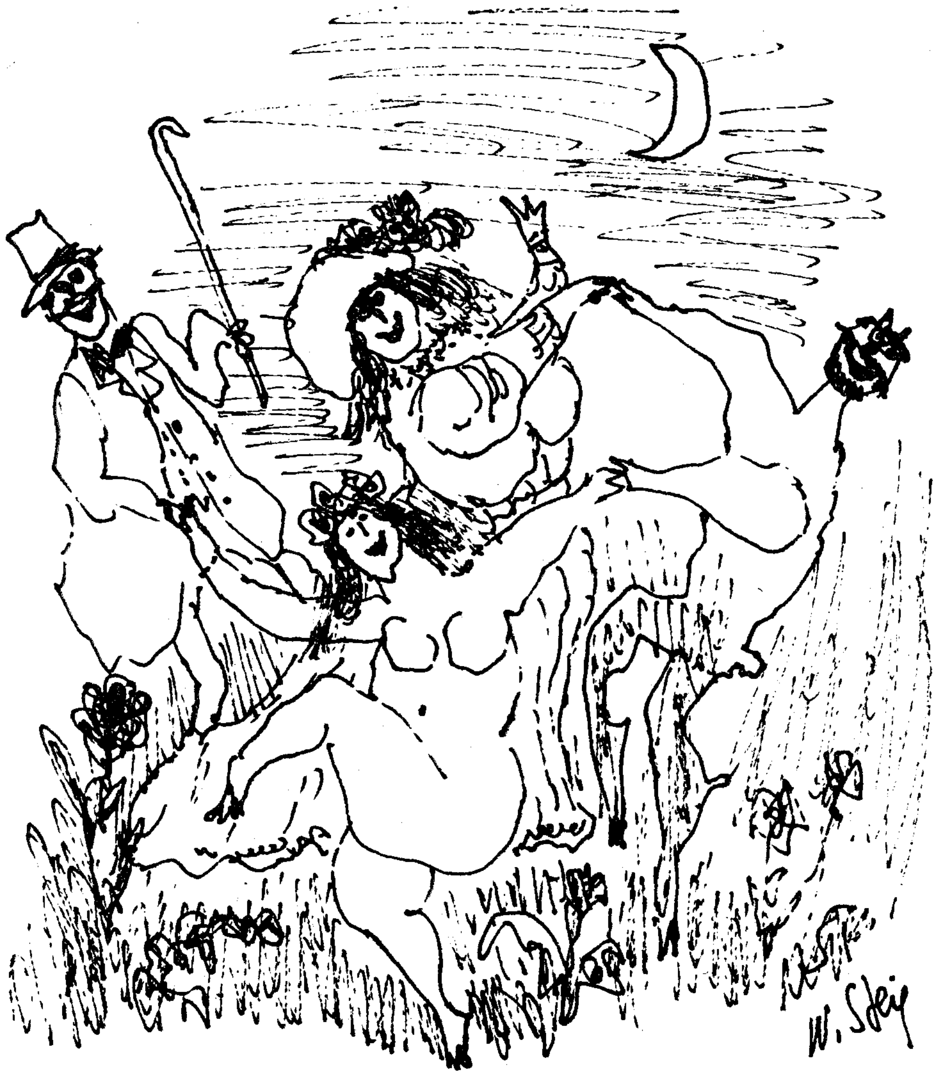
"Well, forget it. Now, what else have you got?"

But something about her—the vague, childlike eyes set upon some faraway object—made him give in. He opened no more bags. He even regretted his sharpness, and when her flight was announced he hugged her closely and kissed the top of her head. "Go with God," he said.

"Goodbye, Hassan."

She set off down the corridor by herself, straggling behind a line of businessmen. They all wore hats. His mother wore her scarf, and of all the travellers she alone, securely kerchiefed and shawled, setting her small shoes resolutely on the gleaming tiles, seemed undeniably a foreigner.

—ANNE TYLER



Midnight Revel

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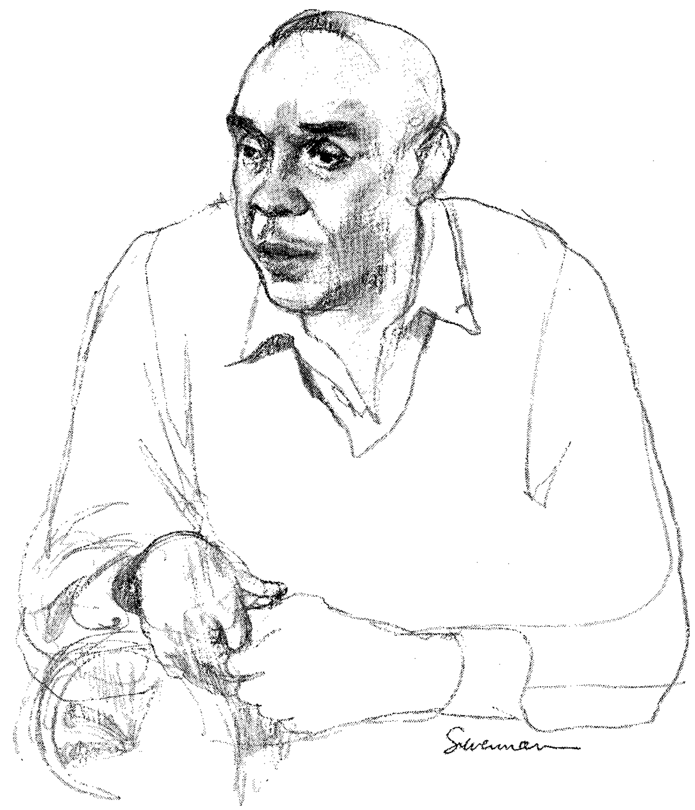
Tri-Valley Growers of San Francisco are peddling Grapes Jubilee for use in place of cherries, which are more pensive. The grapes are colored red to preserve the illusion.—*Syracuse New Times.*

Of melancholy.

PROFILES

GOING TO THE TERRITORY

Ah, here's Ralph again, talking about America. There's no goddam America out there.—*One of his detractors.*



Ralph Ellison

As one quickly gathers from his conversations and occasional writings, Ralph Ellison is much preoccupied—as an individual, as a Negro American (an expression he persists in using), and as a writer—with the not so fashionable conviction that, when met with courage and determination, there is almost no predicament that cannot be converted into "benefits and victories." If Ellison, who is now sixty-two, is asked to explain the source of this optimism, he might point to what he has been able to make of his own life. But since he dislikes calling attention to his achievement, he is more than likely to point to his background as an Oklahoman—to the "sense of possibility" he developed while growing up in one of the younger states of the Union. Hardly anyone who has listened to him speaking about the Oklahoma of his boyhood can have failed to come away with the impression that it retains an exceptional influence upon his outlook, and that he continues to harbor an affection for the region which far exceeds what people ordinarily feel for distant places in which they were raised.

By now, after forty years of living in the city, Ellison has every right to consider himself a New Yorker. Yet he still sees and describes—sometimes even introduces—himself as an Oklahoman and a Southwesterner. His writings have drawn deeply upon the materials of his early experience. "The act of writing," he has said, "requires a constant plunging back into the shadow of the past where time hovers ghostlike." In a talk I had with him not long ago, I asked him what some of the ways were in which, while living in New York, he remained in touch with his background. "Well, for one thing," he said, "I dream constantly of Oklahoma City. My childhood is there. And, as you know, you tend to dream, can't help dreaming, of your early experiences and of the people you first knew. Old faces and old things are always turning up. As a result, my early life stays fresh. Then, at least once a month, I get on the phone and call up people in Oklahoma City, people I've known since I was a child. So it's a continuing relationship." Ellison treasures a small medal stamped with the seal of Oklahoma which was given to him in 1966, when the governor of the state invited him back—along with Maria Tallchief, the ballerina, and Roy Harris, the composer—for a ceremony in honor of well-known Oklahomans in the arts. "I keep it," Ellison said to me, "partly out of my sense of ceremony, and partly to remind myself from whence I came."

One of Ellison's boyhood idols was the late Jimmy Rushing, the jazz singer, who was also an Oklahoman. In his later years, Rushing lived in Queens. And before Rushing died, Ellison—who lives in Washington Heights—made a habit of calling him up on the phone to talk about the blues and their common background as Oklahomans. Rushing's wife was an excellent cook, and sometimes Ellison travelled over to Queens for an evening of "down-home" cooking. Albert Murray—a novelist, essayist, teacher, and retired Air Force major—is one of Ellison's closest friends in New York. They have known each other since the nineteen-thirties, when they were students at Tuskegee Institute, in Alabama. In a sense, Murray, who is from Alabama, serves as Ellison's Southern—as opposed to Southwestern—connection. Murray shares with Ellison a seriocomic sense of things, especially things Negro-American. "Ralph is always close to his roots," Murray told me recently. "He keeps in touch with as many reminders of his background as possible. People are always saying you can't go home again. Well, hell, you're *always* home!"

In "North Toward Home," published in 1967, Willie Morris, who was raised in Mississippi, and educated partly in Texas and partly at Oxford, England, had this to say about some of his experiences in New York City, where he was an editor of *Harper's:*

> I first met Ellison at a cocktail party given by the *Paris Review* group in an art gallery on the Upper East Side. My wife, Celia, William Styron, Ellison, and I stood off in a corner and confessed to one another that the four of us probably had more in common than we had with all the other writers and authors and intellectuals and editors within hailing distance.
>
> This original feeling was reinforced a few days later when Ellison and his wife, Fanny, came to our apartment for dinner. I recognized from the first his distinctive *Southernness*, and how similar his was to my own. It would have been naïve to ignore the differences, but it was the similarities—temperamental, intellectual, imaginative—which interested me. . . . We shared the same easygoing conversation; the casual talk and the telling of stories, in the Southern verbal jam-session way; the sense of family and the past and people out of the past; the congenial social manner and the mischievous laughter; the fondness of especial *detail* and the suspicion of the more grandiose generalizations about human existence; the love of the American language in its accuracy and vividness and simplicity; the obsession with the sensual experience of America in all its extravagance and diversity; the love of animals and sports, of the outdoors and sour mash; the distrust in the face of provocation of certain manifestations of Eastern intellectualism, particularly in its more academic and so-

"Well, we could release it as provisional data, leak it as projected figures, or just shove it all under the rug."

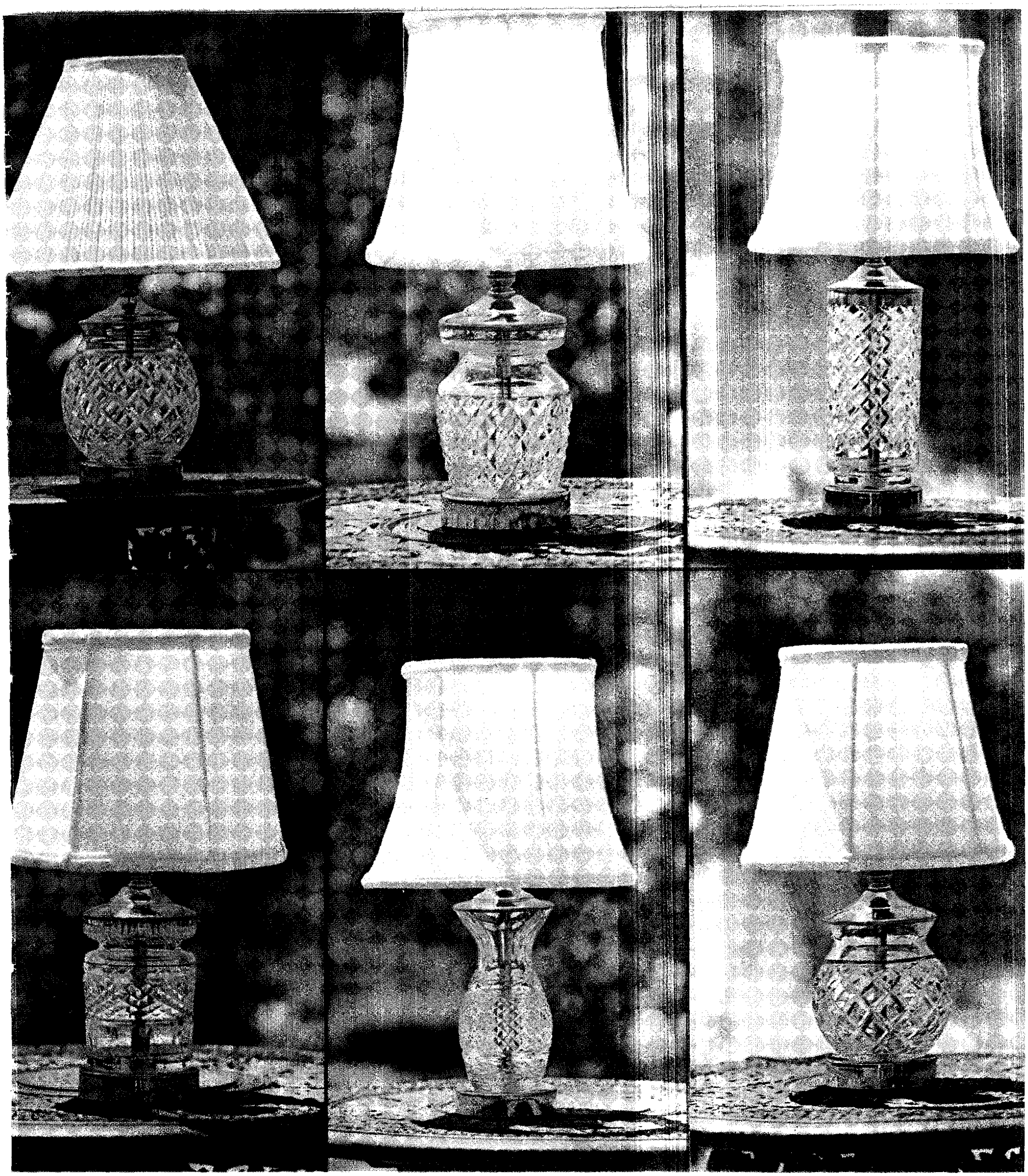
• •

ciological forms.... There would always be one's own complicated experience as a white Southern boy to come to terms with, yet during my first years in the Big Cave it was Ralph Ellison and our mutual friend Al Murray... who suggested to me as much as anyone else I had ever known the extent to which the easy *abstractions*, the outsider's judgment of what one *ought* to feel, had simplified and dogmatized and hence dulled my own perceptions as an outlander in the East.

Does it seem strange, or a naïve fantasy on my part, that a Ralph Ellison and an Al Murray would have this kind of influence on me? They knew the evils of the South—as Negroes, much more intimately than I ever had. They were men of militant integrity. Ellison, James Baldwin once said, "is as angry as anybody can be and still live." Yet they tried to reduce their experience, not to polemicism but to metaphor.... They tried to understand themselves in the light of their own Southern and American experience. They refused to view their own Southern past apocalyptically, as if it had all been disaster.... At Al Murray's apartment in Harlem, on New Year's Day, 1967, the Murrays, the Ellisons, and the Morrises congregated for an unusual feast: bourbon, collard greens, black-eyed peas, ham-hocks, and cornbread—a kind of ritual for all of us. Where else in the East but in Harlem could a Southern white boy greet the New Year with the good-luck food he had had as a child, and feel at home as he seldom had thought he could in the Cave?

RALPH ELLISON was born in Oklahoma City, in March of 1914. In 1933, when he was nineteen, he left to enter Tuskegee Institute on a music scholarship, two years after graduating from Douglass High School. In 1936, while he was still enrolled at Tuskegee, he took a trip to New York City, in search of employment for the summer. But his earnings were meagre, and, rather than go back to Tuskegee as insolvent as he had left, he decided to remain in New York, and after about two years here he decided to take up writing. He has been living in the city ever since—except for the winter of 1937, which he spent in Dayton, Ohio, where his mother had gone to live, and where she had suffered an accident that led to her death; the two years, from 1943 to 1945, that he served in the Merchant Marine as a baker and cook; and the two years, from 1955 to 1957, that he spent in Rome, as a fellow of the American Academy.

Ellison's decision to remain in New York worked out well when one thinks of the writer and intellectual figure he has become. But one is tempted to wonder how he might have turned out had he returned to Tuskegee and finished his studies. He played the trumpet, but his main ambition at Tuskegee was to be a composer of symphonies. As a black man in the South or the Southwest, he would no doubt have had excellent chances of gaining recognition as a jazz trumpeter. But even he might not want to calculate the chances of attaining the first rank as a composer of symphonies. Yet one suspects he would have done rather well in either of those undertakings, in view of how patiently and rigorously he dedicated himself to mastering the craft of writing. So far, he has published only two books—"Invisible Man," the novel upon which his reputation chiefly rests, and "Shadow and Act," a collection of essays, literary criticism, speeches, interviews, and reviews. "Invisible Man," which came out in 1952, took him about seven years to write, and, for a novel of its thematic complexity and high technical accomplishment, seven years does not seem an unreasonably long time. He has been at work on his second novel—an excerpt has been published under the title "And Hickman Arrives"—for more than twenty years now. He started it in 1955, while he was in Rome. There was a terrible interruption—an event that Ellison describes as "one of the most traumatic of my life." In the late nineteen-sixties, he lost over three hundred and fifty pages of the manuscript in a fire that destroyed his summer house, in Plainfield, Massachusetts. Perhaps nothing more painful has occurred in the working life of a well-known writer since Thomas Carlyle lost the manuscript of the first volume of his history of the French Revolu-



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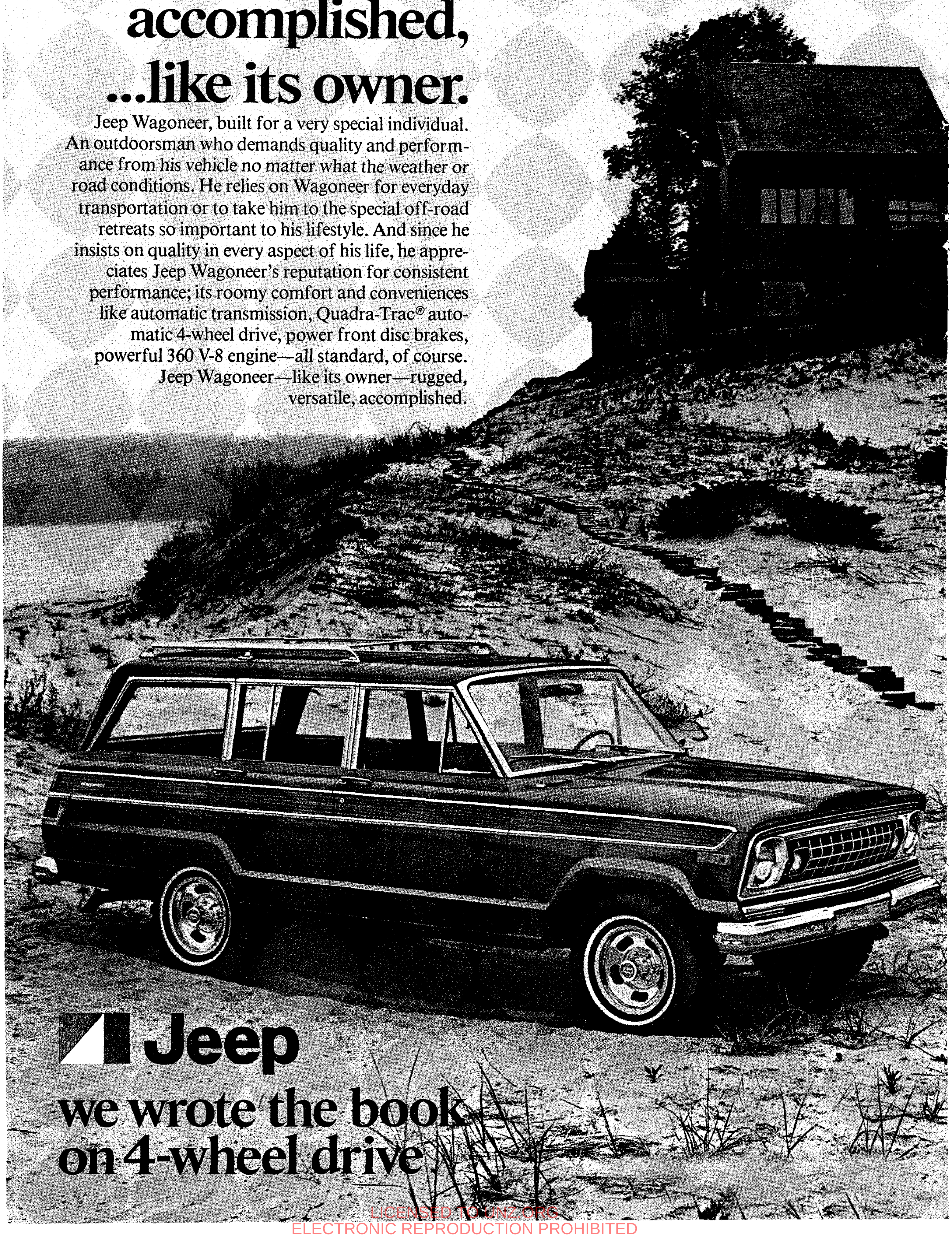
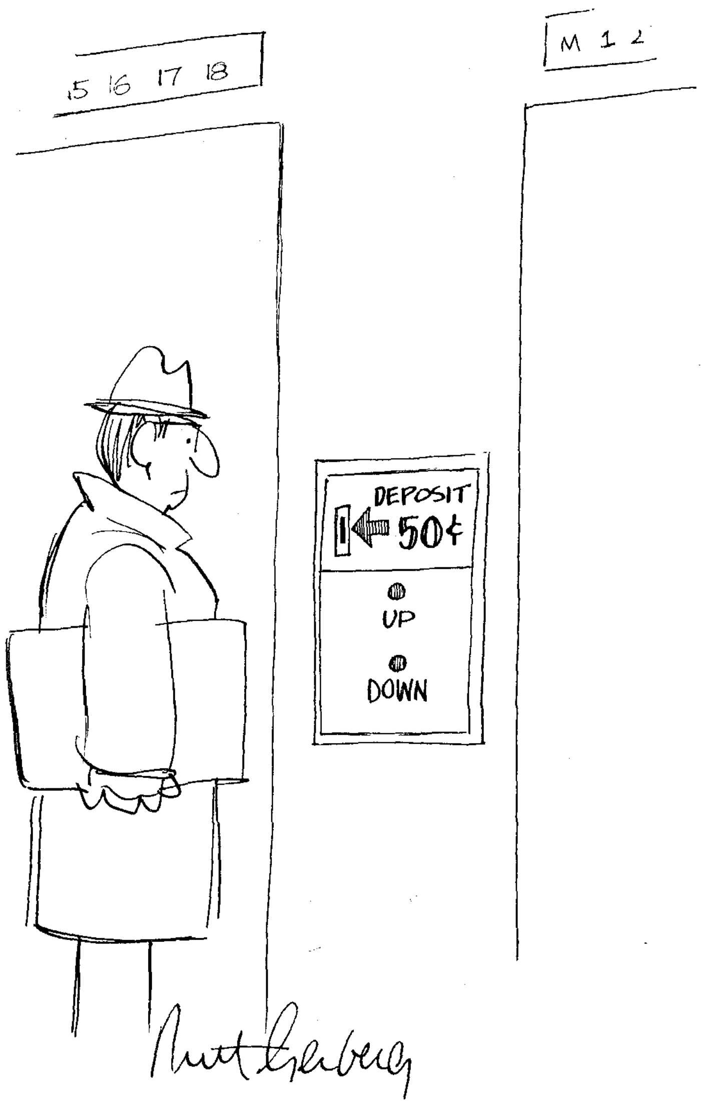


Jeep

we wrote the book on 4-wheel drive.

tion, a servant in the home of John Stuart Mill having used it to help get a fire going. Carlyle is said to have sat down, with astonishing calmness, and reproduced what he had lost. Ellison found it difficult to begin the task of restructuring, rewriting, and recapturing the fluid composition and insights of the first draft. The subtleties and rhythms of a first inspiration are almost impossible to reclaim. But if it is at all possible to overcome these problems, then Ellison, with his belief that difficult circumstances can almost always be made to yield benefits and victories, is the sort of writer to do it.

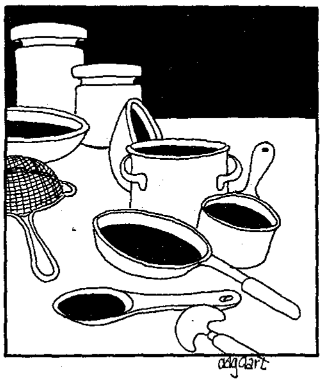
Seldom has a writer gained so high a critical reputation on the strength of only one novel. It might even be said of Ellison—as it was said of E. M. Forster after he published "A Passage to India"—that his prestige seems to grow with every novel he doesn't write. "Invisible Man," the memoir of a hero without a name—and, for all the attention he has been paid in his life, also without a face—tells the story of a black youngster from the Deep South who journeys North, to Harlem and other sections of New York, during the Depression. In leaving the South, he has moved out of one of the undergrounds of black life, and come to what is supposed to be the center of economic opportunity, personal freedom, and enlightened conduct. He finds little or none of these things. His life in New York merely takes him through another series of undergrounds—whether it is in the work he finds to do, the radical political organization that recruits and uses him, or the oppressive conditions of life in Harlem. The worst underground of all is that of personal relationships, in which he is able to find no confirmation or recognition of his own individuality. Everyone tries to tell him who he is, what he should think, how he should behave—to make him into something he is not. After a riot in the streets of Harlem, during which he is chased and barely escapes with his life, he takes refuge in a manhole that leads to the abandoned basement of an apartment building. There—in yet another underground—he takes stock of himself and his quest. In attempting to discover at last the nature of his own individuality, he illuminates the basement, and himself, with thirteen hundred and sixty-nine light bulbs. "Light," he says, "confirms my reality, gives birth to my form." And continuing to report from his brightly lit hole in the ground, he adds, "All my life I had been looking for something, and everywhere I turned someone tried to tell me what it was. I accepted their answers too, though they were often in contradiction and even self-contradictory. I was naïve. I was looking for myself and asking everyone except myself questions which I, and only I, could answer. It took me a long time and much painful boomeranging of my expectations to achieve a realization everyone else appears to have been born with: That I am nobody but myself. But first I had to discover that I am an invisible man!" Ellison has described the novel as "a journey from illusion to reality." His friend Albert Murray has written, " 'Invisible Man' was *par excellence* the literary extension of the blues. It was as if Ellison had taken an everyday twelve-bar blues tune (by a man from down South sitting in a manhole up North in New York singing and signifying about how he got there) and scored it for full orchestra."



"Invisible Man" was a best-seller for thirteen weeks after it appeared. In 1953, it won the National Book Award, and is still the only novel by a black American to have been so honored. In 1965, two hundred well-known authors, editors, and critics—polled by *Book Week*, the literary-review supplement of the late New York *Herald Tribune*—selected "Invisible Man" as the most distinguished novel published by an American during the previous twenty years. It has by now appeared in fifteen languages. Here at home, paperback sales are still reasonably high, and the book has become required reading for many college courses in American literature. In recognition of his achievement, Ellison has been elected to the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the American Academy of Arts and Letters. He has served as a trustee of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts and as a member of the Carnegie Commission on Educational Television. In 1968, André Malraux—whom Ellison acknowledges as one of his literary "ancestors"—made him a Chevalier de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres, one of the highest formal compliments that France can pay a writer of foreign birth; and in 1969 President Lyndon Johnson awarded him the Medal of Freedom, this nation's highest civilian honor. Ellison has taught at Rutgers University, Bard College, and the University of Chicago, and in 1970 he was named the Albert Schweitzer Professor in the Humanities at New York University—one of the country's more distinguished academic chairs.

MORE recently, Ellison received another accolade—one that meant a great deal to him—from his home town. This was when he and his wife, Fanny, flew down to Oklahoma City for a weekend after the Library Commission named a new branch library for him, as a celebrated son of Oklahoma City, and asked him to be present at the dedication ceremonies. Hearing that Ellison was coming for the occasion, members of the classes of '31 and '32 at Douglass High School organized a reunion for the weekend. With the Ellisons' permission, I went along.

Except for two or three hours on Saturday afternoon, when Ellison attended the dedication of the new library, his classmates monopolized him for virtually the entire weekend. Friday evening, shortly after he and his wife checked in at the Lincoln Plaza Inn, they arrived at the home of one of their old friends, a man in his mid-sixties named James Stewart, who, like Ellison, is a member of the Douglass High School class of '31. He was launching the class reunion with a party, which he called a Sip and Dip. Stewart, who describes himself as a self-made man, is a prominent leader of the local black middle-class community. His is one of many expensive-looking houses in a neighborhood of northeast Oklahoma City inhabited by blacks of similar social and economic position. The poorer working-class blacks are still to be found on the crowded East Side, where Stewart and Ellison grew up. Stewart is just under six feet tall; he carries himself with a slightly formal bearing; and his speech alternates between being very ceremonious (when he thinks the occasion requires it) and very folksy (when he thinks it is time, or safe, to relax into the vernacular of his working-class background). He is an administrative officer of the Oklahoma Natural Gas Company, serves on the city's Urban Renewal Authority, is a member of the board of directors of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and has important connections in the city government—from the mayor on down.



At the Sip and Dip, one of his friends said to me, "Old Jimmy Stewart? That's the man you go to whenever you want to find out what's going on in this town."

Ellison said to me, during the evening, "It is rather warming to see how Jimmy turned out. You know, when you are growing up together you tend to estimate one another. And it didn't seem like any of us was going to turn out to be a damn thing."

I asked Stewart about *his* memories of Ellison while they were growing up together.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "One of the things I remember most clearly is that he and I used to fight like cats and dogs. The rest of us couldn't stand him then, and I guess he couldn't stand us, either. I still remember a knockdown-drag-out fight he and I had under an old viaduct, near Douglass High School. Ralph wasn't a popular person in school. He was bright and he was studious, but he had a sharp tongue. Obnoxious as hell! He made the rest of us uncomfortable, probably because he knew we weren't as bright as he was, and because he didn't let us forget it. I imagine he was an A student—a B student, at the very least. He was a director of the high-school band, and he played tackle on the football team. He was a good running back, too—shifty runner—but he couldn't hold on to the football worth a damn. He would give you a good twenty yards, and then cough up the football when somebody gave him a good hit. He grew up just like the rest of us—poor. But he had the added problem of being fatherless. His mother, working by herself, could bring in only so much."

The Sip and Dip affair filled Jimmy Stewart's living room, den, dining room, and kitchen, and flowed over onto his back lawn, which was bright with moonlight. There were classmates, friends of classmates, and families of classmates, exchanging anecdotes of the old days. It seemed that almost all the women in their early sixties had on wigs, making them look a good ten or fifteen years younger. They certainly looked younger than their male contemporaries, who had nothing to hide the scalp showing through their thinning and graying hair. I wondered whether the men were more able to bear the signs—and the grief—of aging. Ellison's forehead, expanding behind the retreat of his hairline, had now reached far beyond its original boundaries. A few strands combed carefully across the top of his head served well enough to indicate that he was not at all happy about growing bald, but not so well that he could ever be tempted to fool himself about the condition. His eyes expressed a mixture of skepticism, gentleness, resignation, inner strength, and pain. Yet, watching him throughout the evening—throughout the weekend—I noticed that many bright surprises are hidden behind his melancholy exterior. There may break out, at any time, a sudden burst of joyous laughter, a long stream of excited chatter, a flash of street swagger and savvy, a swift slash of sarcasm, a gracefully understated piece of wit, or a coolly self-deprecatory remark—followed by laughter.

Ellison is absorbed by the subject of style. And as to what his own style is there has been much public interest and curiosity. As far as I am able to make out, his style consists mostly of irony and elusiveness. He abhors narrow categories, and is always slipping out from under efforts to pin him to a spot. He said to a television interviewer some time ago, "I have to protect myself against a whole series of expectations. People expect me to be enraged all the time, when it's my temperament to be ironic, and even to throw a punch when I'm laughing with you. But, seriously, it is a matter of trying to preserve one's own sense of self, and to assert one's individuality without being too rambunctious about it." Reflecting on the broader background of his social experience, he has said, in one of his essays, ". . . there is also an American Negro tradition which teaches one to deflect racial provocation and to master and contain pain. It is a tradition which abhors as obscene any trading on one's own anguish for gain or sympathy; which springs not from a desire to deny the harshness of existence but from a will to deal with it as men at their best have always done." All this is surely related to his sense of the blues, of which he has written, "The blues is an impulse to keep the painful details and episodes of a brutal experience alive in one's aching consciousness, to finger its jagged grain, and to transcend it . . . by squeezing from it a near-tragic, near-comic lyricism."

Observing Ellison for any length of time, one is struck by his ease and self-possession. But it is also fairly clear that they are not consummate. He shows small signs of a continuous effort to retain discipline and control over himself, to keep the lid on the volcanic parts of his personality—as though he knew only too well that his self-mastery is not a final victory but merely a temporary advantage that he must always struggle to preserve. He seems sometimes on guard, quick to defend himself. In an argument, or if he thinks someone is needling him, he can suddenly abandon his usual subtlety and

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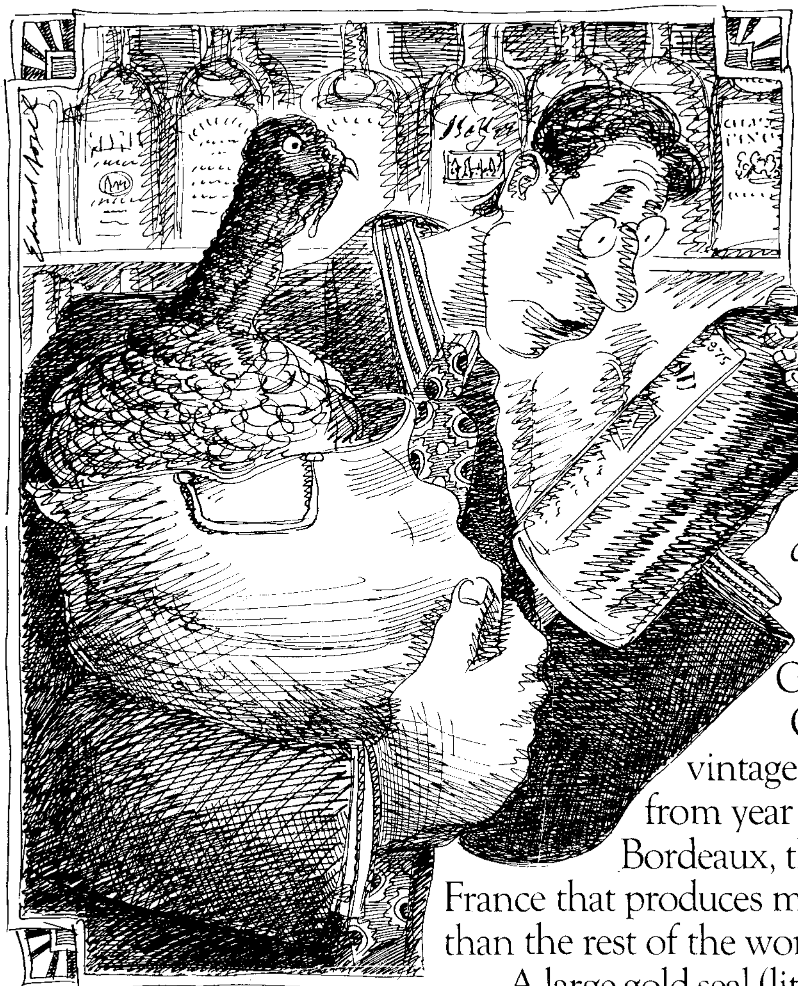

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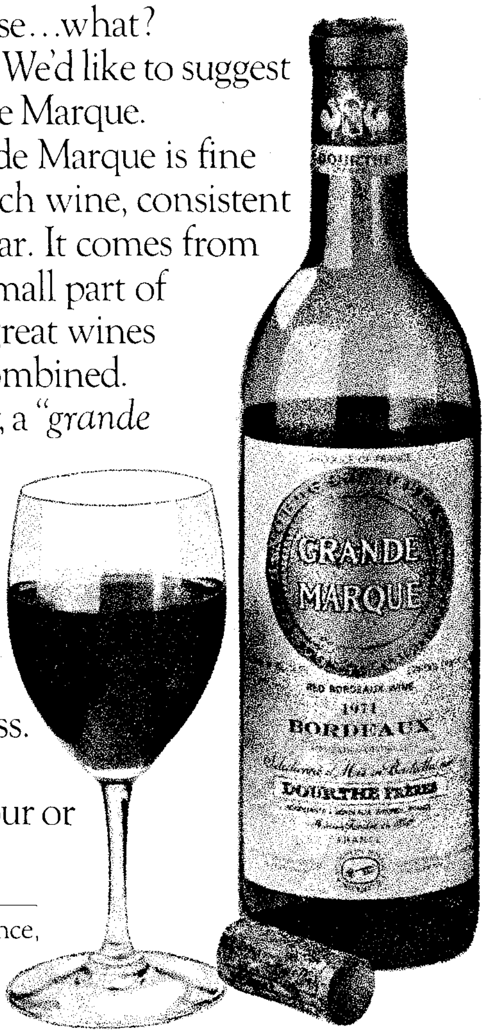

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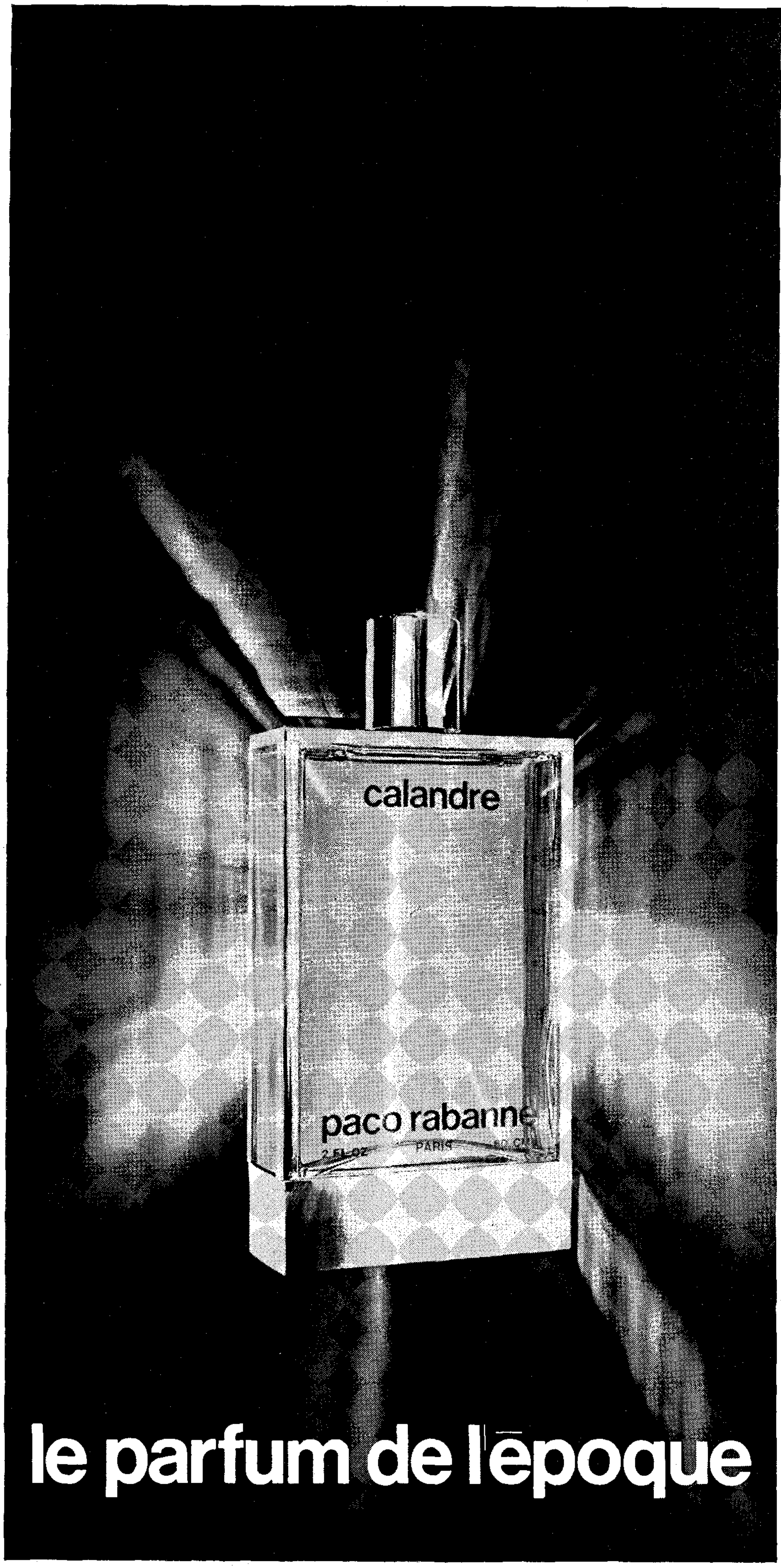
become as truculent as a street fighter. He does not, however, care for easy victories. He will pull his punches if he notices that the opposition is not quite up to his own standard. He nicely judges an opponent's intellectual strength and engages him within those limits. Only the more perceptive of such adversaries realize that Ellison is fighting with one hand tied behind his back. He has a way of chuckling when something disagreeable or cutting is said about him. It is not to be taken for mirth, however. It is merely a diversionary tactic. It means, I thought as I observed him, that he is reeling from a blow, that he is concealing the pain, and testing its depth. But it is at just such a moment that he is at his most dangerous—regardless of the quality of the opposition. For it is usually about that time that he rebounds off the ropes with a deadly counterpunch that ends the contest.

Setting out for Jimmy Stewart's party, Ellison wore a white straw hat with a blue band, a double-breasted navy-blue blazer with a polka-dot handkerchief showing out of the breast pocket, a polka-dot necktie, a blue shirt, gray flannel trousers, and a sensational pair of black-and-white shoes. Altogether, he looked more like an elegant jazz musician of the nineteen-fifties than like one of the weightier literary intellectuals in America. Although Ellison was the prize attraction at Jimmy Stewart's, there were other notables there from the Douglass High School classes of '31 and '32. Several of them were high-school principals or superintendents, working in different parts of the South, the Southwest, and the Far West. There was one flashily dressed and vociferous man who had recently been appointed the first black municipal judge in the history of Oklahoma City. There was Jimmy Stewart himself. And there were undoubtedly other conspicuously successful people whom I did not get a chance to meet.

But most of the old Douglass boys and girls had not made any famous mark in the world. As it happened, the classes of '31 and '32 had had the rough luck of graduating right out into the great Depression. Along with white Okies from the cities and farms, some of them made their way to California in search of jobs and had been there ever since. Yet, living there, they remained, in their hearts, Oklahomans. One woman who had come home for the class reunion said to me, "I've been living in California for some forty years now. Many of us black Okla-



RICH'S

homans who went out there around the same time are still living there. In California, they call us the C.I.O.—the California Improved Okies. But that's all right. I come back to Oklahoma every chance I get. This is and will always be my home. When a group of us are flying back home, and the pilot announces over the intercom that we are now approaching Oklahoma City, a deep silence falls among us. I know that I stop talking right away. And for a moment a feeling that I can't quite describe pierces me."

Two young black women, students at the University of Oklahoma, went up to Ellison at the Sip and Dip, and asked to interview him for a few minutes. While he was walking with them toward one of the deserted corners of the house, he was intercepted by a few of his old classmates. One of them, a man, addressed him as "Dr. Ellison." He might have been putting Ellison on or he might have assumed that a professor at one of the large universities of the Northeast deserved no less. At any rate, Ellison laughed, and said to him, "Come on, you *know* I'm a college dropout. You *know* I don't have a college degree." The man smiled, as though relieved, shook Ellison's hand, and faded away.

A moment later, another man said, "Tell me, Ralph, do you remember the Adams boy who was at Douglass with us?"

"Well, as a matter of fact," Ellison replied, through one of his ironic chuckles, "I *was* at Douglass with the Adams boy, but his people didn't think too much of me. You see, I played music and I read books."

Another classmate touched him on the shoulder, and he spun around. "Stephen!" he exclaimed. "You can't still remember me."

Stephen said calmly, "Never *will* forget you, Ralph. I keep an old picture of you. Matter of fact, I pulled it out just last night and was looking at it."

"By the way," Ellison said, "I was just asking one of the girls if she remembers Professor Debnam. She said she didn't. Can you reproduce him in your imagination?"

Stephen laughed, and said, "Ralph, *you're* the one with the imagination."

A woman who had been waiting to get a word in now saw her chance and took it. Arms akimbo, she planted herself in front of Ellison, looked challengingly up into his face, and said, "I *bet* you don't remember me."

Ellison was caught off balance. He clearly did not remember her. Stalling

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RICH'S

for time, he said, "My God, it's you! How good it is to see you after all these years."

She did not go for it. "I *bet* you don't remember me," she said, arms still akimbo, face still challenging him.

Ellison now realized he was on a spot. He didn't remember her. And he knew that *she* knew that he didn't remember her. "Well," he said, still holding off her challenge, "the color of your hair is different." It was a kind of counterpunch, for he saw that she was wearing a wig.

The woman was so taken up with her challenge that she missed his meaning. "But I've never colored my hair," she said.

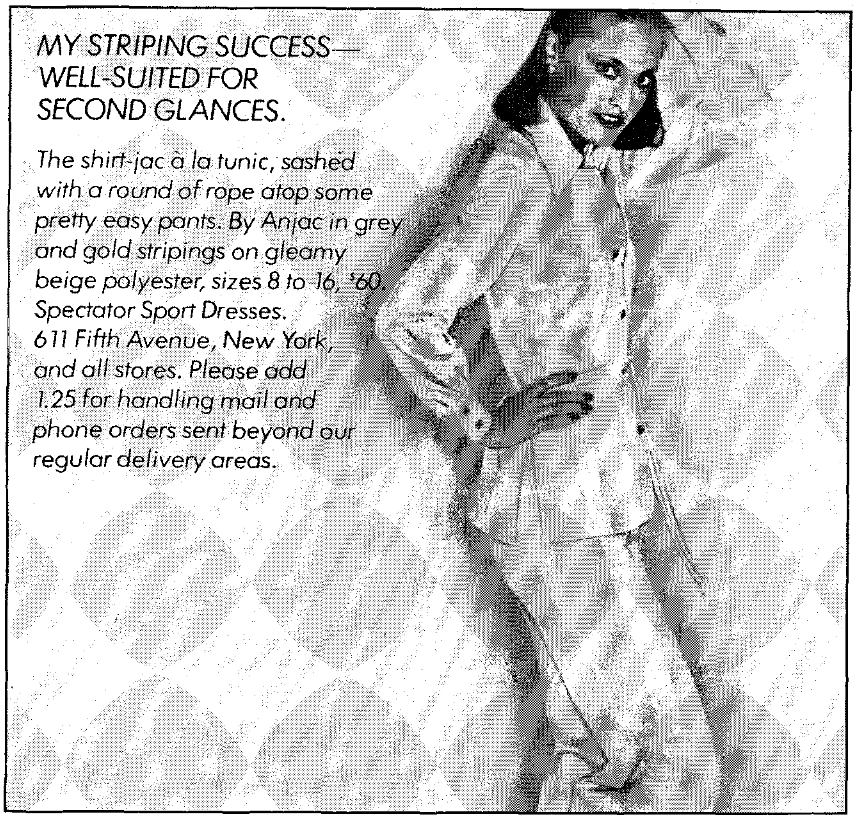
"Hell," Ellison said to her, chuckling slyly and looking away, "I don't have much hair myself."

The contest was over. She understood him clearly this time. Declaring a truce, she leaned over and whispered in his ear.

"Oh, my God!" Ellison said, jumping back and looking her all over again. "It's Arzelia!" She looked up at him—demurely, this time—and fell into his embrace.

When Ellison joined the two students who wanted to interview him, one of them asked him what his feelings were about integration in the United States. "I would say that the idea of nonintegration is an absurdity," he replied. "It suggests a loss of direction, and it is a product of despair. Insight or pure common sense will show that there is no American culture which isn't part of the Negro experience. There is no American culture which exists independently of an Afro-American component. I don't care whether it is business, politics, or whatever. Many of the Supreme Court decisions which imposed legal order upon this nation have involved the existence of a racial component. So how are we going to remove ourselves from the culture of this country? I don't go along with the idea that integration is not inevitable. I don't play that game. That is one reason I don't play politics—because politics in this country depends upon the maneuvering and manipulation of what is inevitable."

It was hard to tell just how the two young women felt about what Ellison had said, whether it reinforced or violated opinions they themselves held. They made no rejoinders, and revealed no emotions. However, their manner remained respectful. Whatever else was going through their minds, they seemed to feel they owed him a certain deference, as one of their eld-



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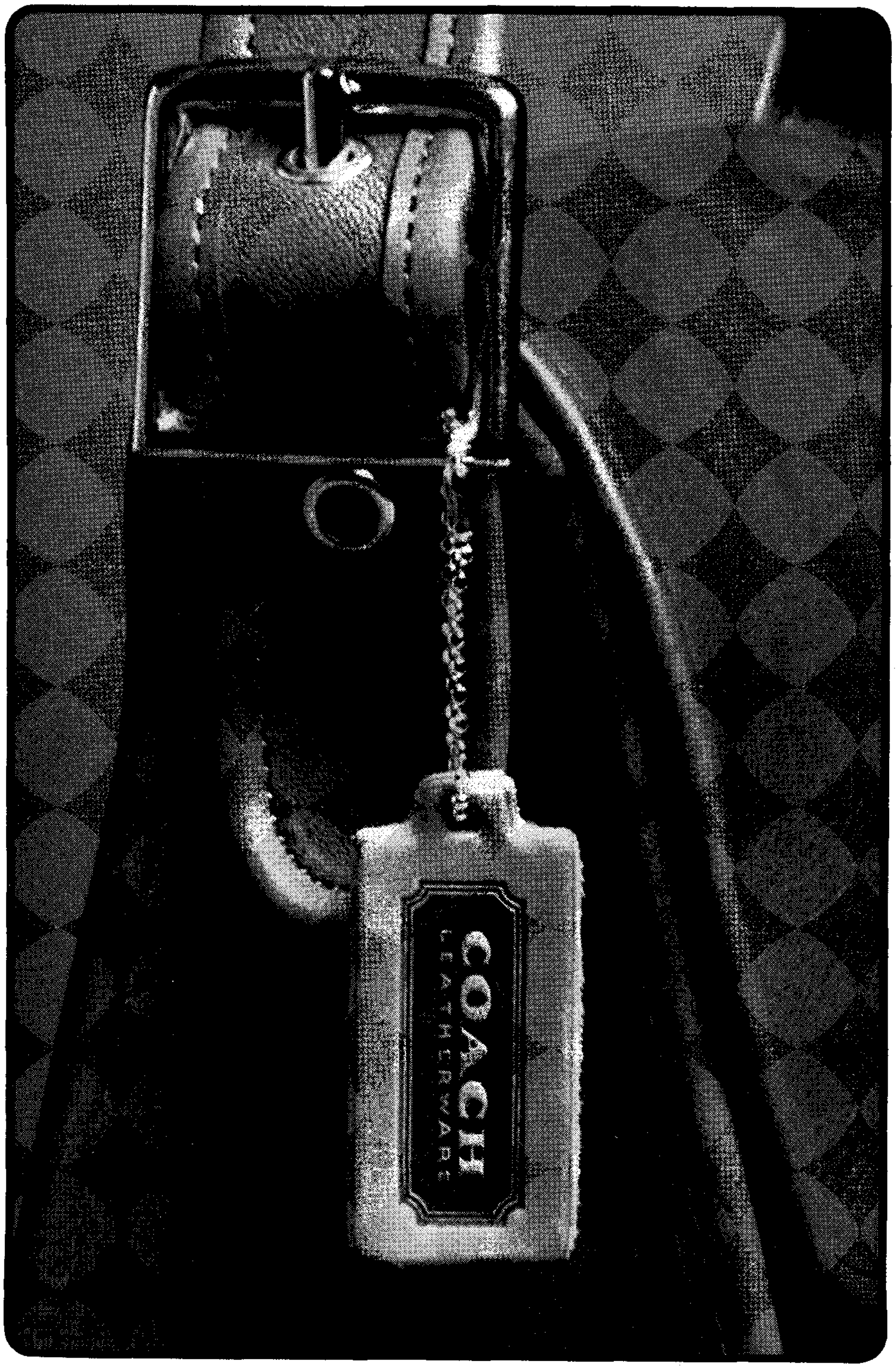

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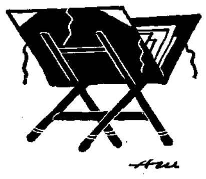
ers, and as one who had come back to them with a formidable reputation. Actually, they seemed nervous; it occurs to me they may have been more worried by the impression they were making on him than by anything else.

If so, they were not altogether typical of Ellison's experiences with black students. His travels as a lecturer have taken him before many hostile gatherings of students. In the late nineteen-sixties, he had come to expect some of his toughest moments from them. Such students usually rejected his views on Negro-American life and cultural identity. Nor did they have much use for what he has to say about writing: that it demands a stern dedication to the mastery of craft; that individual talent improves its prospects when it draws upon the traditions of the particular discipline within which it functions and when it understands the standards of achievement which have previously been set within that discipline; that the task of the serious novelist is to devote himself to the art of his literary form: to invest fictional affairs with the complexity of human life, to celebrate, investigate, or communicate a moral sense, and not to serve as a polemicist or spokesman for political and social programs. He once said in a television interview, "Now I am a writer in the larger culture. I would say my parallel goes this way: I am Afro-American genetically; I am an Oklahoman out of South Carolina and Georgia; but at the same time I am someone who has read American literature. This is the form in which I seek to express myself. And I am supported by the great achievements of that form—whether written by Melville, Hemingway, Henry James, or by the people who wrote the blues. I don't make any separation."



Some years ago, James Alan McPherson—one of the younger black writers who hold Ellison and his ideas in high esteem—contributed an article to the *Atlantic* in which he wrote of Ellison:

> "He spoke at Tougaloo last year," a black exchange student at Santa Cruz told me. "I can't stand the man."
>
> "Why?"
>
> "I couldn't understand what he was saying. He wasn't talking to *us*."
>
> "Did you read his book?"
>
> "No. And I don't think I will, either. I can't stand the man."...
>
> "He came to Oberlin in April of 1969," a black girl in Seattle recalled. "His speech was about how American black culture had blended into American white culture. But at the meeting with the black caucus after the speech, the black students said: 'You don't have anything to tell us.' "
>
> "What did he say?"
>
> "He just accepted it very calmly."...
>
> "At Oberlin," the Seattle girl said, "one of the ideas they couldn't accept was Ellison's statement that black styles had historically been incorporated into American life. He went on to say that in the future, don't be surprised if white people begin to wear Afros because that's now a part of American popular culture. Well, the kids went out screaming, 'Who is he to insult what we wear? No honky could wear an Afro. They're stealing what is ours.' "
>
> One year later, disenchanted white youth, on both coasts and in between, are sporting their versions of the Afro.

In "North Toward Home," Willie Morris wrote:

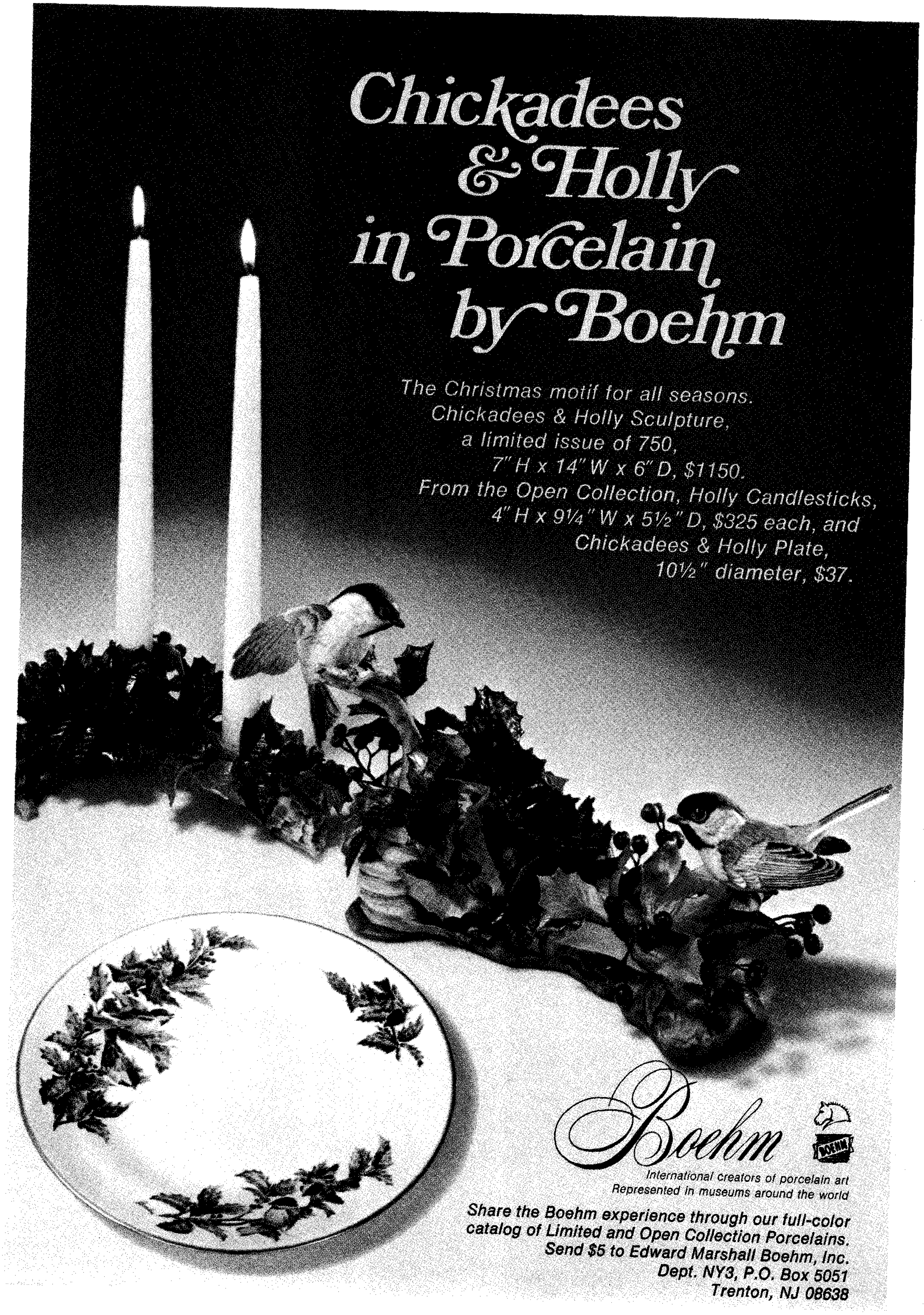
> I admired Ellison as a writer and as a human being because he remained honest to his own consciousness as an artist, and to his own perceptions as a man. Especially in the 1960s he was caught in a crossfire between the activists, on the one hand, who felt he should be more straightforwardly *engagé*, and some of the critics, on the other, who felt he was not being true to his experience as a Negro. The answer to both, I felt, was "Invisible Man."

The two young women at Jimmy Stewart's party consulted slips of paper, and one of them came up with the next question. "Do you find," she said, "that your schooling and experience in Oklahoma prepared you adequately?"

"What I would say," Ellison replied, "is that because Oklahoma became a state only in 1907, our schools were the beneficiaries of that stream of New England education which began to infiltrate the Afro-American communities during Reconstruction. So at Douglass High School I was actually being taught by teachers who had been taught firsthand—or, at least, secondhand—by some of these dedicated people who had come down from New England as teachers of the freed slaves. I had four years of Latin at Douglass. My teacher could speak Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. And there were lots of others—like Professor Rufus Youngblood, in biology—who were just as well trained. It was also important for me to know that I attended a school dedicated to the memory of Frederick Douglass."

He was next asked, "Why do you, after all these years in New York, remain an Oklahoman?"

"First of all," he said, "it helps me to verify certain early hopes. There was a guy here tonight—we used to call him Rooster when we were grow-



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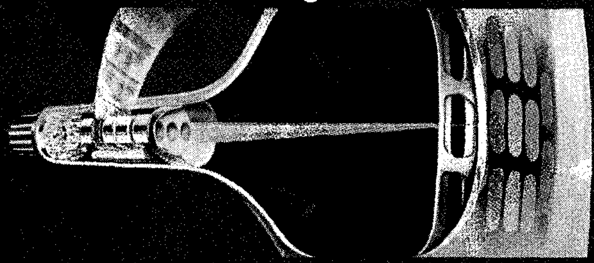

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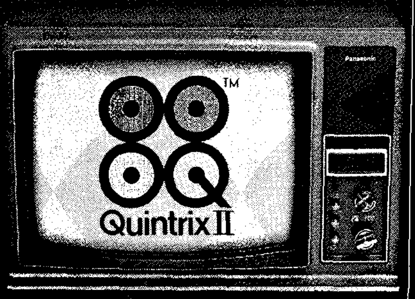

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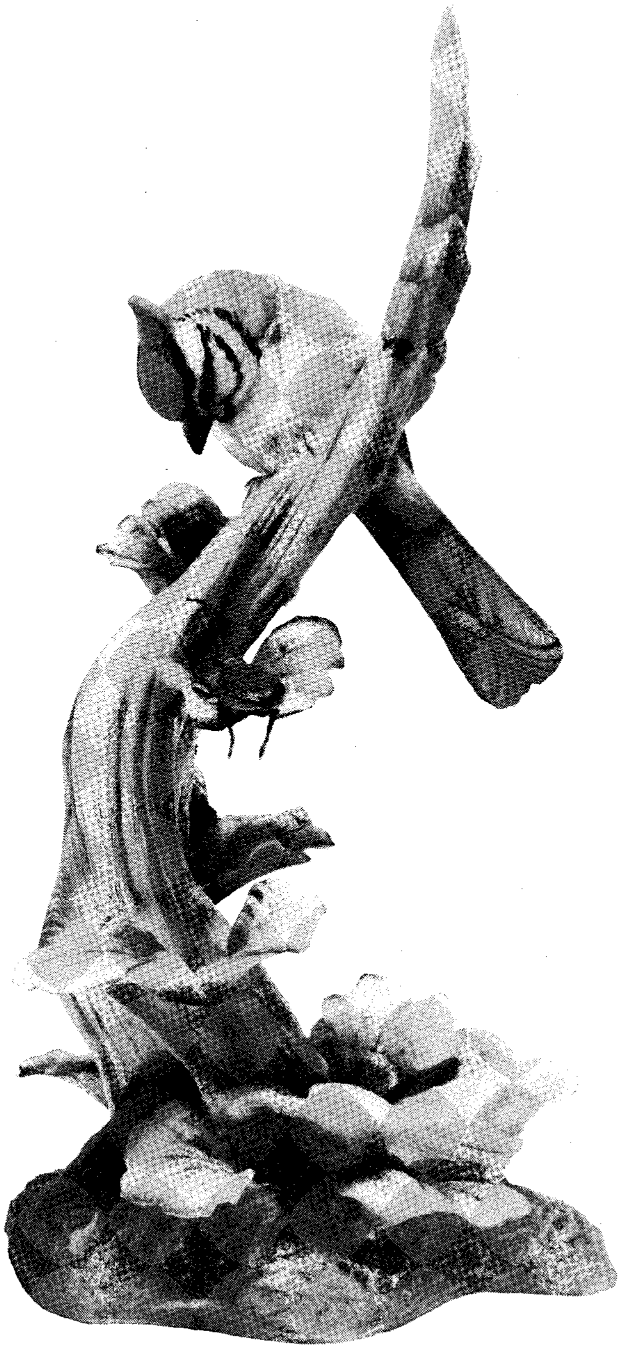
ing up. As a kid, Rooster was a street hustler. He was an unsupported child, and he had to take care of himself. Rooster could mimic birds. And, added to this, he was a great buck dancer. You could always see him soft-shoeing on the sidewalks of Oklahoma City. But he had tenacity and a great will to survive. And, within his options, he had great talent. Rooster's next metamorphosis was into a pool shark. And he eventually became good enough to challenge Minnesota Fats. Well, that may not sound very important, but it helps to verify my sense of possibility, which, like Rooster's, came from Oklahoma. I have seen lots of transformations similar to Rooster's. And I have also seen a lot of concrete social and political reasons for why talent fails.

"Here tonight are principals of schools, women, classmates of mine, who are now working in different states," Ellison said. "There are ministers here tonight. There should be physicians—perhaps there *are* some. I know where all these people come from. I know something of their parents. I know their struggles. We were all part of the American experiment as that experiment manifested itself in the new state of Oklahoma. My own father came here only a few years after Oklahoma had become a state. How can I deny that background? I've said this to people here tonight more than I've ever done before. It is difficult to speak this way in a place like New York, where somebody might come up to me and say, 'Hey, you're some kind of a fink.' But in one way or another I've always affirmed that I'm an Oklahoman. It expresses my sense of roots. My father is *buried* a few blocks from here, for God's sake. And I *saw* him put into the ground.

"Do you know what a native is in Oklahoma? A native in Oklahoma is a black American or Negro American who was part of the five great Indian nations that were swept into this virgin territory after 1830 under Andrew Jackson's Treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek. Many of the Negroes had been acquired through horse-trading or had simply run away from other states to join the Indian tribes. There is a blues lyric that goes—" And he sang:

I'm going to the nation,
Going to the territory,
Going to the nation, baby,
Going to the territory.

"You never heard that? Well, did you ever read 'Huckleberry Finn'? What does Huck say at the end of the book? He says he's had enough of civilization, that 'I got to light out for



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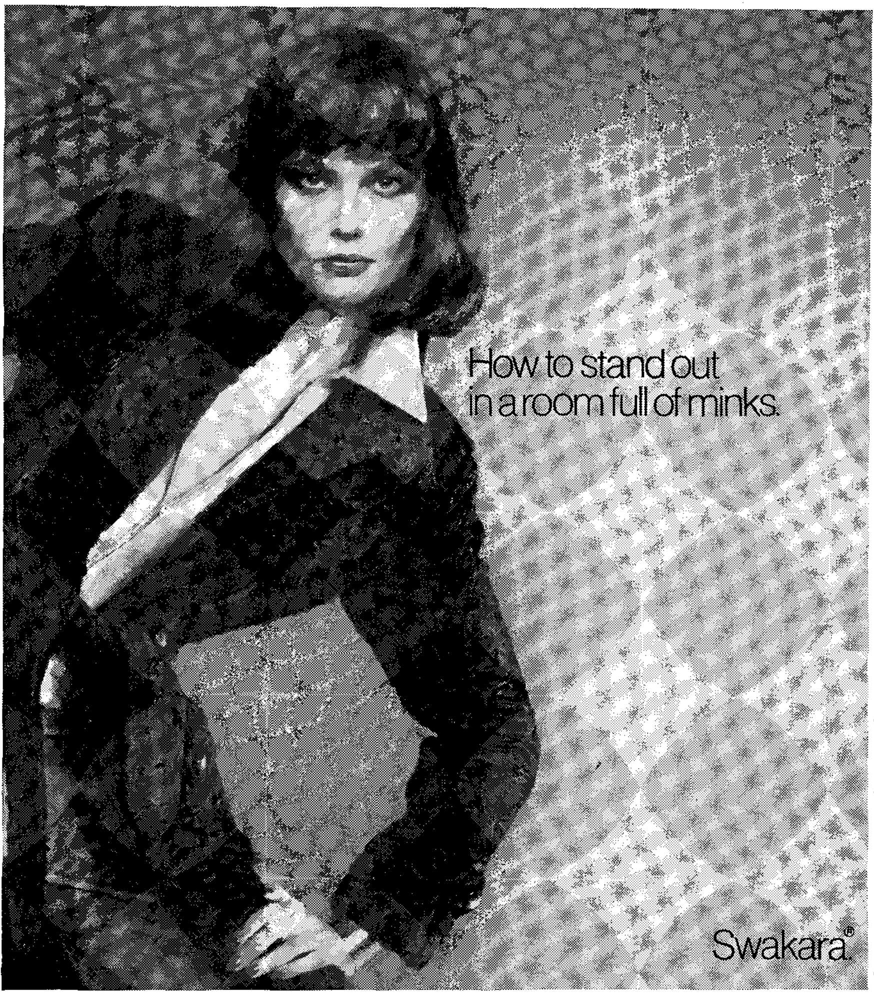

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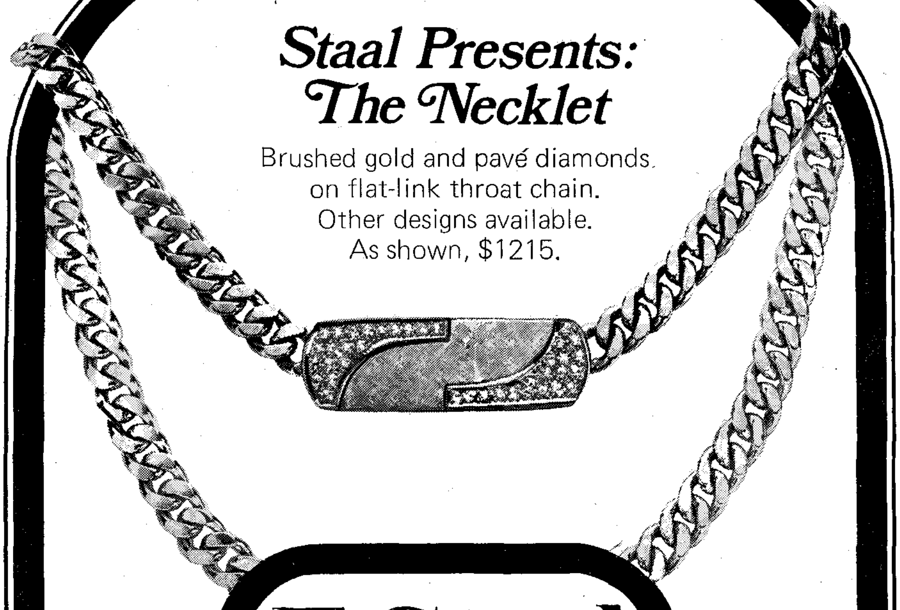

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the territory.' Well, it is *Oklahoma* he is talking about. Oklahoma was a dream world. And, after Reconstruction had been betrayed, people—black and white—came to the territory. Out of the territory came the state of Oklahoma. The people who know nothing of this dare to criticize me for being proud to have come from Oklahoma."

AFTER a while, one grows quite used to hearing Ellison uphold and defend his sense of connection with Oklahoma. But every so often he goes a bit further and calls himself a frontiersman. That has a strange sound coming from one of the country's more cultivated literary intellectuals. He also happens to be black—or Negro American, or whatever—and when the subject of the American frontier comes up, people of Ellison's racial background are seldom mentioned. Moreover, most people find it difficult to believe that there are any frontiersmen left. However, when one looks closely at Ellison's ties to his past, one sees what he means. It has to do not only with the fact that the state of Oklahoma was only six years old when he was born but also with the fact that he was raised among some of the people who had come there to settle the territory before it became a state.

Although a small number of blacks had been living in Oklahoma (Choctaw for "Red People") in the days when it was mostly Indian country, it is not they who are usually considered to be Oklahoma's black pioneer stock. Rather, it is those blacks who began arriving in the mass migration of the late eighteen-eighties, after the territory had been opened up for general settlement—those, in other words, who were part of the specific migration that eventually transformed an undeveloped region into a new state. One of these black pioneers was a man named J. D. (for Jefferson Davis) Randolph. He reached Oklahoma City in December of 1889, and some twenty-eight years later he became a sort of adopted grandfather to Ellison. Soon after Randolph arrived, he started a school for black children. And it was that school which, after several stages of development, eventually became Douglass High School, the first high school for blacks in Oklahoma City. Ellison remembers J. D. Randolph as "a tall man, as brown as smoked leather, who looked like the Indians with whom he'd herded horses in the early days." Randolph and his family had come to Oklahoma from Gallatin, Tennessee. Many

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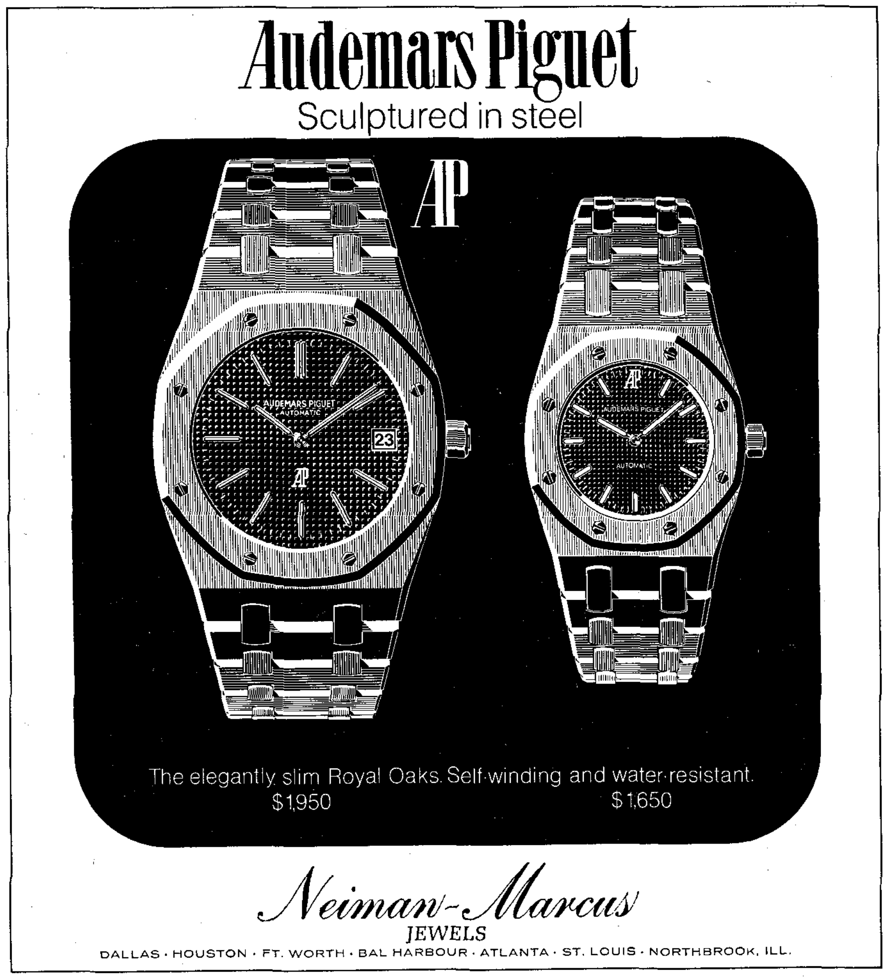
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years later, his eldest daughter, Edna, gave this account of what their pioneer experience in Oklahoma was like:

> We went first to Purcell, where my uncle was. There was a big dugout on my uncle's property, perhaps eighteen by twenty feet, something like that, with a huge fireplace across the back. Several families of us moved in there. They hung sheets and tarpaulins up to surround the beds of each family and give each a little privacy. Everyone cooked at the big fireplace.
>
> We stayed there until December, while my father was learning all he could about Oklahoma, in addition to helping with the farming and hunting. My mother wasn't happy about living in the dugout. She had shipped most of her household goods, feather beds, pillows, cooking utensils, and things like that, and they took a long time coming. . . . In December, my father made the decision to come to Oklahoma City. We came up in an ox-cart. . . .
>
> My father bought a lot on First Street, between Santa Fe and the railroad tracks, and we lived right there, in a half-tent, half-board house. We stayed there about a year and a half, and I remember one Christmas while we were there. Our Christmas present that morning was a great big Indian who just opened the door and walked in. . . .
>
> It was a strange place to me as a child, and I began to wonder if we'd all be wild and if we wouldn't get an education, as Papa always talked about. So many people began to come in wagon trains, and they had suffered so much to get here. Papa had taught us a lot about the Bible, and my uncle who was a preacher had told us all the Bible stories, and I began to think about Moses and the people going to the promised land. Then I began to look on this as the promised land.

In 1903, Edna Randolph married Dr. W. H. Slaughter, a general practitioner. "I believe my husband was the first Negro doctor who came to Oklahoma City and stayed," her account went on. "My brother was the first dentist." As for how the "promised land" gradually revealed itself, she added, "At first, we lived in all parts of town, but then, later, there was a move toward one section, because we couldn't get services anywhere else. The men couldn't go to white barber shops; we couldn't go to white churches or schools, so we developed our own—our own services and our own organizations."

Those blacks who streamed into Oklahoma in the eighteen-eighties and nineties were refugees of a sort. They were getting away from areas of the South where, because of slavery and the attitudes concerning race which it had engendered or reinforced, opportunities for individual initiative were scarce; and they had chosen the fresh, open, and relatively unsullied air of a new territory to seek a wider free-

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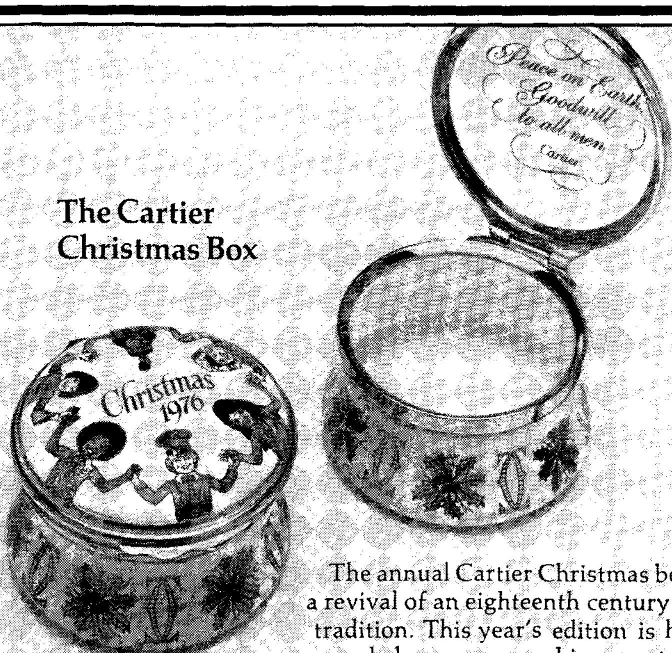

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dom. Indeed, so many of them had arrived by the early nineteen-hundreds—and had set up so many all-black towns in different parts of the territory—that their leaders began to entertain dreams that Oklahoma might become a state governed predominantly by blacks.

That day did not come. Nor did Oklahoma, as it developed, distribute the dividends of freedom and opportunity as justly as the blacks had hoped. The movement into the new territory had carried with it the virus of racism—mainly among those whites who had come there from neighboring slave states. In no time, segregation, exclusion, and other forms of discrimination had infected the new state. Still, Oklahoma was a better place for blacks than the states from which they had come. Despite the heavy raids that violence and segregation made upon the hope of black freedom, large areas of possibility remained untouched. It was this circumstance that enabled young and poor black boys like Ellison to believe that they were capable of accomplishing great things in their lives.

Ellison's parents went to Oklahoma a few years after it became a state. His father, Lewis, was a native of Abbeville, South Carolina. He had led a somewhat romantic and picaresque existence before settling in Oklahoma City. As a young man, he enlisted in the Army—going on to fight in Cuba, during the Spanish-American War, and in the Philippines. When he gave up soldiering, he returned for a time to Abbeville, where he and a partner operated an ice-cream parlor. By 1909, Lewis Ellison had moved to Chattanooga, where he was employed by a construction firm. He eventually ended up in Oklahoma City, where he settled down. "I can take you to buildings in this town on which my father worked as a construction foreman," Ellison told me in Oklahoma City. "He helped put up some of our first steel-and-concrete structures. He learned his skills from his father and uncles, who learned theirs during slavery."

Back in Abbeville, Lewis Ellison had met and married Ida Millsap, who was from the little town of White Oak, Georgia. When Ralph was born, they were living on First Street, on Oklahoma City's East Side, in a rooming house that was owned by J. D. Randolph. Lewis Ellison died in 1917, when his first surviving son—whom he had named Ralph Waldo—was three, and about four months after his second son, Herbert, was born.

The name Ralph Waldo was a

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weighty one for the young Ellison, and became a perplexing presence in his life. It was a while before he was able to guess why his father had reached back into the flowering of New England to choose a name for him. Ellison dealt with this problem in a speech he delivered at the Library of Congress in 1964, titled "Hidden Name and Complex Fate." He said:

> For in the dim beginnings, before I ever thought consciously of writing, there was my own name, and there was, doubtless, a certain magic in it. From the start I was uncomfortable with it, and in my earliest years it caused me much puzzlement. Neither could I understand what a poet was, nor why, exactly, my father had chosen to name me after one. Perhaps I could have understood it perfectly well had he named me after his own father.... But why hadn't he named me after a hero, such as Jack Johnson, or a soldier like Colonel Charles Young, or a great seaman like Admiral Dewey, or an educator like Booker T. Washington, or a great orator and abolitionist like Frederick Douglass? Or again, why hadn't he named me (as so many Negro parents had done) after President Teddy Roosevelt?
>
> Instead, he named me after someone called Ralph Waldo Emerson, and then, when I was three, he died. It was too early for me to have understood his choice, although I'm sure he must have explained it many times, and it was also too soon for me to have made the connection between my name and my father's love for reading. Much later, after I began to write and work with words, I came to suspect that he was aware of the suggestive powers of names and of the magic involved in naming....
>
> I knew, also, that whatever his motives, the combination of names he'd given me caused me no end of trouble from the moment when I could talk well enough to respond to the ritualized question which grownups put to very young children. Emerson's name was quite familiar to Negroes in Oklahoma during those days when World War I was brewing, and adults, eager to show off their knowledge of literary figures, and obviously amused by the joke implicit in such a small brown nubbin of a boy carrying around such a heavy moniker, would invariably repeat my first two names and then to my great annoyance, they'd add "Emerson."
>
> And I, in my confusion, would reply, "No, *no, I'm* not Emerson; he's the little boy who lives next door." Which only made them laugh all the louder. "Oh, no," they'd say, "you're Ralph Waldo Emerson," while I had fantasies of blue murder.

Ellison went on to say, in the same speech, that after he had read Emerson's "Concord Hymn" and the essay "Self-Reliance," he decided not only to avoid any further reading of Emerson's work but also to reduce the Waldo of his own name "to a simple and, I hoped, mysterious 'W' "—for, he confessed, "I shall never really master it." However, he also confessed, "I could suppress the name of my namesake out of respect for the achievements of its original bearer, but I cannot escape the obligation of attempting to achieve some of the things which he asked of the American writer."

With a white benefactor—Dr. Ludwig Hebestreit, the orchestra and band director at Classen High School, in Oklahoma City—Ellison took advanced trumpet lessons, and Hebestreit also encouraged Ellison's exploration of the aesthetic secrets of Beethoven, Wagner, and Schumann, as well as of the technical aspects of symphonic structure. From his teachers at Douglass, from libraries, and from his mother, who brought back books and magazines from well-to-do white homes in which she did housework, he became acquainted with the literary culture of the larger society. Of his efforts as a boy to realize himself as broadly as possible, he has written:

> As a kid I remember working it out this way: there was a world in which you wore your everyday clothes on Sunday, and there was a world in which you wore your Sunday clothes every day—*I* wanted the world in which you wore your Sunday clothes every day. I wanted it because it represented something better, a more exciting and civilized and human way *of living; a world which* came to me through certain scenes of felicity which I encountered in fiction, in the movies, and which I glimpsed sometimes through the windows of great houses on Sunday afternoons when my mother took my brother and me for walks through the wealthy white sections of the city. I know it now for a boy's vague dream of possibility.... By early adolescence the idea of Renaissance Man had drifted down to about six of us, and we discussed mastering ourselves and everything in sight as though no such thing as racial discrimination existed.

He has also written:

> Seriously, though, you got glimpses, very vague glimpses, of a far different world than that assigned by segregation laws, and I was taken very early with a passion to link together all I loved within the Negro community and all those things I felt in the world which lay beyond. Put it this way: I learned very early that in the realm of the imagination all people and their ambitions and interests could meet.

Although the things he loved in the Negro community were numerous and various, they all seemed to be expressed in the musical culture—in jazz and the blues. Along these lines, his father had made an early impression on him. Ralph had learned to walk when he was six months old, and at the age of two he was doing rough imitations of dances his father and other relatives

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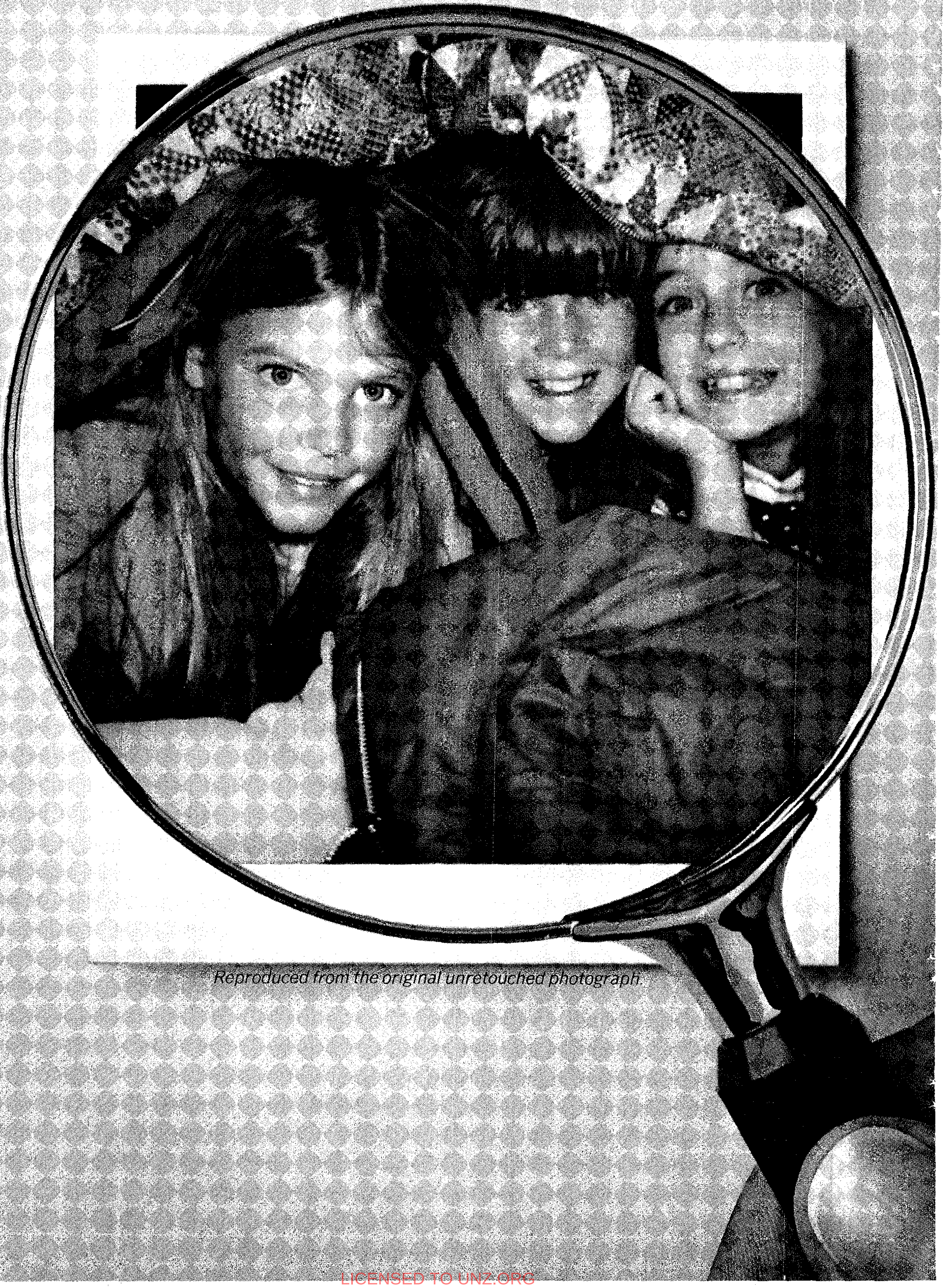

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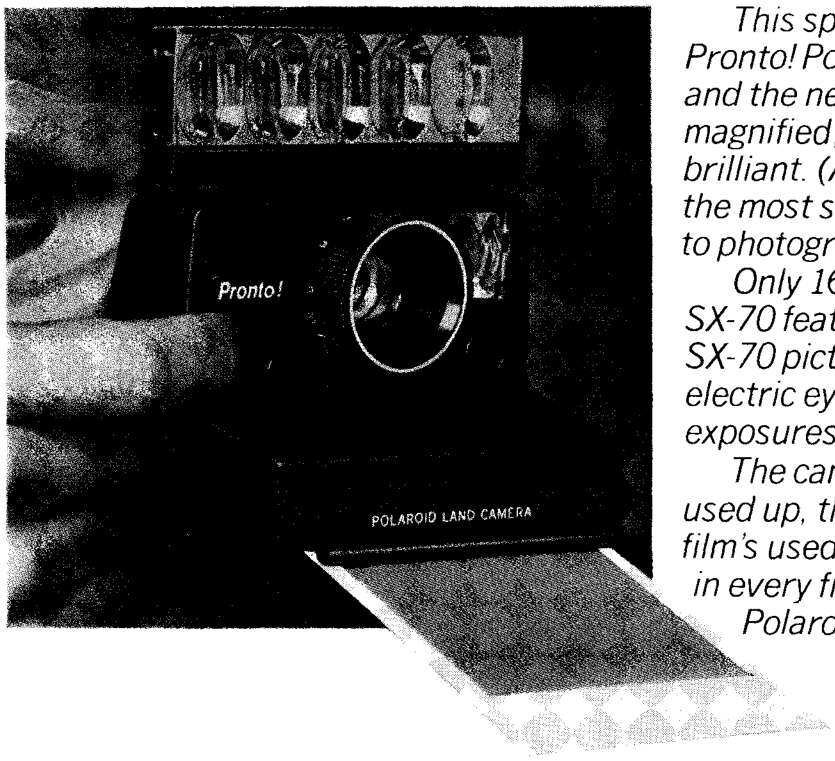

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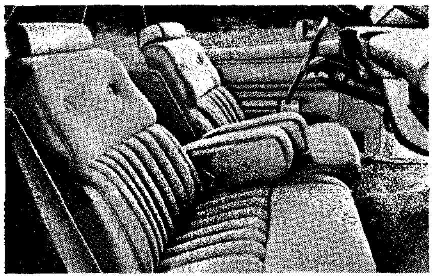

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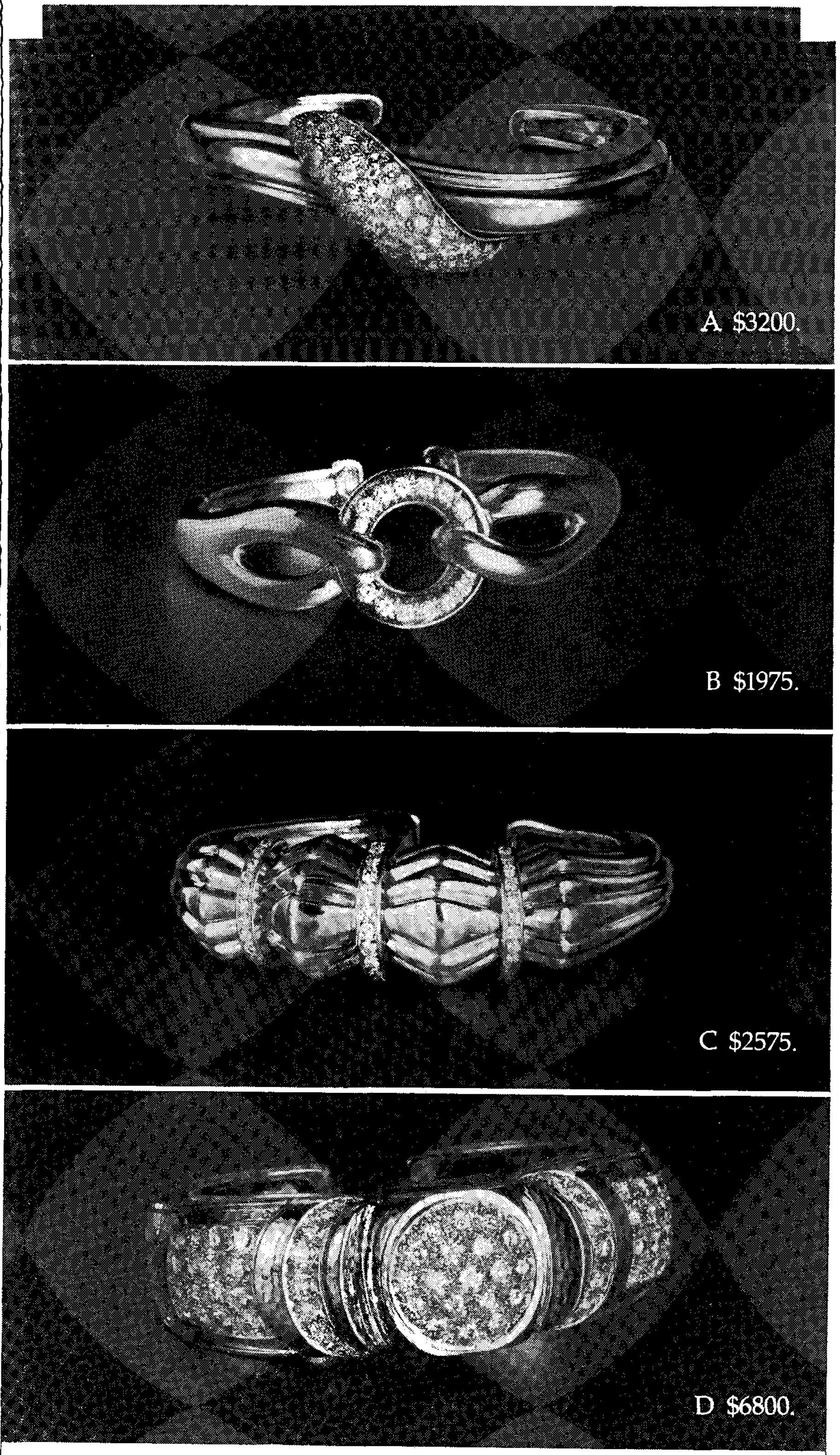
showed him—steps like the Eagle Rock and the Black Bottom, which were popular in the dance halls of Oklahoma City in those days. Ellison remembers a song he sang along with his father, part of which went, "I'm dark-brown chocolate to the bone."

Ellison was asked some time ago why he kept on using the term "Negro American" when so many other people were using "black." "It is a personal choice," he replied. "My grandmother and grandfather were Negroes; my father and mother were Negroes; my friends, teachers, ministers, physicians were Negroes. I'm pretty close to black, but I'm pretty close to brown, too. In a cultural sense, the term 'Negro' tells me something about the mixture of African, European, and native-American styles which define me—as against a West Indian, a Brazilian, a Haitian, or an African who is black. Black, in America, connotes a certain ideological stance. In that sense, I'm not black. I am a Negro-American writer. I emphasize Negro because it refers specifically to American cultural phenomena." He has also written, "It is not skin color which makes a Negro American but cultural heritage as shaped by the American experience, the social and political predicament; a sharing of that 'concord of sensibilities' which the group expresses through historical circumstance and through which it has come to constitute a subdivision of the larger American culture."

AFTER Ellison's father died, the full weight of raising two young boys fell upon his mother. She was forced to take on a variety of jobs, which ranged from doing housework to being responsible for the upkeep of an apartment building. This meant that she was away from her children for considerable lengths of time during the day. And at this point J. D. Randolph entered their lives more fully. He and his family began looking after Ralph and Herbert while their mother was at work. As a result of this relationship, Ralph grew up to regard the Randolphs as his "extended family" and old man Randolph as his adopted grandfather.

J. D. Randolph's son Taylor was active in Oklahoma City until his death last summer, at the age of eighty-one. Taylor, together with his younger brother James, helped run the Randolph drugstore, at the corner of Stiles Avenue and Second Street, on the East Side. This is a block over from where Ellison was born, on First Street. (The



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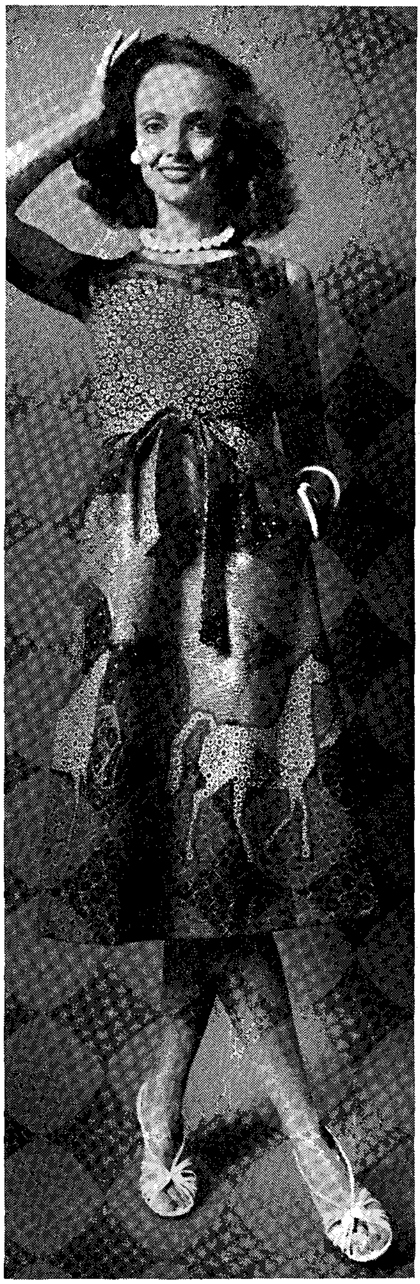

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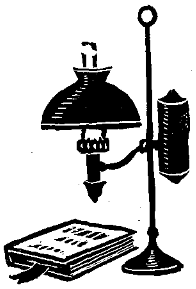
rooming house is gone, and the site is now an open lot, overgrown with trees and shrubs.) During the weekend I spent in Oklahoma City, I travelled over to Second Street and had a talk with Taylor Randolph in the family drugstore. He was a lively old man with slightly bent shoulders and sharp, penetrating eyes. His light-brown face was leathery and smooth, with high cheekbones, a craggy brow, and deep eye sockets. It seemed obvious that he had some Indian blood in him. He was smoking a cigar, which, with elegant style, he kept transferring from his nicotined fingers to his clenched, nicotined teeth and back. "Yes, Ralph was born right over there, in the old Randolph home," he told me. "I can't remember the names of his parents right now, but we used to call his mother Brownie, and his father Bubba. He was older than she was. Brownie was a *beautiful* woman. Smart as hell, too. I remember the very moment when Ralph was born. I don't know whether it was upstairs or downstairs, but it was in our two-story house, right over there, on First. I remember my grandmother running out of the house into the street and saying, 'Brownie just had herself an eight-pound boy. He's a pretty little rascal.' I remember that very well. Later on, even after Brownie moved—because, when the father died, they were moving from place to place—our mother and father and sister cared for Ralph and Herbert. I remember one day when it was so cold and snowy that we didn't dream Brownie could have gone out to work. But our mother thought she had better go over and check anyway. And when she got there, she found that Brownie *had* gone out to work. And, sure enough, the fire had gone out, and Ralph and Herbert were huddled up, freezing. My mother took them right back to our house and kept them there until Brownie came home from work. This was a time when there was a great togetherness among families, and when there was a great sympathy for people who had to struggle to bring up their children."

Ellison's love of jazz and the blues was formed partly through his relationship with the Randolph family. When, as a boy, he was not selling newspapers or shining shoes, he was helping out in the Randolph drugstore—jerking sodas, delivering prescriptions, running errands. The part of Second Street on which the Randolph drugstore stands was then known, and still is, as Deep Second, because it is at the bottom of a long slope leading into the black neighborhood. In Ellison's boyhood, Deep Second was Oklahoma City's version of Harlem's 125th Street—the liveliest section of the black community. There were small shops, rooming houses, bars, funeral parlors, barbershops, hairdressing establishments, drugstores, shoeshine stands, movie houses, juke joints, and dance halls. "It was also a battleground," Taylor Randolph told me. "A lot of cutting and shooting went on, especially on Friday and Saturday nights. There used to be a funeral parlor next door, and that man used to do heavy business on weekend nights. So much that people used to refer to Deep Second as the Bloody Bucket. This is where the Negro community of Oklahoma City started."

In New York, Ellison likes to remind people that "much of so-called Kansas City jazz was actually brought to perfection in Oklahoma by Oklahomans." When he says this, he is always thinking of Deep Second in the Depression and pre-Depression days. At jazz joints like Slaughter's Hall, travelling musicians—some from as far away as Kansas City—came together in jam sessions to polish their playing styles, and evolved a variety of jazz that came to be recognized as distinctly Kansas City, Oklahoma City, or Southwestern. Whatever it was, it was strongly influenced by the blues. Years later, many of them—Lester Young, the great saxophonist, being an example—moved on to greater things, in places like New York and Chicago. Slaughter's Hall occupied the top floor of the Randolph drugstore building. The building was then owned by J. D. Randolph's son-in-law, Dr. W. H. Slaughter. In the late twenties, the Blue Devils, led by Walter Page, on bass, was the biggest jazz band in Oklahoma City, and one of the best in the Southwest. It played both at Slaughter's Hall and at Hallie Richardson's Shoe Shine Parlor nearby. Hallie Richardson was a patron of jazz, who helped out travelling musicians with money, food, and lodging. The Blue Devils included Edward Christian (brother of Charlie Christian, the brilliant jazz guitarist), on piano; Little Willie Lewis, also on piano; Edward (Crack) McNeal, on drums; Oran (Hot Lips) Page and Lawrence (Inky) Williams, on trumpet; Ermuel (Bucket) Coleman, on trombone; and Jimmy Rushing, vocal-



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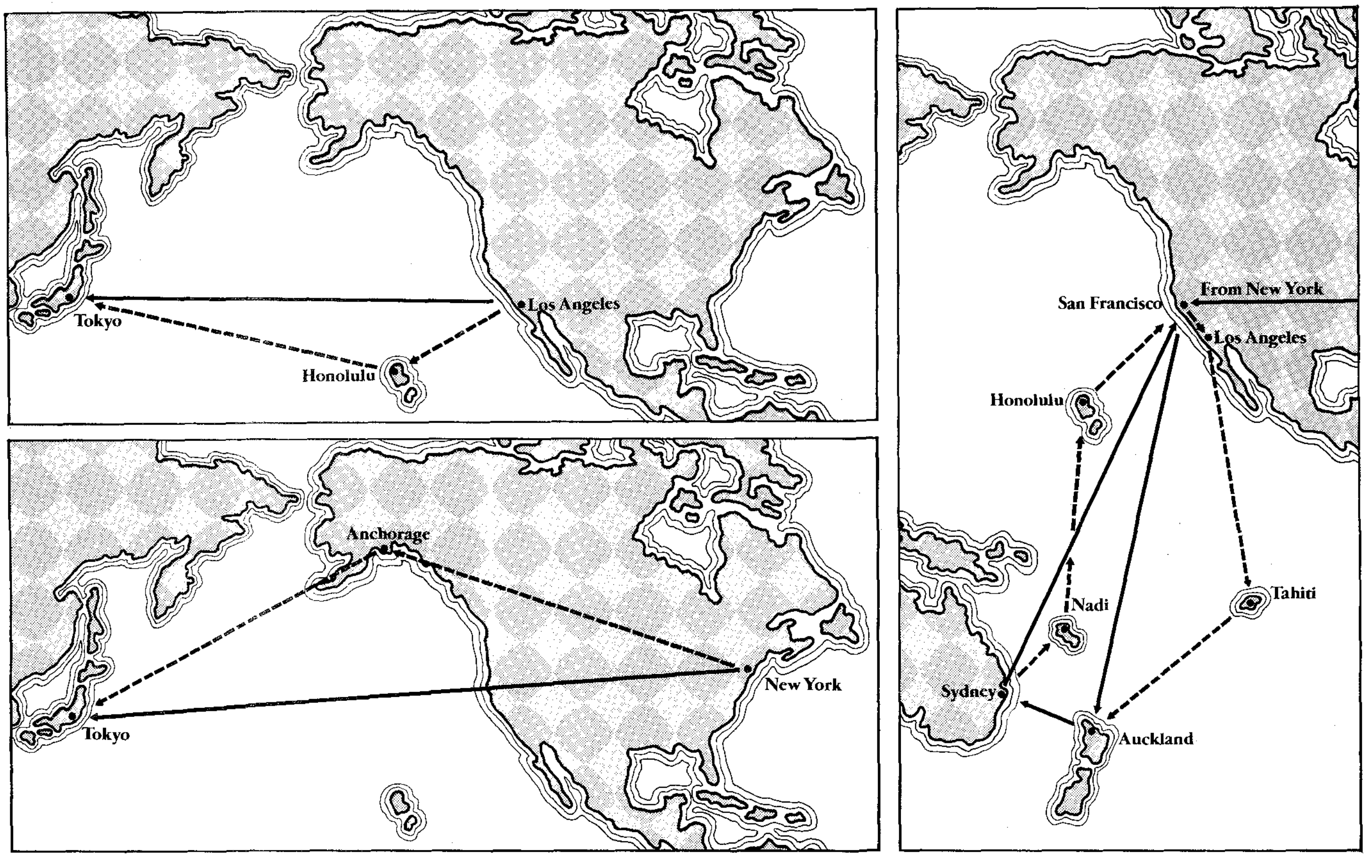

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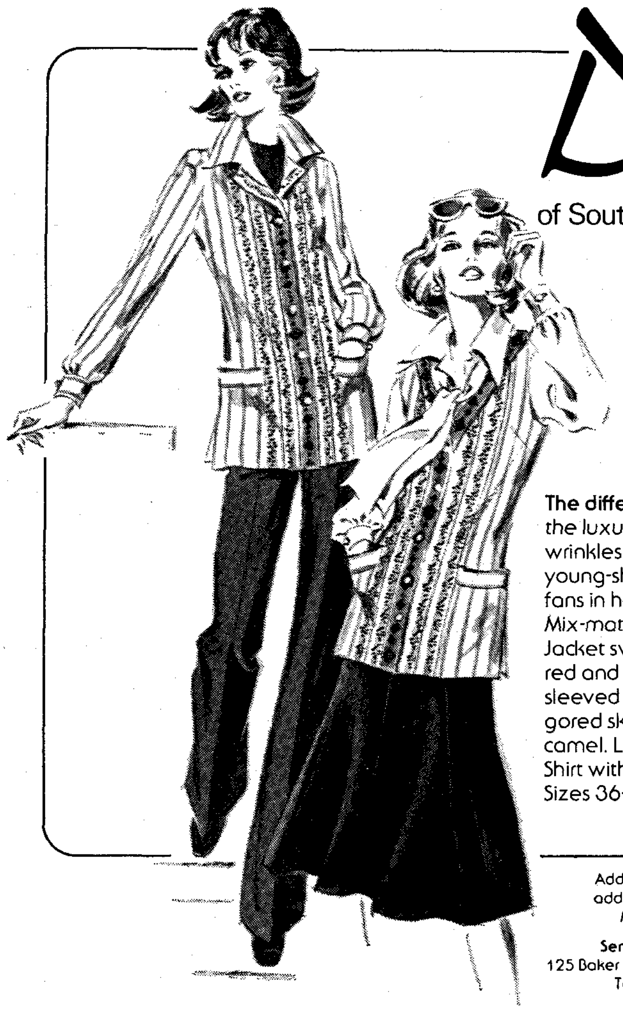
ist. Ben Webster, on tenor saxophone, joined the band in the early nineteen-thirties. Nowadays, black Oklahomans like to claim all these musicians as natives, though not all of them were born in the state. Edward Christian grew up in Oklahoma City, and once played in the Douglass High School band, but he was born in Dallas, Texas. Hot Lips Page was also born in Dallas. Ben Webster was born in Kansas City, Missouri, and Walter Page was born in Gallatin, Missouri. One of the authentic Oklahomans was Jimmy Rushing, who was born in Oklahoma City and attended Douglass High School. Around 1930, Bennie Moten, a pianist from Kansas City, took over the leadership of the band. When Moten died—after a tonsillectomy—in 1935, the leadership passed to Count Basie, a native of Red Bank, New Jersey. Thus, it was the remnants of the Blue Devils that formed the nucleus of what eventually became the great Count Basie orchestra.

Ellison retains a clear memory of the musicians he heard playing on Deep Second while he was a high-school student. Some years ago, in a written tribute to Jimmy Rushing, he recalled:

> In the old days the voice was high and clear and poignantly lyrical. Steel-bright in its upper range and, at its best, silky smooth, it was possessed of a purity somehow impervious to both the stress of singing above a twelve-piece band and the urgency of Rushing's own blazing fervor. On dance nights, when you stood on the rise of the school grounds two blocks to the east, you could hear it jetting from the dance hall like a blue flame in the dark; now soaring high above the trumpets and trombones, now skimming the froth of reeds and rhythm as it called some woman's anguished name—or demanded in a high, thin, passionately lyrical line, "Baaaaay-bay, Bay-aaaay-bay! Tell me what's the matter now!"—above the shouting of the swinging band.... Everyone on Oklahoma City's East Side knew that sweet, high-floating sound.... For Jimmy Rushing was not simply a local entertainer, he expressed a value, an attitude about the world for which our lives afforded no other definition....
>
> In those days I lived near the Rock Island roundhouse, where, with a steady clanging of bells and a great groaning of wheels along the rails, switch engines made up trains of freight unceasingly. Yet often in the late-spring night I could hear Rushing as I lay four blocks away in bed, carrying to me as clear as a full-bored riff on "Hot Lips" Page's horn. Heard thus, across the dark blocks lined with locust trees, through the night throbbing with the natural aural imagery of the blues, with high-balling trains, departing bells, lonesome guitar chords simmering up from a shack in the alley—



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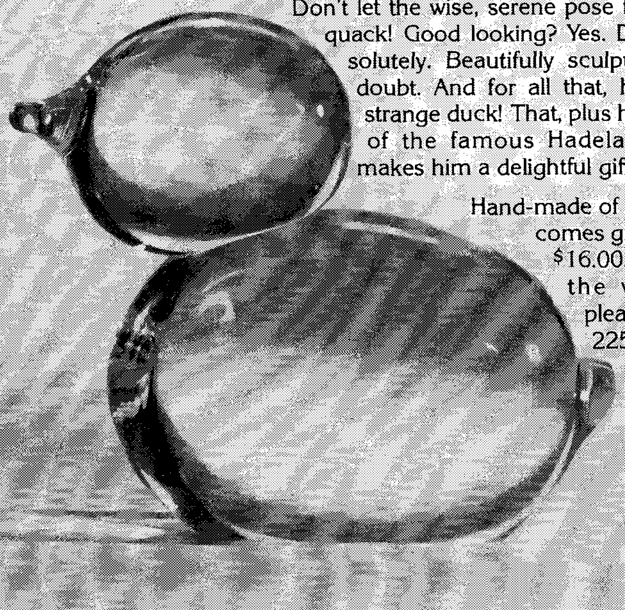

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it was easy to imagine the voice as setting the pattern to which the instruments of the Blue Devils Orchestra and all the random sounds of night arose, affirming, as it were, some ideal native to the time and to the land. When we were still too young to attend night dances, but yet old enough to gather beneath the corner street lamp on summer evenings, anyone might halt the conversation to exclaim, "Listen, they're raising hell down at Slaughter's Hall," and we'd turn our heads westward to hear Jimmy's voice soar up the hill and down, as pure and as miraculously unhindered by distance and earthbound things as is the body in youthful dreams of flying. . . . Jazz and the blues did not fit into the scheme of things as spelled out by our two main institutions, the church and the school, but they gave expression to attitudes which found no place in these and helped to give our lives some semblance of wholeness. Jazz and the public dance was a third institution in our lives, and a vital one; and though Jimmy was far from being a preacher, he was, as official floor manager or master-of-the-dance at Slaughter's Hall, the leader of a public rite.

It is not surprising that music should have been Ellison's chief interest during his years at Douglass High School, where he was a leader of the marching band and played first trumpet in the school orchestra. It seems, however, that his musical experience at Douglass was frustrating. He had become equally attached to jazz and classical music, and sought while he was at Douglass to master both forms, with a view to blending them, eventually, in his own work. But to most of the music teachers at Douglass, all of whom were black, jazz was an expression of the low life—hardly deserving of serious consideration as an art form, let alone of consideration equal to that accorded the expression of high culture. As Ellison later put it, the "mistaken notion" of his teachers was that "classical music had nothing to do with the rhythms, relaxed or hectic, of daily living." Nevertheless, he did well enough at Douglass to graduate with a music scholarship to Tuskegee—only to find, when he arrived there, that black music teachers at Tuskegee did not think differently from those back in Oklahoma City.

Ellison was almost unable to take up his scholarship. In Oklahoma City, he gave me this account of his difficulties and of how he overcame them: "The people at Tuskegee had told me I had to be on campus by a certain date in June. Out of my limited funds, I had to buy a trumpet, quickly, because the one I was using at Douglass belonged to the school. I also had to buy clothing, after which I had only thirty-two dollars left. I was making only eight

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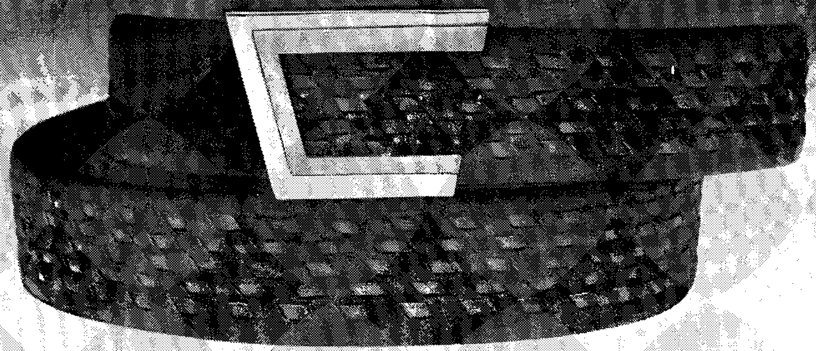

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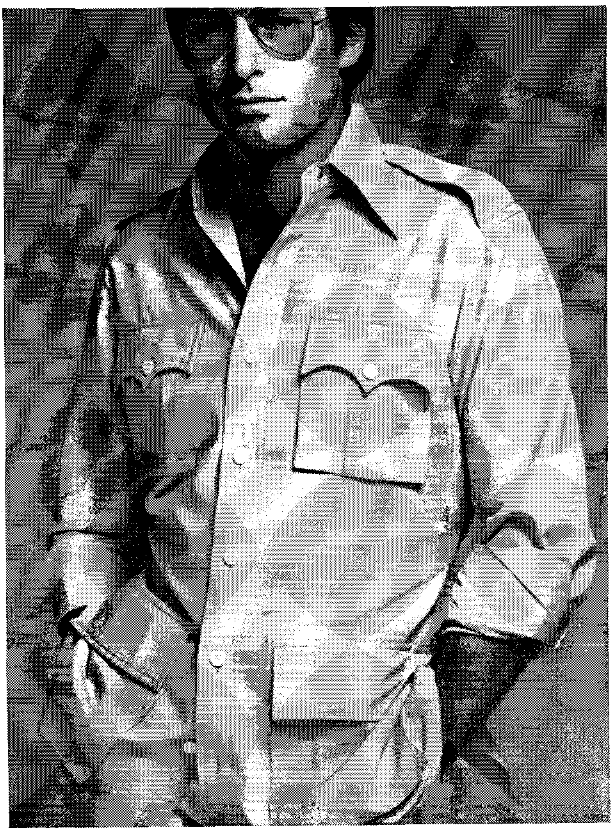

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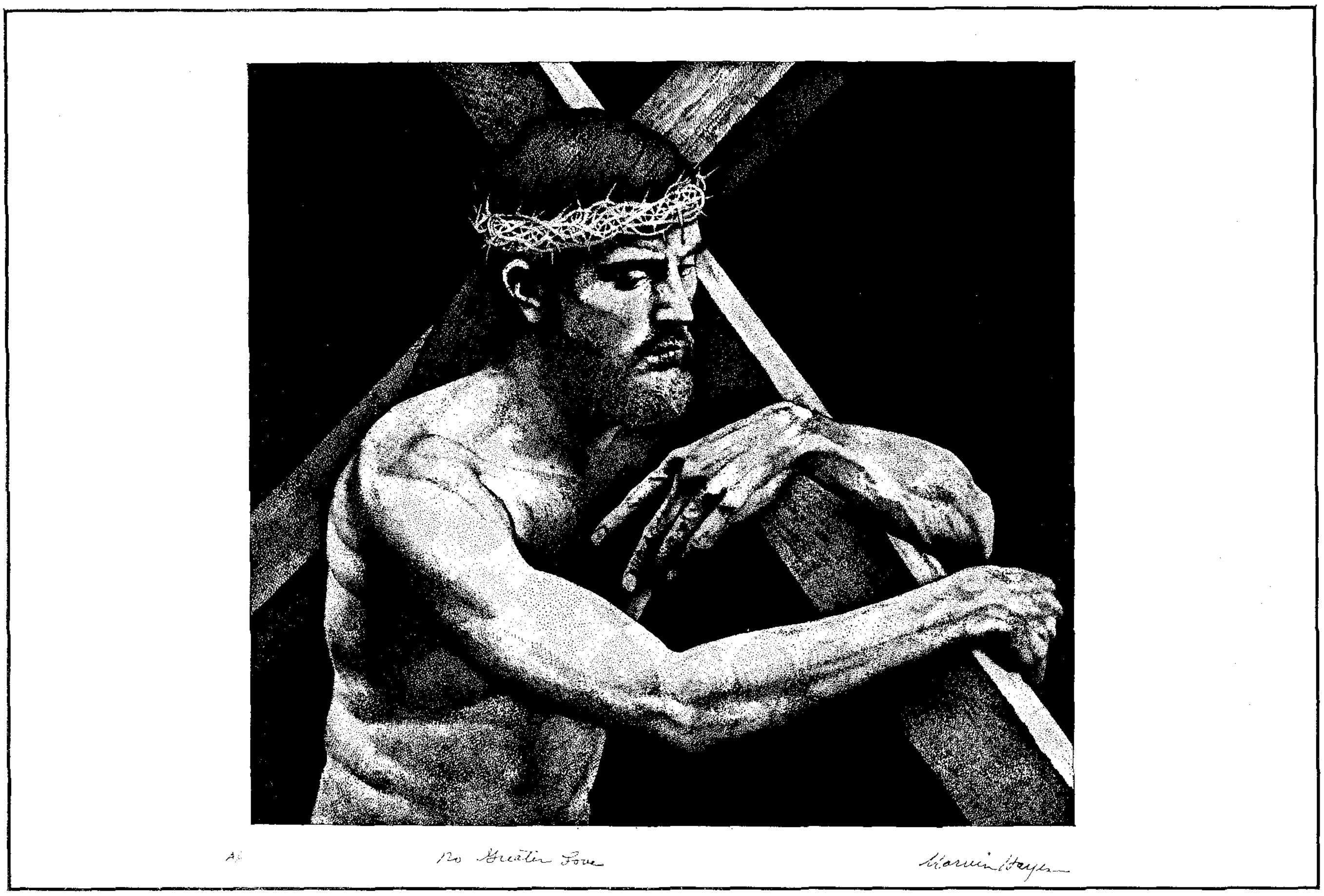

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The American poet and novelist, James Dickey, who is now engaged in writing a commentary to accompany the Hayes etchings that will appear in book form next year, describes his regard for what Marvin Hayes has created: "Marvin Hayes has added a cubit to our stature of imagination about these things that matter to us most, and has done this by the imagination of the poet which is the essential imagination of the Bible, whether 2000 years ago or now. No one can see Hayes' etchings without having his vision on these essential matters of our world, shift."

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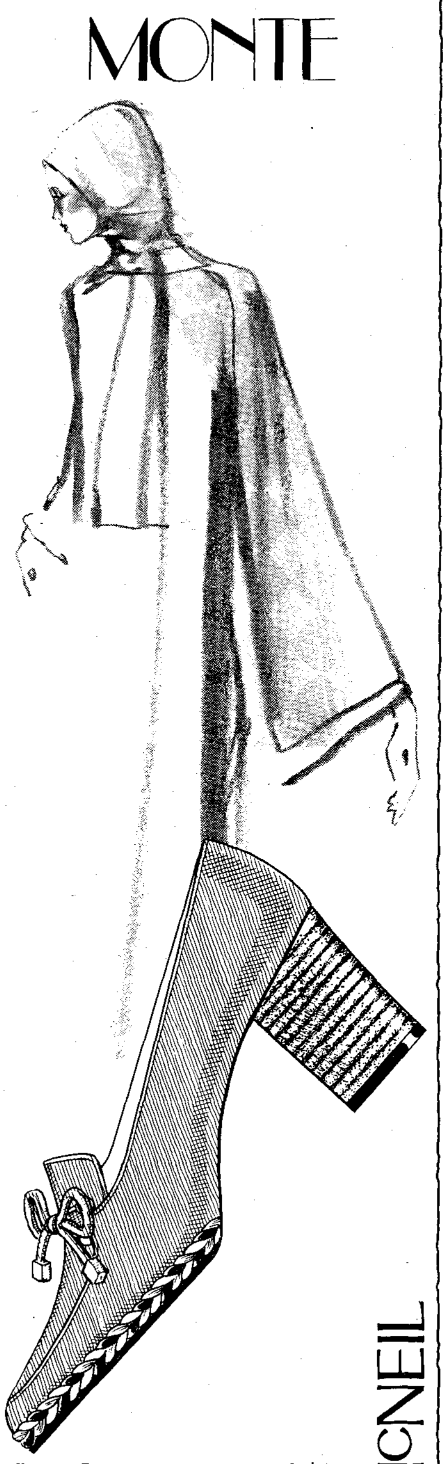

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dollars a week, running an elevator part-time. So I really had no money to take off. But I *had* to get there. So I asked a friend of the Randolph family to help me. He was a professional hobo. He looked like a white man, and was as small as a jockey. He was constantly riding the rails out of Oklahoma City and back. I said to him, 'Charlie, I've got to get out of this town. I've got to get to Tuskegee, and I don't have enough money. Will you teach me to hobo?' This was a Sunday afternoon, and we were standing on the corner of Deep Second right in front of the Randolph drugstore. He looked at me and said, 'Well, you get Brownie's permission, and I'll help you.' After a great deal of pressure, I got my mother's permission. She was quite religious, and she said, 'I'll pray for you. And if you get there, I'll send your clothes.' Charlie had promised to meet me in the railroad yards, and I turned up in my travelling gear. I had on comfortable shoes, and I was wearing a beret. I carried an extra shirt, and the little money I had was in my shoes. But when I got to the rail yards, Charlie wasn't there. I waited for hours, and he didn't show. So I went back to Deep Second, and I found him standing around. 'What the hell are you doing here?' I said to him. 'You told me to be at the rail yards, and I was there.' He looked at me and smiled, and said, 'Well, I just wanted to be sure you meant business. You be there tomorrow.'

"The next day, he took me onto one of the trains. He said, 'Now, we can't go across Arkansas.' I asked him why. He said, 'Because they're liable to shoot you or throw you in a chain gang.' He showed me how to get on and off the moving freight train, how to protect myself from thieves, bums, and perverts, how to read the manifests on the sides of the boxcars. I think our first big task was getting up to and through St. Louis. Once we got out of Oklahoma, Charlie put on his white personality. People who didn't know anything about him assumed he was white. When we got to St. Louis, he said to me, 'Now, I can go on over without any trouble, but you will have to get past the guard somehow.' So I got off the train and walked on across the bridge into East St. Louis. Sure enough, as I approached the bridge a man stopped me and challenged me. 'Look,' I told him, 'I simply want to get to East St. Louis to pick up a train to take me over to Evansville. I'm on my way to Tuskegee, where I have a scholarship waiting.' He bought it. He said, 'All right, go on across, and God bless you.' So I went on across, and picked up Charlie on the other side.

"This was early in the morning, and about four o'clock I said to Charlie, 'Let's get something to eat.' He said, 'I don't want to eat. What I want is a drink.' I said, 'Well, what do you want?' He said, 'Give me fifty cents. You stay here and eat, and I'll be back in a few minutes.' This was at a lunch counter. After a while, Charlie came back with two quart bottles full of white lightning or something. At that time of day, I don't know where he got the goddam bootleg stuff, but he bought it with the fifty cents. And, sure as hell, there were consequences. We had to wait a few hours in the hobo jungle in East St. Louis to pick up the other train that Charlie said we would need. It became very hot by midmorning, and Charlie was still working on that damn liquor. We hopped onto the train as it was slowing down in the yard, and the last thing I saw of Charlie, after I got on, was him hanging on to one side of the boxcar and yelling instructions to me. The next time I looked around, there was no Charlie. So I climbed up on top and ran back along the boxcars looking for him—taking chances, because we were right there in the railroad yard. Still no Charlie. I panicked and jumped off the train. When I found him, on the side of the tracks, I discovered that—between the heat and that scrap-iron stuff he was drinking—he had suffered a sunstroke and fallen off the train.

"I dragged him outside of the rail yard, stretched him out in the shade of a tree, and went across the street to get some ice water for him. I said to the man in the luncheonette, 'You see that white man over there? He has fainted, and he needs some water.' 'Yes, I see him,' the man said, 'but it'll cost you twenty-five cents for a can of ice water.' I thought he was joking, but he wasn't. I paid him the twenty-five cents, took the water over, and revived Charlie. When he came to, he was still feeling lousy, so he told me, 'Look, there's no need for you to wait around for me. You have to get to where you are going, and I have taught you everything about how to get on and off the trains, and how to avoid the different kinds of riffraff you're liable to meet. You give me two dollars and fifty cents to see a doctor, and I'll be

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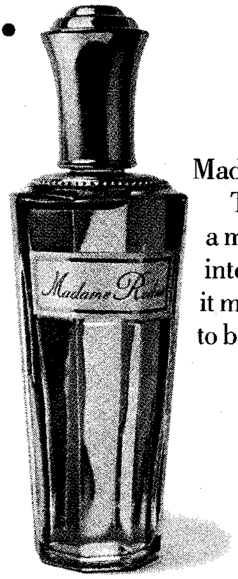

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all right.' I gave him the money, and we parted.

"Travelling as Charlie instructed me, I got to Tuskegee in about a week. By then, Charlie was back in Oklahoma City. I got a letter from my mother saying, 'Charlie is back, and I suppose you're going to get where you're going.' So I owe my education to Charlie."

THE morning after the Sip and Dip at Jimmy Stewart's, Ellison and his classmates were out together again. This was Saturday, at around ten. The occasion was a brunch at the University of Oklahoma's Faculty House, in another of the city's prosperous residential neighborhoods. The brunch had been arranged as a preliminary to dedication ceremonies for the new library. Everybody was dressed to go on over to the library after brunch, which consisted of fruit juice, scrambled eggs, sausage and bacon, grits, home-fries, and coffee. The continued ritual swapping of school-day jokes, gibes, and memories was interrupted by a few comments from the mayor of Oklahoma City. The mayor—a small and attractive middle-aged woman named Patience Latting—praised the old Douglass grads for their contributions to the life of the city, and welcomed Ellison as "a distinguished American, a gentleman whom Oklahoma City honors as a son by naming a library for him."

Ellison was scheduled to deliver the main address at the library, and had hoped to get away without being asked to say anything at the brunch. But when the Mayor sat down, Jimmy Stewart said, "Ralph, stand up and say a few words to the people." Not enjoying the role of home-town-boy-who-made-good before his old friends, he got up reluctantly, and there was something of a tremor in his voice. "What is there for me to tell you?" he said. "You all know me. Although I'm supposed to be a novelist, there's no way for me to convey to you how important it is to see all your faces again—old friends, old antagonists, old teammates, old scapegoats and scapegoaters. I know that there are some among us who took off to explore the wider world during the Depression. We were taking chances; we had no idea how it was going to turn out. But you all came through. And you inspire me. You affirm my sense of life. You are testimonies to the faith of your fathers and mothers—especially the mothers."

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Library stands—on Northeast Twenty-third Street—was all fields and woodland when Ellison was growing up. One of his pastimes since the age of eleven has been hunting, and as he was arriving at the library for the opening ceremonies, he turned to one of his classmates and said, "Hell, this is where I got my first rabbits." The area is one of many once undeveloped tracts that Oklahoma City—one of the most sprawling towns in the Southwest—has annexed as it has spread gradually outward during the past fifty years. The new library gives the impression of geometric dissonance. Built of earth-tone bricks and concrete slabs, it is a low-lying, gently sloping structure with slanting split levels. One of eleven branch libraries in Oklahoma County, it is fourteen thousand square feet in area, has shelf space for fifty thousand books, and seats seventy-two people at reading tables, fourteen in a lounge area, and a hundred and twenty-five in a meeting room. Against a wall in the foyer is a steel-and-bronze sculpture featuring two facial studies of Ellison—one moody and introspective, the other somewhat more sunny in disposition. The sculpture was done by Ed Wilson, a professor of art at the State University of New York at Binghamton, who is a friend of Ellison's. Wilson, who was on hand for the opening of the library, described one of the studies as "Ellison the private man and contemplative artist" and the other as "Ellison the man of the world."

Hundreds of Oklahomans, both black and white, turned out for the opening. They included the Mayor, city and state politicians, the local press, library administrators and personnel, Douglass High School graduates of all ages, local community leaders and preachers, and a jazz band, off to one side, playing the blues. There was also Ellison's brother, Herbert—an extremely silent, pensive man—who lives in California, where he works for the City of Los Angeles. As is usual at homecoming affairs, the speeches were too many and too long. Every citizen of any standing in Oklahoma City was introduced. Care was taken to see that every politician present stood for a bow. One of the shorter speeches was made by Hannah Atkins, a black state representative, who introduced Ellison. In closing, she said, "In all of Ralph Ellison's writings, we know that he is speaking to us about human beings, reflecting his deep understanding of man's frequent inhumanity to man. He has delineated

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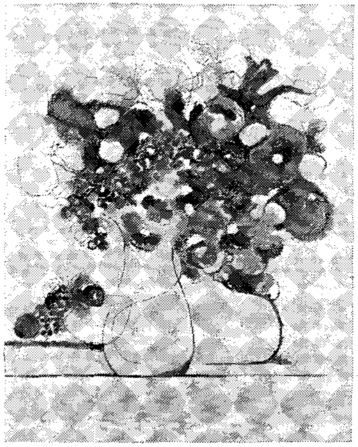

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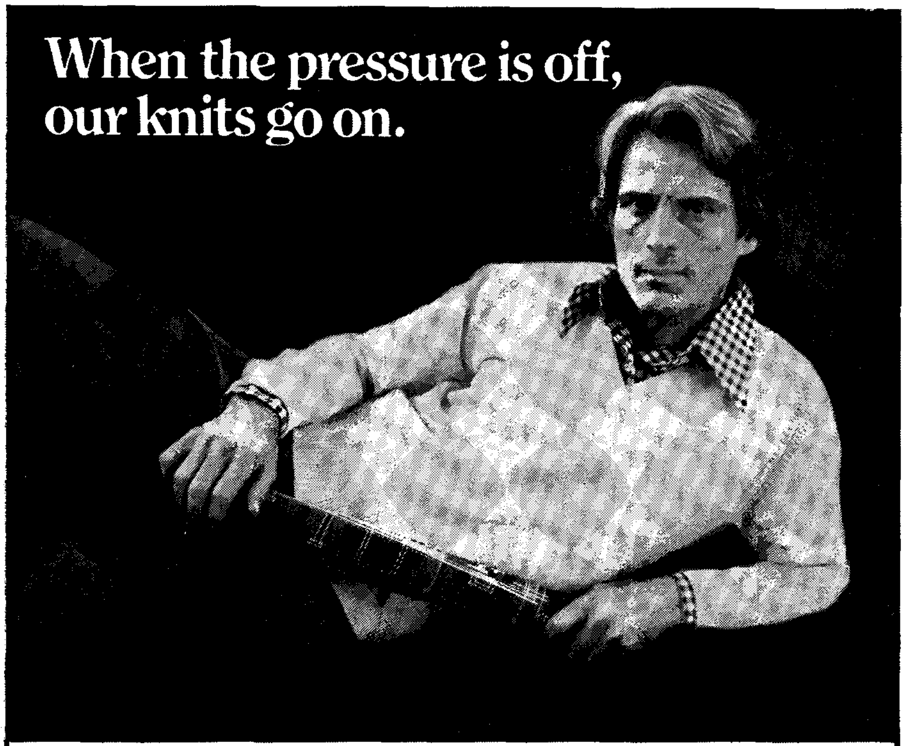

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symbolically and directly the inequities and brutalities of our society. But in the midst of all this he has not become bitter. In the constant and continuing struggle for human liberation, he has provided us with sound philosophical reflections. Ralph Waldo Ellison, you have brought honor to Oklahoma, you have done us proud. Let us all stand and welcome home Ralph Ellison."

Ellison's own speech was a long one, full of graceful touches. Here are a few excerpts:

"Since this is *your* day, rather than mine, I congratulate you. For, though I've remained all these years, and proudly so, an Oklahoman, it has been those of you who stayed here who made today a reality. . . . I know more than a few of you personally, but I am aware that I am bound to the majority of you through our common identity as Oklahomans. I am proud to share that identity, and I am grateful for my role in your triumph today. . . . I would remind you that the essence of what has brought us here today is highly symbolic. . . . Thus, while it is my own truly bewildering fate to have been chosen for such a prominent role in the ceremony, the symbolism of the occasion radiates far beyond my individual significance. For, indeed, the ceremony gives recognition, and resonance, and glamour to an experience that was shared by all of us, and which has had an important role in shaping our lives. This is especially true of you, my old schoolmates, whose lives were touched by the establishment of the first branch library on the East Side of Oklahoma City, many years ago. . . .

"This occasion is an experience which has elevated my name and image to dimensions of which I could never have dreamed. Such reminders, of course, are for myself, not you. But it helps me to restore my perspective, and it allows me to realize that, but for the accidents of our individual fates, and because of certain personal choices of my own, any one of you might well be standing here struggling to reduce the mystery of our experience to an order of words. I am honored to be here, but I assure you that there are pressures that go with the honor. And all the more so because I am at home, where there are so many in this audience who know from whence I come, and who appreciate the irony of how unlikely—given my temperament, or intemperance—my role really is. . . .

" 'Geography is fate,' as someone has said. And certainly this is true for Oklahomans. The outcome of that nation-

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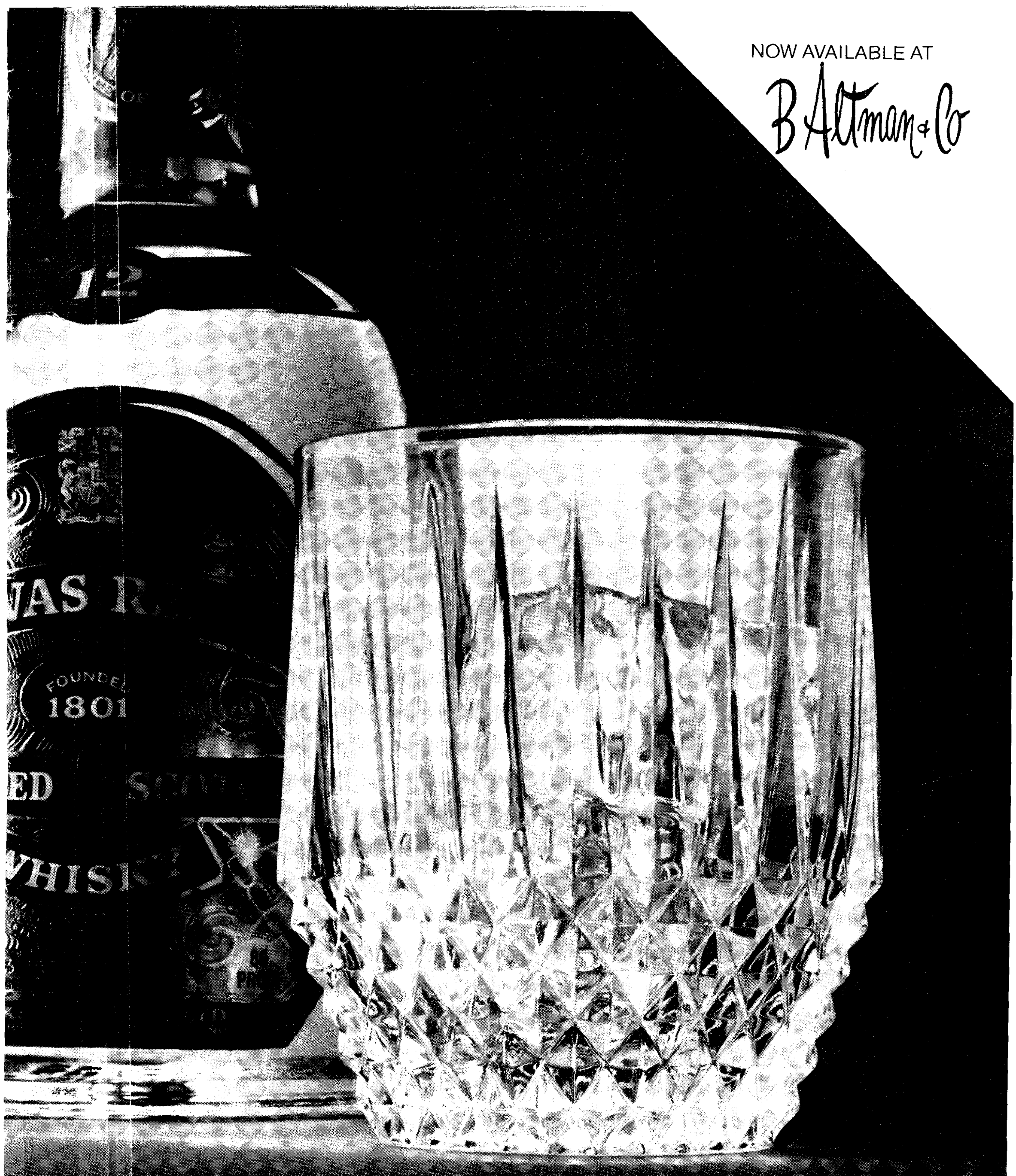

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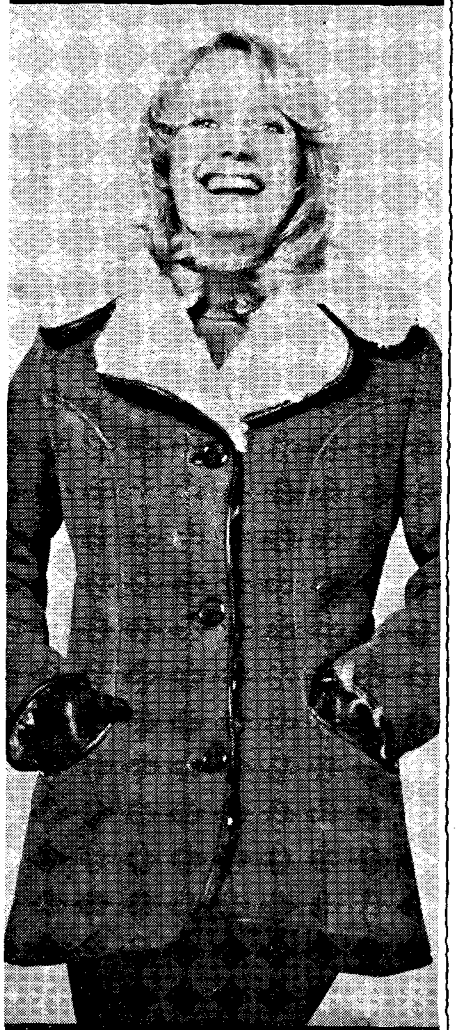

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al tragedy the Civil War brought the parents of many of us, both black and white, to the Oklahoma territory, seeking a new beginning. This I see as their enactment of a strongly held American proposition that men make their own fate through the humanization of geography and by the concerted assertion of their human will. At any rate, our forefathers collected here, and strove anew to make manifest the American Dream. They came from many places, with many philosophies, and with conflicting interpretations of the democratic compact which our nation's founding fathers had made with history.

"It was not until I was a young man and a writer that I realized I was born into a state that at the time was only six years old. It is most astonishing; for, to my young eyes, Oklahoma appeared to have been here forever. . . . But, like most Americans, I was ignorant of American history. I did know, however, that historical events which had gone before my time were very much operative in our daily lives on the East Side. And I knew, too, that there were special forces which bore down upon Afro-American Oklahomans—most of whom were from the South, no more than forty years from slavery, and hardly twenty-five years from the terrible events which accompanied the end of the Reconstruction. I knew also that there were adults in the Negro community who knew the historical time of day; and that even the unlettered among them possessed an unshakable belief in the power of language to make men truly free. They voiced it in classrooms, they associated it with the word of God from the pulpit, they projected it in barbershops, pool halls, and on popular forums—and especially, on rainy days, at the drugstore.

"I shall be ever awed by, and thankful for, the honor you've bestowed upon me today. And I have no doubt that within these walls other writers—black, white, Indian—will emerge. And, if so, it will be because the library is a place where a child or an adult can make a connection between the rich oral tradition which we have inherited from the past and the literary rendering of American experience that is to be found in the library. This function of language makes it possible for men and women to project the future, control their environment. It offers feedback. This goes on, and will continue to go on as long as men can utter words, or use symbolic gestures. What we have to worry about is the maintenance and enlargement of the library. It is no accident that Fascists despise and fear books. They burn libraries. Why? Because the library is a nexus of dreams. The library is a place where we are able to free ourselves from the limitations of today by becoming acquainted with what went on in the past—and thus project ourselves into the future."

THAT night, Ellison's classmates took him and his wife out dancing. This was back at the Faculty House, where the day had begun over brunch. An Oklahoma City jazz combo played some of the tunes that Ellison and his schoolmates had danced to when they were younger. The band's vocalist sang a few of the blues numbers that were popular in the late twenties and early thirties. On the dance floor, Ellison, a fine dancer, proved what he has always claimed—that he can stomp and riff with the best of his contemporaries.

The reunion ended on Sunday morning, after a memorial service at the Calvary Baptist Church, not far from Ellison's old neighborhood near Deep Second. The Douglass graduates were eulogized from the pulpit, and mentioned in prayers. The service ended with the singing of the hymn that begins, "Be not dismayed, whate'er betide, God will take care of you." Coming out of the church, Ellison was surrounded by people reaching for his hand, saying goodbye. He paused on the church steps, slung a powerful-looking Nikon camera around his neck, and began taking pictures of his old friends. The Nikon is one of the three or four cameras he owns, photography being one of his many hobbies.

Ellison is a fiend for electronics. As a boy, he learned to build crystal sets by reading *Popular Mechanics* and *American Boy* magazines. In the late nineteen-forties, he supported himself partly by building and selling hi-fi equipment. His apartment has an elaborate stereo system and a set of digital clocks, which he built mostly by himself. It also has a large library and a collection of Romare Bearden's paintings, some based on jazz. Ellison is an avid bird-watcher, both at his country house, in Plainfield, which was rebuilt after the fire that destroyed his manuscript, and at his New York City apartment, looking out across Riverside Park and the Hudson River. Up in Plainfield, he spends the early morning hours looking for woodchucks, bird-watching, and gardening—the poet Richard Wilbur, who owns a place

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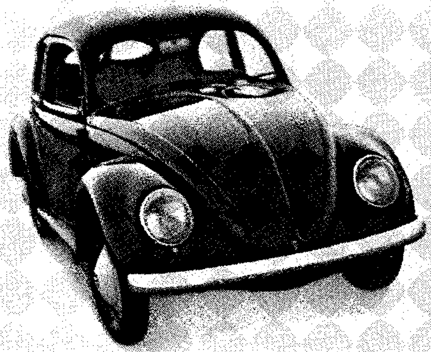

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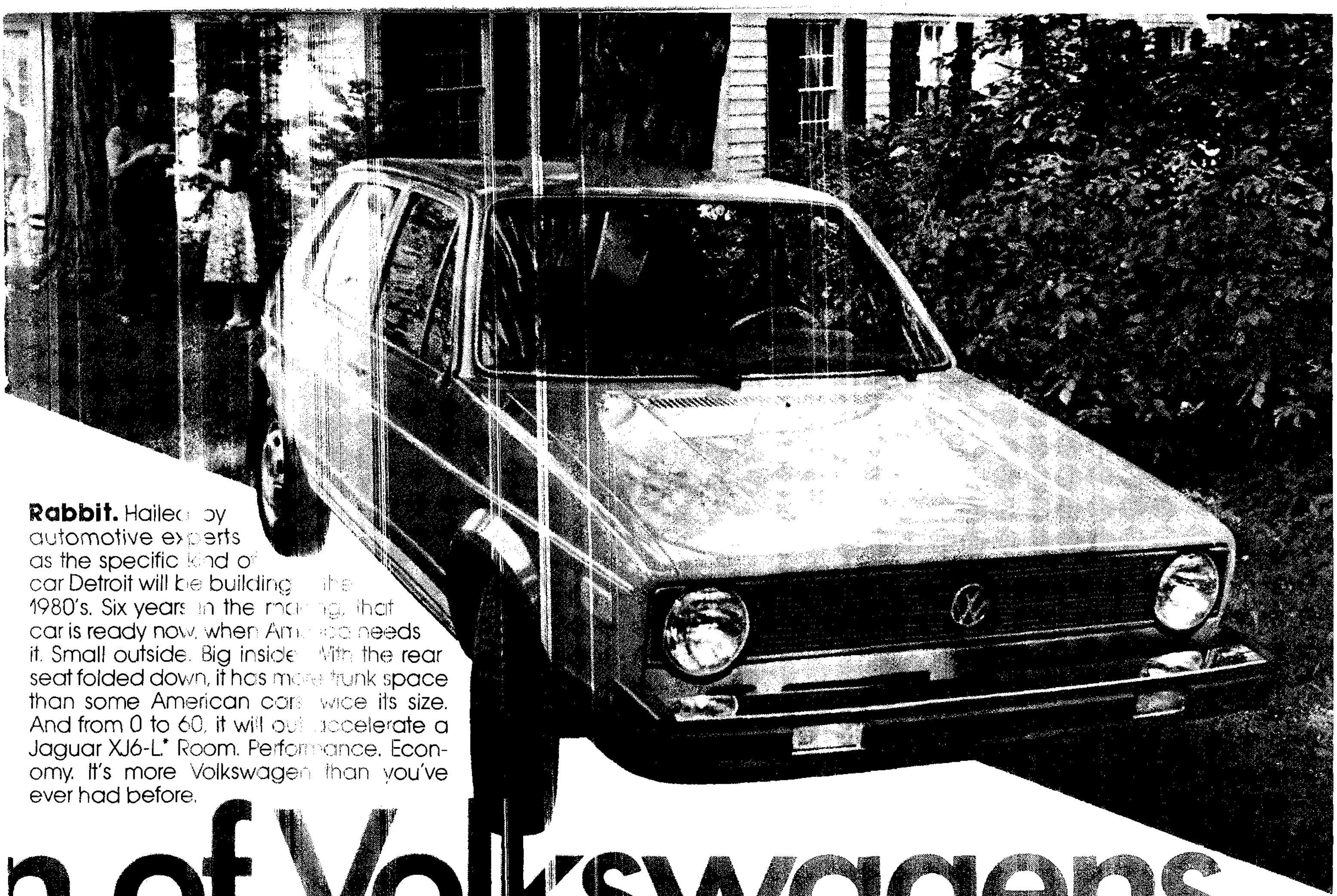

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nearby, and who also loves to work the land, having shown him how to put in a garden. When Ellison is in New York, a typical day for him begins around six. He likes, in his words, "to rise with the dawn light." His wife rises somewhat later. After making coffee and toast for himself, he tunes in, at six-thirty, to "Sunrise Semester," an educational program that is televised over CBS under the supervision of New York University, where Ellison has taught since 1970 on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons. At seven, he stays tuned for the "CBS Morning News" with Hughes Rudd, whose dry delivery and wry observations on the news Ellison admires. When Rudd leaves the air, at eight, Ellison attends to the houseplants. By nine, he repairs to his study, and begins jotting down ideas he will be working on during the day. These may be ideas for his novel, for an essay, or for a speech. He starts writing shortly thereafter, and, if it is going well, writes until four or four-thirty in the afternoon. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays, when he teaches at N.Y.U., the schedule may vary somewhat. He may not write on those mornings, but may spend the hours between nine and eleven going over his notes and preparing his lectures. Soon after midday, he leaves his apartment, and rides the Seventh Avenue subway downtown to the university's Washington Square campus. There, until four, he teaches a course called "Fiction and Democracy," which traces, among other themes, the development of the American language in projecting what Ellison calls "the Americanness of the American experience." After four, he rides the subway back to his home, unwinds over a Martini or two, watches the six-o'clock news, and dines at around six-thirty. He then talks on the telephone, attends to whatever correspondence his wife has not already dealt with, does some reading, and retires by nine-thirty or ten. In bed, he may read light fiction (especially mysteries) and listen to jazz or classical music—unless there is an old John Ford Western on television, Ford being one of his favorite directors.

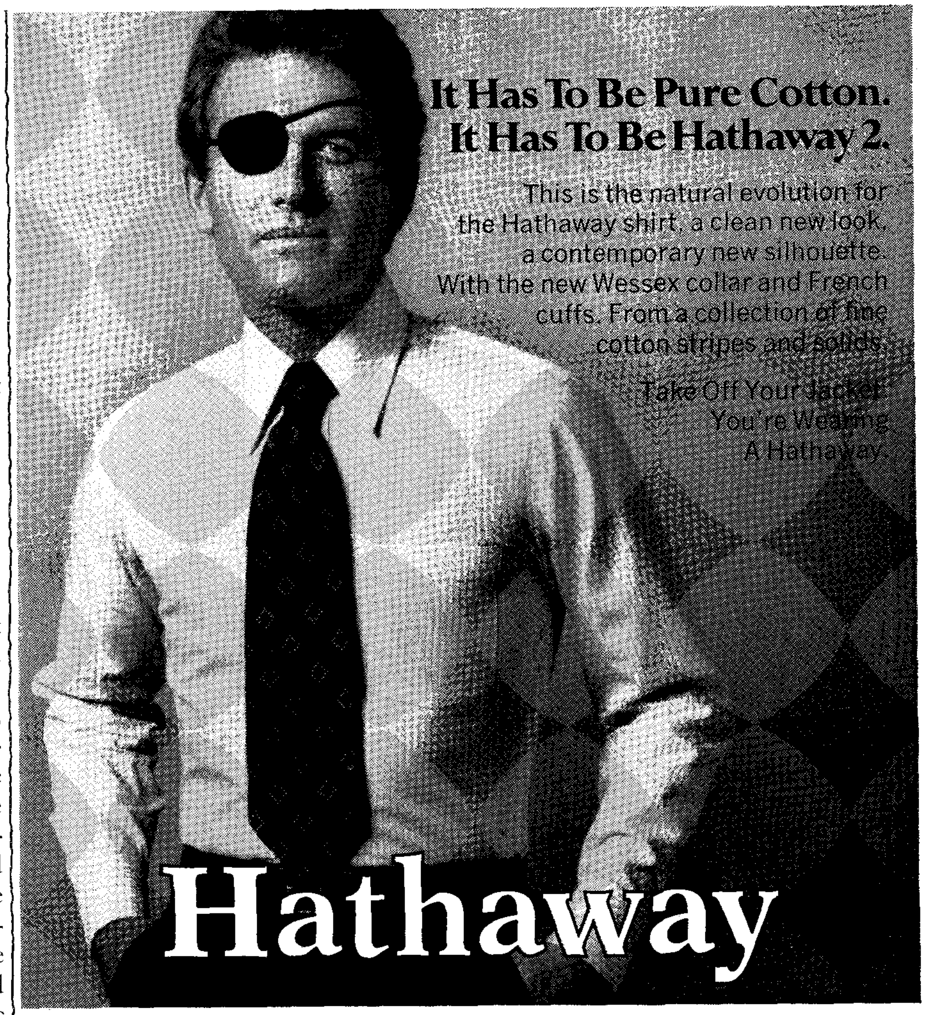
After snapping his last photograph and saying his last goodbye outside the Calvary Baptist Church, in Oklahoma City, Ellison, along with his wife and me, got into Jimmy Stewart's Lincoln Continental for the ride back to the Lincoln Plaza Inn. The sky was a pure blue—hardly a cloud in it, and not a hint of smog. The roof lines of Oklahoma City are so low compared with

New York City's and they afforded such a sweeping view of the horizon in almost every direction that the city seemed literally under an inverted bowl—one of broad expanse and striking cleanness. The city's population is rather small for a place of its size. Traffic was light. The streets were relatively quiet, like those of a small town where almost everybody goes to church on Sunday or spends the day relaxing on the front porch.

Some of this may have helped to put Jimmy Stewart in a relaxed and expansive mood. Driving along at moderate speed, he kept throwing his head to right and left as he called the Ellisons' attention to points of interest along the way. One of these was the office of the *Black Dispatch*, Oklahoma City's first black newspaper. Stewart venerates the *Dispatch* and worships the memory of Roscoe Dunjee, the man who founded it in 1915. Dunjee, who died in 1965 at the age of eighty-one, was a crusading editor and the most famous civil-rights advocate in the history of Oklahoma. In the late nineteen-twenties and early thirties, he led the city's blacks in resisting restrictive covenants that barred them from owning property in certain of its all-white areas. Without Dunjee's leadership and the aggressive editorial support of his newspaper, the campaign, which was marked at times by violence and bloodshed, might well have failed.

Ellison said that the *Dispatch* was one of the papers he sold on the streets of Oklahoma City when he was a boy. He also recalled that in 1934, while he was away at Tuskegee, his mother had been one of the ringleaders in the movement to break the restrictive covenants, often by attempting to occupy apartments or houses in the forbidden areas. "They threw her in jail over and over again," Ellison said, laughing. "But every time they arrested her, Roscoe Dunjee went down, bailed her out, and sent her right back to resist the covenants again."

Stewart drove past the grounds of the capitol buildings. Nearby were oil pumps, working away on a serene Sunday forenoon. Stewart passed them without comment or notice, but the sight of oil pumps in the very shadow of the buildings where government went on was enough to stir humility and envy in a visitor from New York City. Ellison pointed out that the oil under the capitol buildings extended eastward to land that had not been considered of much value in his childhood and had been purchased by blacks. In the nineteen-twenties, when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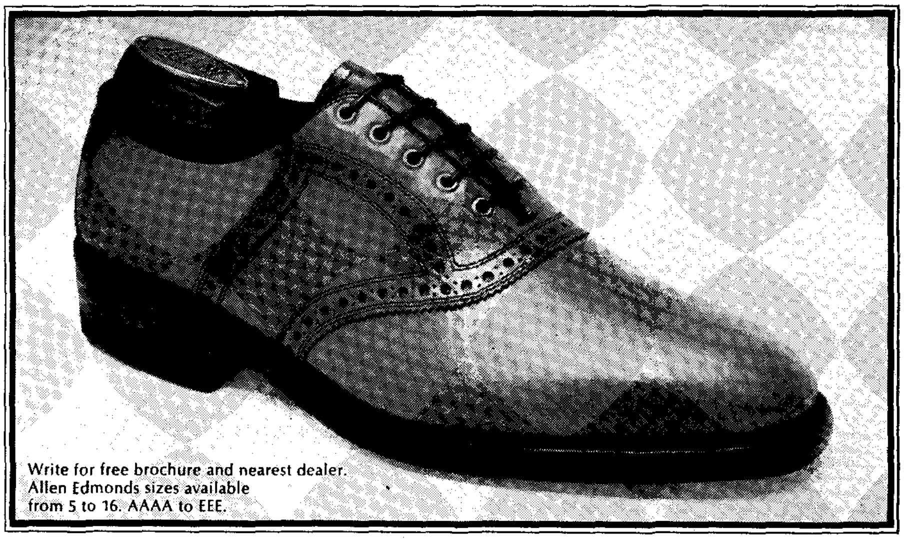
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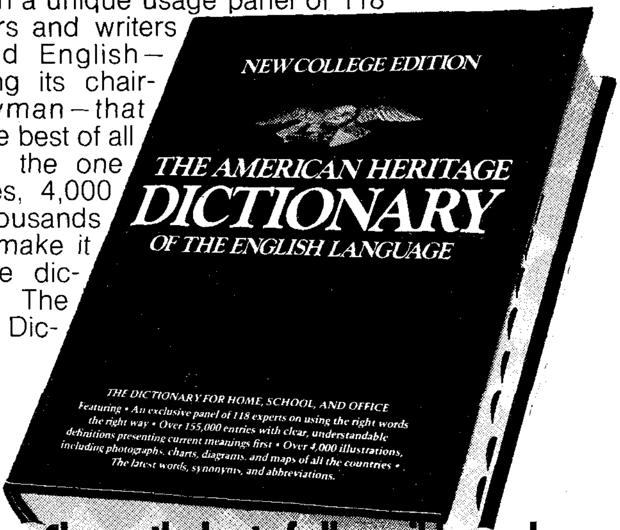
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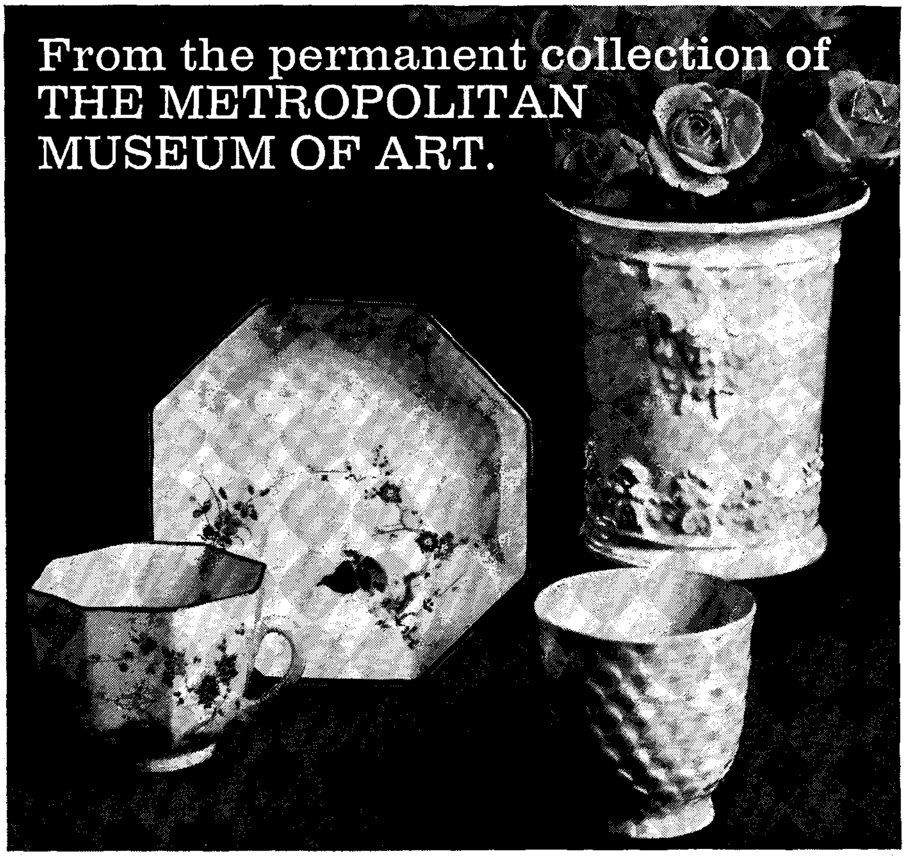
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the oil was discovered, blacks who owned property above the oil were able to lease it at considerable profit. But, after doing so, many of them had nowhere else to go. The East Side was already overcrowded. And until Roscoe Dunjee's campaign began to meet with some success, they were barred from living elsewhere in the city. After Jimmy Stewart deposited his passengers at the Lincoln Plaza Inn, he drove on over to his quiet, tree-lined neighborhood, where no black Oklahoman could have lived when he and Ellison were boys.

FANNY ELLISON is an attractive, light-skinned woman in her late fifties. She is small, looks rather delicate, and speaks in a fragile, high-pitched timbre. Ladylike, she handles strangers with a nice mixture of reticence and civility. Like her husband, she is given to occasional bursts of hearty laughter and animated chatter. But on the whole she seems the sort of person who keeps back a lot of opinions. One matter on which she speaks freely is the fact that she thinks her husband talks too much—by which she means he can't resist giving his time to people who talk too much. She may also mean that he would be better off putting his talk into his work. When they are out together and her husband is being lionized, she keeps in the background. But after a while she begins to indicate to him—with facial signals that married couples understand between themselves—that it may be time for him to break things up and move on. Ellison is amused by his wife's opinion that he talks too much, but he agrees with her. And though he may not always respond right away to what her face signals, he relies on her presence as a control on the way he spends the conversational time of day.

Fanny Ellison was clearly tired when Jimmy Stewart let us off at the Lincoln Plaza Inn. She was also relieved that the weekend was almost over. But, perhaps sensing that her husband had something further to say to me about the Oklahoma frontier, she allowed me to visit their suite for a few more minutes of his time. Ellison brought out a couple of cigars, handed me one, and settled down comfortably on a couch. Handling his cigar with ease and skill, he looked closely at me—while appearing not to be doing so—as if to see whether I had similar assurance. I formed the impression that he was both relieved and disappointed to find that I offered him no great contest in the control of a cigar.

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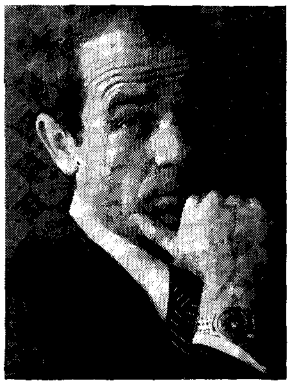

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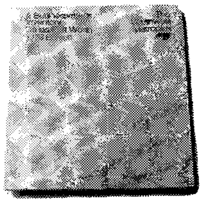

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tier—the movement from the East to the West and Southwest—was not simply a geographical movement," Ellison said. "It was also a movement toward a more vernacular American character. When I say vernacular, I don't mean the vulgar. I mean the intermixing of traditional styles and perspectives, in response to the experience of extending the nation geographically. These styles and perspectives were affected by climate, but more so by their distance from the centers of American taste—or whatever taste Americans had developed out of Europe as they built the nation. America began to take on this special character as the nation built up Chicago, the Middle West, St. Louis, and so on. It is no accident that Mark Twain should have come out of Missouri, and should have had an association with the Mississippi, the great highway around which the integration of values and styles was taking place. So the farther out you got, you knew you weren't in the East but you didn't worry about it. F. Scott Fitzgerald makes the point about how people in Minnesota, even in Chicago, were responding to the East. But out here in Oklahoma we were not responding. We had not been here so long. We were very young. For instance, we didn't give a damn about what kind of jazz they were playing in the East, because we had swing—what we called 'stomp music.' Around 1936, people started saying that Benny Goodman invented swing. But we had developed it. So here you had a vernacular American style being influenced not by a movement from the East but by a movement out of the Southwest.

"There is another thing—the provincialism of certain New Yorkers. They have never been out this way. They don't know all the differences that make up a unified nation. I was shocked, when I went to live in New York, to find—after all the hymns of praise to the greater freedom—that people in Harlem did not go to the opera, they did not attend concerts, they didn't go to Carnegie Hall, they didn't go to the museums, and so on. And very often they didn't read the books, didn't read the magazines. These I had read as a boy, because I was a lover of the library, and because my mother worked in literate homes and brought us magazines like *Vanity Fair*. When I met Fanny, who was raised in Colorado and Chicago, she had saved up copies of the same magazine. At different times, in different places, we

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had been reading the same magazine. So out here in Oklahoma, when you were young you were responding to certain possibilities, and identifying with them—without the loss of any sense that you were black or that you were limited politically."

Ellison was married once before. But the marriage failed, partly because his wife's parents had little respect for writing as a vocation and did not see it as a reliable or responsible means of making a living. His present wife, the former Fanny McConnell, has always felt drawn to the world of writing. Born in Louisville, Kentucky, she grew up in Pueblo, Colorado, and in Chicago, and attended Fisk University, in Nashville, Tennessee. At Fisk, she worked as a secretary for the late James Weldon Johnson, the poet and diplomat, who was one of the founders of the N.A.A.C.P. She had written to Johnson expressing an interest in writing, and asking his help in obtaining a fellowship or a job. Johnson hired her as his secretary, and later got her a fellowship to the University of Iowa, where she studied drama and speech. When she graduated from Iowa, she returned to Chicago and organized a small theatre group.

"I met Ralph after I had moved to New York, in 1944, and married him in 1946," she told me during a talk we had in Oklahoma City. "He and I had a mutual friend, who kept telling me about Ralph's wonderful library. I adored books. And writing *had* been my first love. Ralph and I spoke on the phone, and we decided to meet in front of Frank's Restaurant, on a Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. He told me what the color of his coat would be, and I told him what the color of my dress would be. I was conscious of the financial aspect of the meeting. After all, he was a writer, and I didn't know what his financial position was. So I ordered chicken à la king, which is not the best thing to order in restaurants. And, not wanting to embarrass me, Ralph ordered the same thing. I had begun to feel, before I met Ralph, that I wasn't a writer. After I met him, I was convinced I wasn't. I did not have the sustaining power or the memory. However, Ralph still thinks I should write."

Before taking leave of the Ellisons, I asked what his feelings were about having played the central part in the events of the weekend. "Well," he said, after staring for a moment at his cigar, "I have to maintain a sense of proportion about it. The whole thing was a general communal experience. But

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someone had to be the focal point, and it fell to me. On occasions like this, you have to discount, very consciously, the nice things people are saying about you—while by no means losing the feeling of appreciation. But mostly I have a great feeling of regret that some of the people who were most helpful to me, and had such faith in me when I was growing up, were not here—people like old J. D. Randolph and my mother. I was never able to do anything for my mother. I really didn't see my mother alive after 1935, when I came home from Tuskegee for the summer. After that summer, she moved to Ohio, and the following year I moved to New York. In 1937, she was dying. She had fallen off the back porch and cracked a hip. The physician, without giving her an X-ray, diagnosed it as arthritis. She died from tuberculosis of the hip. Remembering such negligence on the part of that doctor, how can I, as my mother's son, not stress the value of mastering one's craft? So to have had some recognition in my town, in her town, and her not being here—that is the sad part. I don't feel any sense of triumph. As a novelist, I'm much too disciplined to irony."

At this point, Fanny Ellison stood up. It was time for the conversation to end.

ON my way to the airport the following day, I found myself passing through the East Side, and asked the taxi-driver to stop by the Randolph drugstore, on Deep Second. I ran in to say goodbye to Taylor Randolph, who detained me for some final comments. "You know," he said, "even as a boy, Ralph was a hell of a self-made fellow. He never had time for foolishness, outside of cracking a joke every now and then. Whenever you saw him, he had music sheets or a book under his arm. I am proud of what he has turned out to be. Very, very proud. I'd compare him with any outstanding Negro who came out of Oklahoma City. In fact, I'd put him No. 1. Not only because he was born in our house but because of what he had to go through to make himself."

—JERVIS ANDERSON

•

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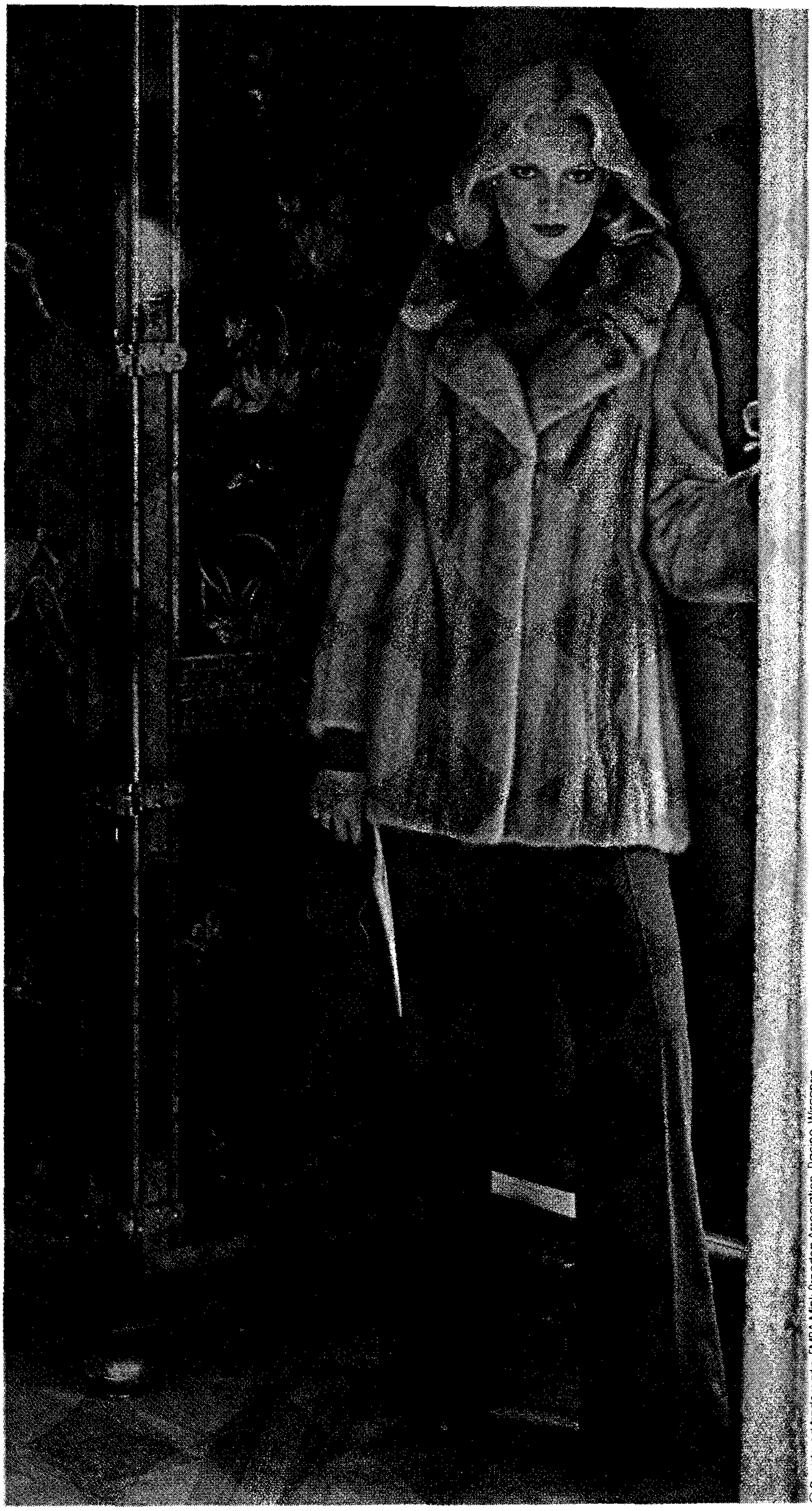

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THE THEATRE

A NIGHTCAP AND AFTER

MUCH of the pleasure we take in a performance of sleight-of-hand springs from the performer's seeming eagerness to withhold nothing from his audience. He invites us—commands us—to watch him closely, and we are careful to do so, though always in vain. Furling his cuffs, he displays the backs and palms of his hands and spreads his fingers wide for our inspection; it is plain that there is no room for concealment anywhere, and yet the air will be suddenly alive with coins, playing cards, silk handkerchiefs. Moreover, the conjurer's materials are, or appear to be, as modest and matter-of-fact as his methods; we observe that he can make do with anything. He lights an ordinary cigarette, takes a puff or two, thrusts the cigarette slowly and firmly into one of his ears, and a moment later draws it slowly and firmly out his other ear; a wisp of smoke curls upward. The conjurer's feat is to make us simultaneously believe and disbelieve the evidence of our senses.

This is a feat of the dramatist as well. Several of the most gifted playwrights now writing in English—one thinks at once of Beckett and Stoppard, but especially of Pinter—practice a form of verbal prestidigitation; they lacerate and enchant us by giving us a choice between believing that they have told us everything and believing that they have told us nothing. Pinter is very much the smiling conjurer; his materials and methods appear so modest and matter-of-fact that his plays often give a first impression of being a series of loosely tied-together improvisations. It is his magicianly manipulation of the merest handful of props that causes us to feel astonishment, delight, and a certain measure of dread in his presence. For his smile is not to be trusted, and the dread he evokes is genuine and inescapable: some threat of evil tidings, and perhaps also of evil endings, emerges from his insouciantly prankish stagecraft.

Cardinal Newman wrote that all mankind is implicated in some vast primordial catastrophe. In Pinter's latest play, "No Man's Land," at the Longacre, he takes this line and twists it amusingly out of shape, but the words go on casting an undiminished dark shadow over us. The play is continuously comic and continuously charged with foreboding; there are echoes of Eliot in it as well as of Newman. (Born a Jewish Cockney, Pinter unexpectedly takes a gloomy upper-class Anglican view of man as a fallen creature. He is a witty playwright but not a merry one; there is scarcely any Dickens in him.) The play's title, like all Pinter's titles, tells precisely what the play is about, and more than once in the course of it Pinter hints that his no man's land, like Eliot's waste land, is not a place that we are approaching but a place that we have already reached and have failed to recognize. Icy and silent and without love, it is not a destination but a doom.

"No Man's Land" flagrantly lacks incident, to say nothing of plot. (The conjurer smartly rolls up his sleeves and begins.) Two elderly Londoners named Hirst and Spooner have picked each other up in a pub off Hampstead Heath. They are both purportedly heterosexual; at any rate, they have, or have had, wives. Hirst is a rich, celebrated, well-turned-out man of letters; Spooner is a failed poet, shabby and proud and waspish and abject. Hirst having invited Spooner back to his luxurious house for a nightcap, they sit drinking and talking, drinking and talking, until in the early hours Hirst begins to pass out. He falls to the floor and on his hands and knees crawls, evidently finding himself not for the first time in such a predicament, out of the room. So ends Act I. In Act II, it is morning; Hirst's butler, Briggs, serves Spooner a splendid breakfast of scrambled eggs and champagne, and Hirst's secretary, Foster, engages him in conversation. (In Pinter's world, servants and other underlings are always filled with menace; the ominous likelihood is that they will prove to be overlings.) Hirst comes briskly into the room and, to our bewilderment, hails Spooner as a comrade of his Oxford days. Once again they talk and drink, talk and drink. Has Hirst failed to remember the Spooner of the night before, or has he erred in thinking that he remembers him now? Is Spooner being toyed with by Hirst, Foster, and Briggs, or is he toying with them? We are never to learn; the play ends not because its structure requires it to do so but because the magician judges that enough time has passed to satisfy his professional sense of having given an audience full value. Drunken Hirst proposes a toast to no man's land, the stage darkens, and the curtain comes down.

Who would guess from that bleak précis that "No Man's Land" is a marvellous play, fascinating from first word to last? I assure you that this is the case; it is Pinter's enviable talent to make superlative bricks without straw, and sometimes, indeed, almost without clay. The present production is, not to mince words, perfection. Hirst and Spooner are played by Ralph Richardson and John Gielgud, and it is impossible to imagine that cleverer or more winning performances will be given in any play this year. How they relish their skills, those two! Pinter has given them superb bibulous nonsense to speak and still more superb pauses in which to gather the strength to utter further nonsense. In their small roles, Terence Rigby as Briggs and Michael Kitchen as Foster play a worthy accompaniment to Richardson and Gielgud. The single set is by John Bury, and the direction is by Peter Hall. The engagement ends on December 4th; if need be, trade your Maserati for a pair of tickets. You won't be sorry.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

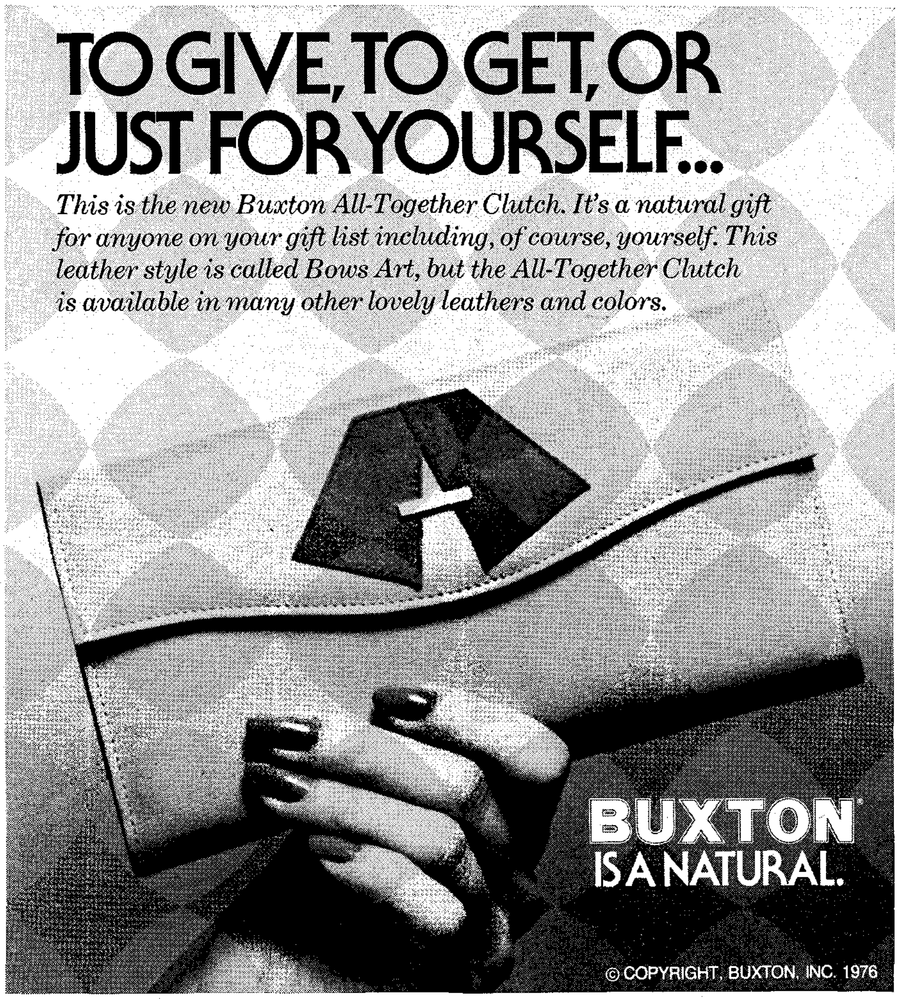
Prince of Dreams

THE Chelsea Theatre Center of Brooklyn deserves our thanks—in the first place, for existing, of course, and now for having had the enterprise to revive Heinrich von Kleist's "The Prince of Homburg," which is running at Theatre Four, one of its Manhattan outlets. The Chelsea also—and regrettably—deserves a kick in the pants for doing it so poorly, time after time missing its style and tone. The play was written by Kleist in 1811, the year he committed suicide, at the age of thirty-four, and even through the frail translation, by James Kirkup, it is surprising. The translation is an uncomfortable mixture of the semi-colloquial ("Heavens above, man!" and "He wouldn't lift a finger now to save you") and the semi-demi-poetic ("flaw in the diamond of victory"). The themes of this curious drama are heroism and heroics, dreams, love and the other feelings that tear a man apart, life and death, and war and its disciplines, and there is a strain of irony (most of it ignored in the current performance) that runs beneath them all, and hint after hint of humor (most of it bypassed).

The setting is the court of the Elector of Brandenburg, who is waging a war with Sweden. The Prince is the Elector's general of cavalry. A highly romantic young man, he is a perfect dupe for the practical joke that is played upon him and that lies at the root of the story. It's a tiresome, plotty business involving a laurel wreath woven by the Prince while half asleep and abstracted by the Elector, who gives it to his beautiful niece, Princess Natalia, who—Oh, never mind. In any event, the Prince spends most of the play in and out of dreamland. During a pre-battle briefing, he is so inattentive that he misses an important order to wait for a specific cue before charging with his cavalry. In the battle, he charges too soon, thereby winning the day but so incurring the Elector's displeasure that he is court-martialled and condemned to death for disobeying orders. His emotions when he is faced with death—his terror, on the one hand, reducing him to a sobbing, cringing wreck, and his romantic idealism, on the other, making him refuse a pardon when it is granted—are complex (and comic). However, all ends happily, you may be sure.

Poor Frank Langella, who was so good as the lizard in Edward Albee's "Seascape," does as well as could be expected, I guess, as the Prince in this deplorable production, where everyone else sounds as moonstruck as he does, and far more declamatory. The other performances vary in quality, though none of them is particularly impressive. I must add that the deportment of almost everyone at the royal court is shocking.

EDGAR WHITE's "The Defense," at the New Federal, is a truly poetic evocation of the lower East Side and its heterogeneous population—Southern and local American blacks, Chinese, Puerto Ricans, West Indians. The play, which was originally done at the Eugene O'Neill Theatre Center, in Waterford, Connecticut, last summer, is constructed of many small scenes and blackouts. The setting is an East River housing project and its environs, and the story concerns a West Indian, named Dread, who is a guard at the project. Dread's nights are made hell-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ish by his visions of death and of a trial in which people are judging him, and in the course of the action he goes from person to person seeking some sort of interpretation or reassurance or comfort. "I not scared, but I scared," he tells his sister, a practical nurse in a psychiatric ward, presumably at Bellevue. There is no comfort—not from his loving godmother, or the loving young woman he lives with (who is pregnant with his child), or a Puerto Rican gambler at his stand outside the project, or another young woman he sleeps with from time to time, or his fellow-guard, or his Cousin Sutton, a rich, bustling gynecologist ("Cousin Sutton a creep," he says, truthfully), or a friend of his from home. Dread, who has been given a gun to wear by the white landlord of the project, uses it on a burglar with a knife, and it is then, when he learns he must indeed stand trial, that he realizes that the danger he has been fleeing lies within himself. This skimpy outline barely does justice to the imaginative, overflowing, yet firmly constructed play, which teems with character and color and ideas and feelings and comedy and tragedy. Mr. White has opened up a world and made it his own.

That every moment of the production is effective and clear reflects great credit on its director, Dennis Scott, himself a poet and playwright. The acting ranges from first-rate to satisfactory. Lou Ferguson, turbulent yet easygoing, frightened yet strong, mystified yet calm—an amiable loner—is the very embodiment of the paradoxical Dread (and, in a sense, of the whole play). Also very good are Rosanna Carter, as Dread's godmother; Marie Thomas, doubling as his woman and Sutton's wife; Deatra Lambert, as his sister; Walter Jones, as the fellow-guard at the project; Mila Conway, doubling as a Puerto Rican firebrand and a madwoman; Leonard Sragow, as the landlord; and Lori Tan Chinn, as the landlord's self-contained, humorous Chinese secretary. The music that is played between and under the scenes was composed by the dramatist. "The Defense" will remain at the New Federal only through November 21st, but it is certain to spring up somewhere else later on.

—EDITH OLIVER

• •

LITTLE ODE FOR X

Sometimes I call X nostalgia.
My mother telephones her fear of snow
caving the roof in; she hired a man
who rakes it off every time, but today
he's sick & so my mother paces room
after room, watching the ceiling . . .
When she hangs up, I imagine
her face resembling the crisp fly wing
stuck on the storm window, or her raisins
heated in pans until they dry out,
although their bitterness ruins cakes.
Last night a child threw a stone
hard against my front door. That's X, too,
for I've no father to chase him away.
Now I find the stone on the step,
milk crystal so strange I wash
my hands over & over in the kitchen sink,
afraid the child soaked it for hours
in poison from his Christmas chemistry set.
X is the fifth time a friend says no
to dinner, preferring to polish heirloom
silverware until the garland handles gleam,
or my brother's letter from Florida
describing a fight with his third wife.
That feeling of ants in my father's chest,
red fighters circling his heart that night
he sat up in bed, sure of death;
that's X, the specific hum of blood
beating against a clot in my mother's leg.
I hold a mirror behind my own knees,
touching the blue tubes running like roots
into my body, finally an equation for X,
as it, too, now grows by subtraction.

—MAURA STANTON

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JAZZ

New York Notes

SEPTEMBER 14TH: It took the bass fiddle forty years to move beyond being a timekeeper, a purveyor of quarter notes, a plugger of chinks in the rhythm section. The first bassist to break this bondage, to dare to improvise on his instrument (pizzicato and arco), was Jimmy Blanton, who was born in Chattanooga around 1920 and died of tuberculosis in California in 1942. Blanton was discovered by Duke Ellington late in 1939 and stayed with the band until late 1941, when he could no longer play. In that brief time, Ellington ennobled Blanton and his instrument. He starred them in concerti like "Jack the Bear" and "Bojangles" as well as in the highly unconventional duets that he recorded with Blanton—"Pitter Panther Patter," "Mr. J. B. Blues," "Sophisticated Lady," and "Body and Soul." Ellington must also have made sure that Blanton was properly recorded, whether he soloed or not, for his big tone and easy, generous melodic lines move like rivers through every record they did together. Ellington handled Blanton's arrival with his customary things-will-work-themselves-out aplomb. He writes of Blanton in his autobiography, "Music Is My Mistress":

> He was a sensation. . . . We had to have him . . . although our bass man at the time [and for the previous four years] was Billy Taylor, one of the ace foundation-and-beat men on the instrument. So there I was with two basses! It went along fine until we got to Boston, where we were playing the Southland Cafe. Right in the middle of a set, Billy Taylor packed up his bass and said, "I'm not going to stand up here next to that young boy playing all that bass and be embarrassed." He left the stand, left us with Jimmy Blanton, and went on out the front door.

Blanton's playing was classic. Despite his enormous tone, each note was complete and clear. His phrasing had a spare, declarative ring, and his silences were as important as his notes. He courageously adopted a hornlike approach to his instrument—that is, he no longer just "walked" four beats to the bar but also played little melodies—and suddenly the jazz orchestra had a new melodic voice. Blanton's accompanying was discreet and forceful; he pushed the band and its soloists by playing a fraction ahead of the beat, but he never got tangled up in anybody's spokes. His measured hurrying had a beneficial effect on the Ellington band. Sonny Greer tended to play behind the beat, and a push-me, pull-you tension was created between Greer and Blanton which lifted the band noticeably and made it swing day in and day out for the first time. Blanton's brilliance was felt far beyond the band. Bass soloists appeared everywhere, and within the decade a whole class had assembled, among them Oscar Pettiford (who, joining Ellington, took up where Blanton left off), Wilbur Ware, Red Callender, Charles Mingus, Slam Stewart, George Duvivier, Milt Hinton, and John Simmons. (Blanton, of course, had been preceded by a host of strong bassists, known largely as accompanists, who included Billy Taylor, Hayes Alvis, Artie Bernstein, Israel Crosby, John Kirby, Pops Foster, and Wellman Braud.) Ray Brown and the undersung Red Mitchell followed, and they were succeeded by an outpouring of bassists that continues to this day. Among these are Richard Davis, Scott La Faro, Paul Chambers, Gary Peacock, Charlie Haden, Steve Swallow, Ron Carter, Eddie Gomez, Jay Leonhart, Lisle Atkinson, George Mraz, Buster Williams, Stanley Clarke, Dave Holland, and Michael Moore.

The stringed bass—the Fender bass is an electronic aberration—has become the dominant instrument of the decade. (The trumpet and clarinet were cokings in the thirties, the saxophone in the forties and fifties and early sixties, the drums in the late sixties. Next in line, after the bass, is the soprano saxophone.) But it has done so in a melodramatic, and even bullying, way. Stringed bassists, put off by the effortless BOOM BOOM BOOM of the Fender bass, have taken to amplifying their instruments, but they haven't learned how to handle electricity any better than electric guitarists, who had a thirty-five-year start. Almost without exception, they turn the volume up too high. The fibrous, twanging tones of the bass reverberate disastrously, and that causes the drummer and the horns to play louder, while the pianist, locked in by an invariably weak microphone and the decibel ceiling of the piano, disappears. The new bassists have become hypnotized by technique. They play dazzling runs, hammering double-stops, and engulfing guitarlike chords (the influence of Ravi Shankar), and they fool around ceaselessly with pitch, playing just under or just over the note, which gives them a sour, freakish sound. Their solos tend to be Wagnerian—full of bravado and swagger—and, more often than not, hoodwink audiences in the way that drum solos did when they were a novelty in the thirties. A resounding eighth-note run is good for a hand, and a couple of fast triplets will bring down the house. Their accompaniment consists of counter-melodies whose off-pitch notes and singsong, hand-over-hand attack detract rather than balance, distort rather than emphasize.

But several of the new bassists have

avoided this narcissism, and perhaps the best is Michael Moore. Moore came to New York eight years ago from Cincinnati, where he was born and attended the conservatory, and he has listened to La Faro, Swallow, Peacock, Stewart, Brown, and Mitchell—the tradition of Jimmy Blanton. Moore has a half-moon smile and a Sunday-school mien, and he plays with angelic fervor. He hovers lightly over his instrument (most of his colleagues drape themselves over their basses like collapsed parachutes), closes his eyes, and slams the door of concentration. He is a masterly technician, but his virtuosity is subordinate to his invention. He has perfected what Blanton, and then Pettiford and Mingus and Mitchell, set out to do—improvise complete and beautiful melodies of whatever length on the pizzicato bass. (Bowed bass is extremely difficult, and few jazz bassists have mastered it. Slam Stewart, who hums in octave unison with what he plays, is singularly adept, but many others have been intimidated by intonation problems, by the very awkwardness of bowing the bass, and by the instrument's grave and almost immobile tonal qualities. Symphonic bassists are no better off, but for a different reason. Although they play a great deal in ensembles, the literature for solo bass, like that for solo tuba, has only begun to be written.) Without resorting to double-stops or guitar flourishes or tonal jokes, Moore constructs lyrical passages of the highest order. The new bassists, in attempting to transcend their instrument, make it obtrude; Moore lifts his listeners into the realm of pure melody, where one is conscious not of notes being plucked but only of new and disembodied songs. Moore favors silence, and he has an unfailing and always surprising rhythmic sense. He catches you by starting phrases in odd places and by suddenly doubling his time. Where another bassist would use a connective triplet or an arpeggio, Moore rests. Each solo gleams and multiplies, like sunlight on water, and each is important, in the way that Sid Catlett's and Sonny Rollins' and Jim Hall's are. You sit very still when Moore plays.

Moore is appearing at the Bemelmans Bar with Marian McPartland once or twice a week, and tonight—their second night—turned out to be a brilliant and perhaps unwitting tussle. McPartland was in remarkable form: her runs were like sheet steel, her single-note rhythmic passages cantered, and her harmonies were layered and tropical. Moore's accompaniment was mod-

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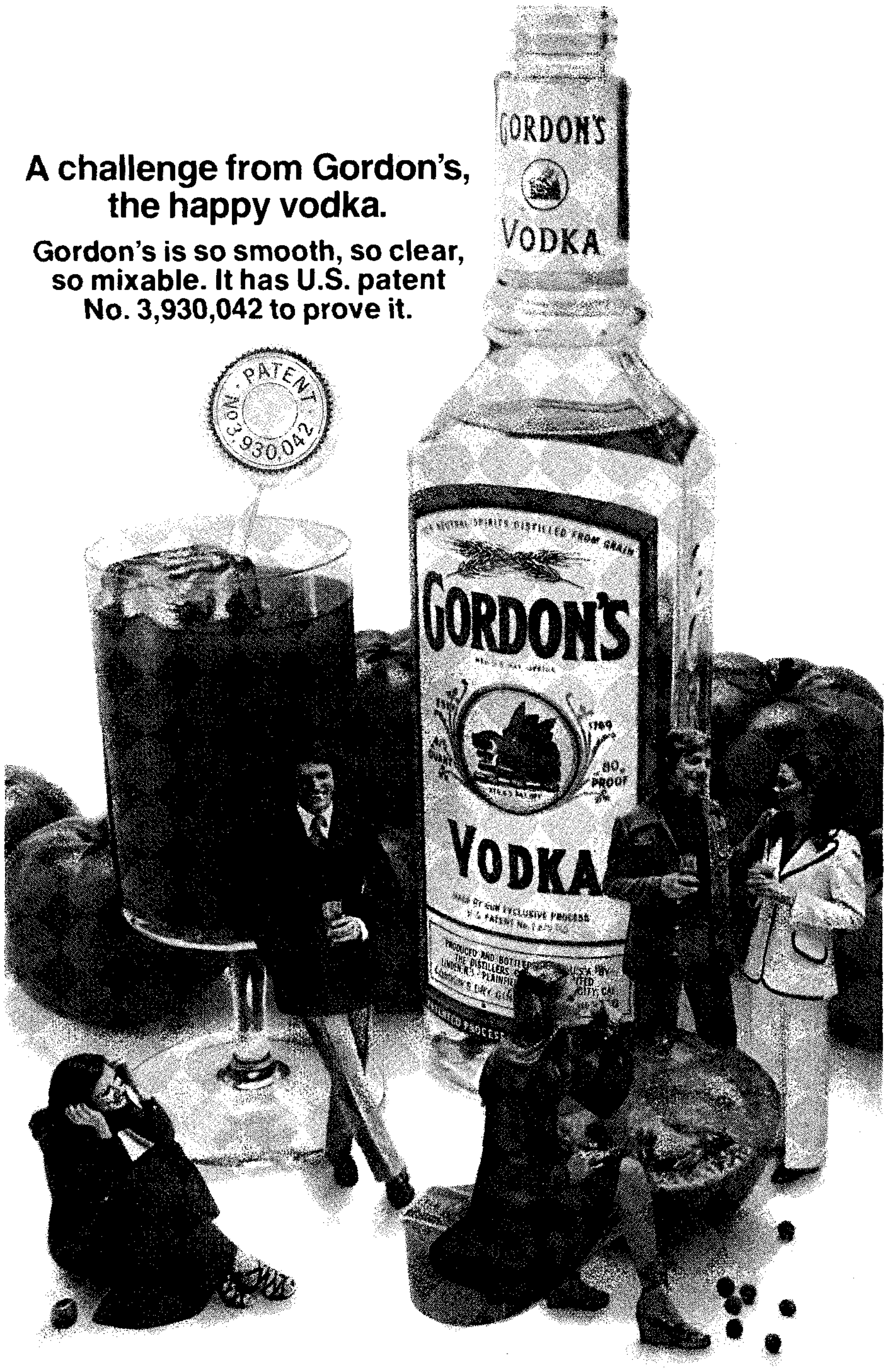

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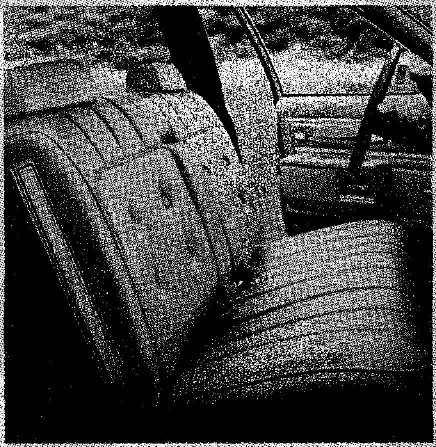

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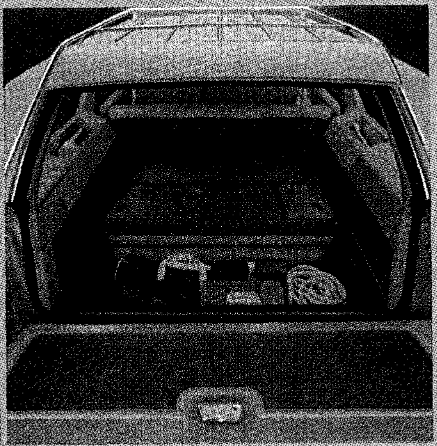

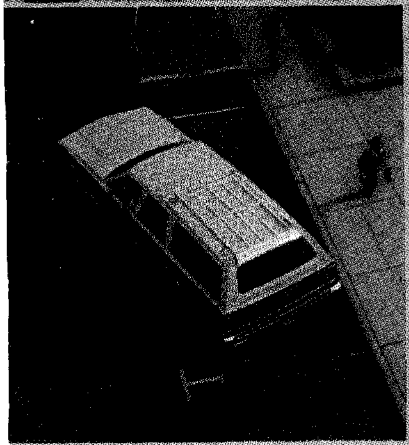

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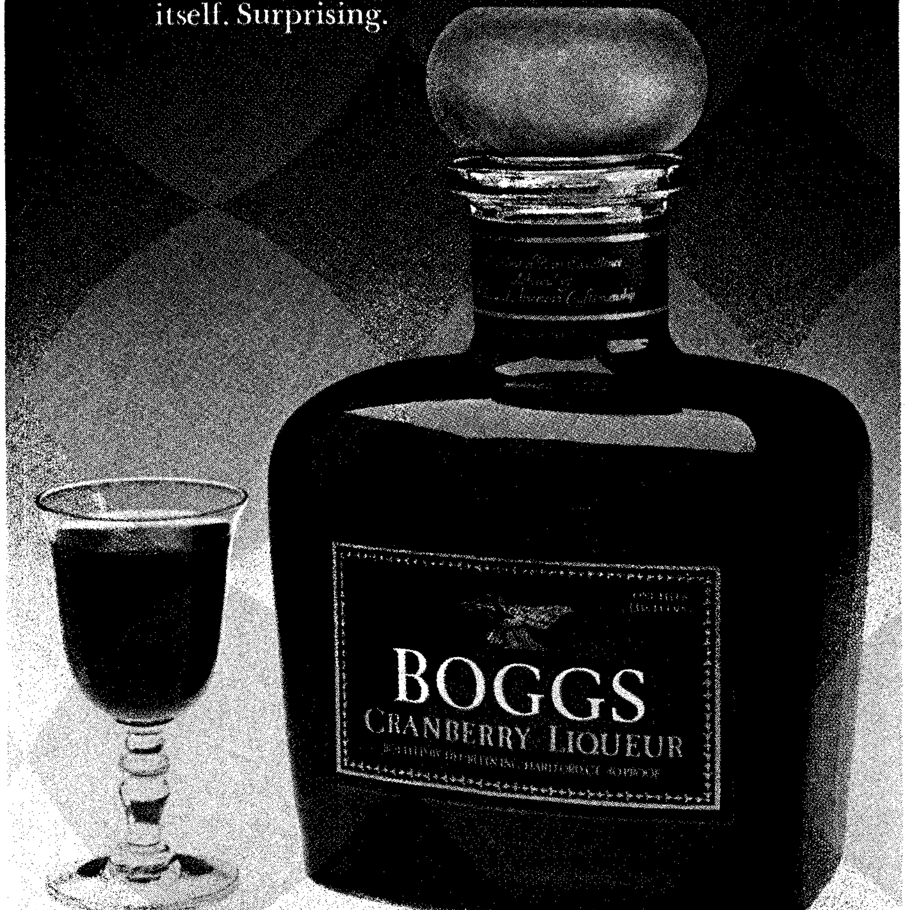

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el (if relentless), his solos (slightly louder than usual) floated and rang, and after a time an intense competition began to take place. McPartland would solo, shaping a closing passage in which her chords revealed level after harmonic level, and Moore would come back with a dizzying four-bar arpeggio, a cluster of chattering staccato notes, and, before his next flash, a disarming, knee-action legato melody. Eventually, they developed a consummate stream of counterpoint that tilted only slightly when one or the other came to the fore. Most of the materials were slow or medium ballads, which included Moore's own "Wisdom of the Heart," and "Willow Weep for Me," "There Will Never Be Another You," "There Is No Greater Love," and "April in Paris."

SEPTEMBER 17TH: The sun no longer shines on tap-dancing, and when one of the handful of dancers left appears, it takes a while to adjust our vision. Chuck Green, once of Chuck and Chuckles and a protégé of John W. Bubbles, danced tonight at Storyville, and both the audience and Green had to adapt. He seemed amazed to be dancing. He repeatedly tested the temporary floor. He got up at stageside before his turn came and threw off some exploratory steps. He picked up his dancing shoes and put them down. Green must be close to sixty, but he did three deceptively easy numbers and showed that he has lost none of his clarity and grace. His dancing has an infallible pendulum rhythm, and his steps are succinct and equally weighted. Baby Laurence's were often blurred by his very force. Bunny Briggs' can be delicate as falling shadows. But Green issues a steady flow of rhythmic patterns, italicized by rattling one-foot steps, heel crossovers, and legato sliding. Each of his dances had the quality, because of its perfection and logic, of recollected motion. His accompanists—John Bunch and Tiny Grimes and Sonny Payne—remember tap-dancers, and they played with appreciation and discretion. Green's presence posed a question: Why should this superb, inventive form of dancing disappear? It is a culmination, not a halfway house, and such realized endeavors should be always available.

SEPTEMBER 26TH: The avant-garde brought forth in 1960 by Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor lingers on. Indeed, after being out of print for a time it appears to be going into a second edition. When it began, its banners shouted: Down with steady rhythm! Down with harmony! Down with conventional improvisation! Down with dynamics! Down with brevity! On the ruins, the avant-gardists proposed complete freedom, forty-five-minute solos, circular rhythms, and improvisations based on motifs, feelings, whims. For a time, these innovations were exciting, and even funny. Archie Shepp organized free-for-all bands that marched around and played excellent parodies of Ellington and brass-band music and bebop and Guy Lombardo. Coleman wrote harrowing anti-melodies and improvised with an ardor and thoroughness that suggested that he might be the first jazz musician to improvise on himself. Roswell Rudd made such unspeakable noises on his trombone that—in accord with the prevailing mood of perversity for perversity's sake—they completely hid his marvellous improvisational skills. John Coltrane began propounding an evangelical frenzy new in Western music. Jazz needed shaking up. It was harmonically and rhythmically pinched, and its musical rhetoric—witness hard-bop—had become humorless and bleak. But, having accomplished a general corset-loosening, the avant-garde (known first as "the new thing," then as "abstract jazz," and now as "free jazz") started mindlessly repeating itself. It lost the intense little audience it had won. It became a bore, and its black practitioners, sensing a cul-de-sac, organized self-help groups, like the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, in Chicago. They started wearing African clothes and took up African instruments. They also studied music, and now a second generation, displaying a new sense and sensibility, is at hand. Witness Anthony Braxton's crystalline, thoughtful music, and the delicate shadings of the Revolutionary Ensemble, which made one of its rare appearances this afternoon at the Tin Palace. The Ensemble, economics permitting, has been together six years, and it includes Leroy Jenkins on violin and viola, Sirone on bass, and Jerome Cooper on drums. When the group is not fooling with gongs, temple blocks, tympani, claves, thumb pianos, recorders, bells, saws, and bugles, it plays modest pieces, perhaps eight or nine minutes in length, which are generally made up of a comprehensible, rather melodic theme; solos by Jenkins and Sirone that are more like collective efforts, with first Jenkins turning to the light, then Sirone; out-and-out group improvisation; and a return to the opening theme. They carry their avant-garde baggage light-

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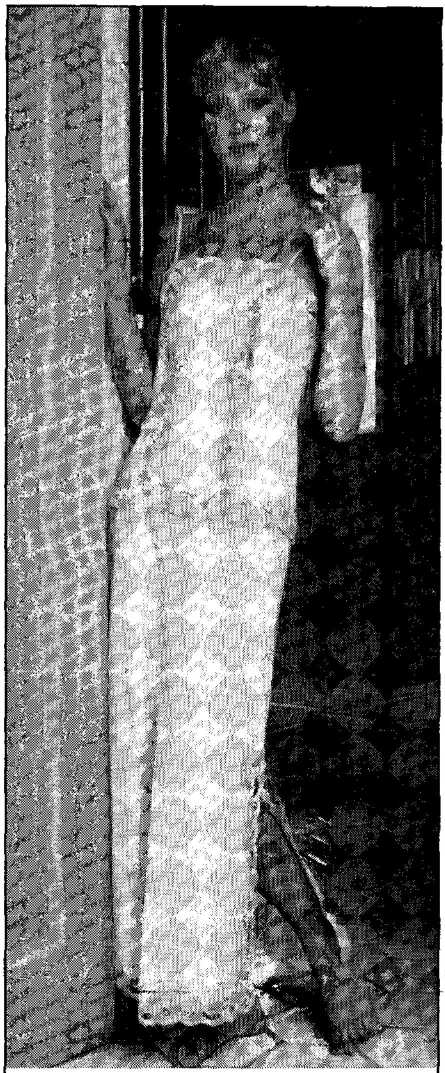

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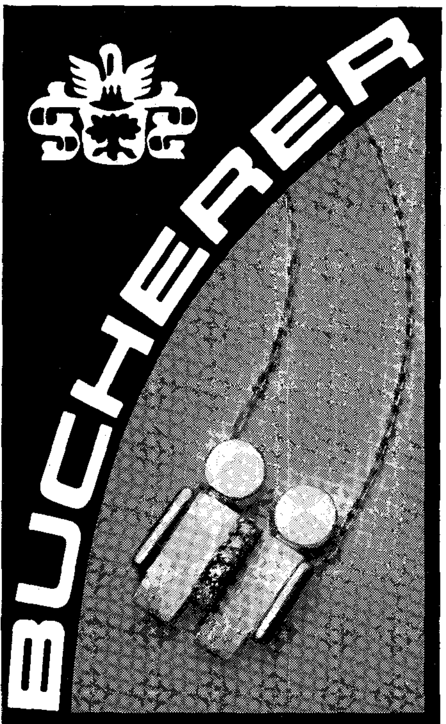
ly. Jenkins has a sweet, pleasing tone, and his constant tampering with pitch is harmless. Sirone is zealous and over-amplified, in the current mode, but his excursions go no farther afield than Ron Carter's. Cooper, compared with an early avant-garde drummer like Milford Graves, who altered all the conventional drum equipment, exhibits high decorum. The group can also be heard to good effect on "The Revolutionary Ensemble: The People's Republic" (Horizon SP-708), even though it hides here and there behind peculiar instrumentations, and on the title track indulges in some group vocalizing that *is* rather avant-garde.

OCTOBER 19TH: Zoot Sims' head juts forward, his shoulders are stooped, he has a small paunch, and his legs are bent from so many years of hefting a tenor saxophone. But there is nothing decrepit about him. His eyes are watchful, his porcupine hair crackles, and his wit constantly cooks. (He once described his difficult compeer and sometime rival Stan Getz as "a nice bunch of guys.") And he is playing with a vigor and inspiration that have brought him to the front of the great movement of saxophonists founded by Lester Young. Sims is a cheerful man who likes to play Ping-Pong, garden, make meat sauce, and laugh, but he is surprisingly diffident. Not long ago, he talked briefly of himself: "I was born in 1925 in Inglewood, California, which is south of Los Angeles, right by the airport. It was all lemon groves and Japanese gardens then. I was the youngest of six boys and one girl. My mother and father were in vaudeville, and they were known as Pete and Kate. He was from Missouri and she was from Arkansas. My mother never forgot a joke or a lyric, and she performed at the drop of a hat right up until she had a stroke a couple of years ago. My father died in 1950. He spent his last years on the road, scuffling, and he never sent any money home. It was out of sight, out of mind for him. But there was never any falling out among us. When he came for a visit, everybody forgave him, including my mother. I don't know how we made it. The gas and water were always being turned off, and we moved a lot. One move got me off the ground, though, because we had to go to a new school where they were recruiting kids for their band. They gave me a clarinet and my brother Ray a tuba and my brother Bobby drums. I was about ten. I liked the clarinet fine, even though it made



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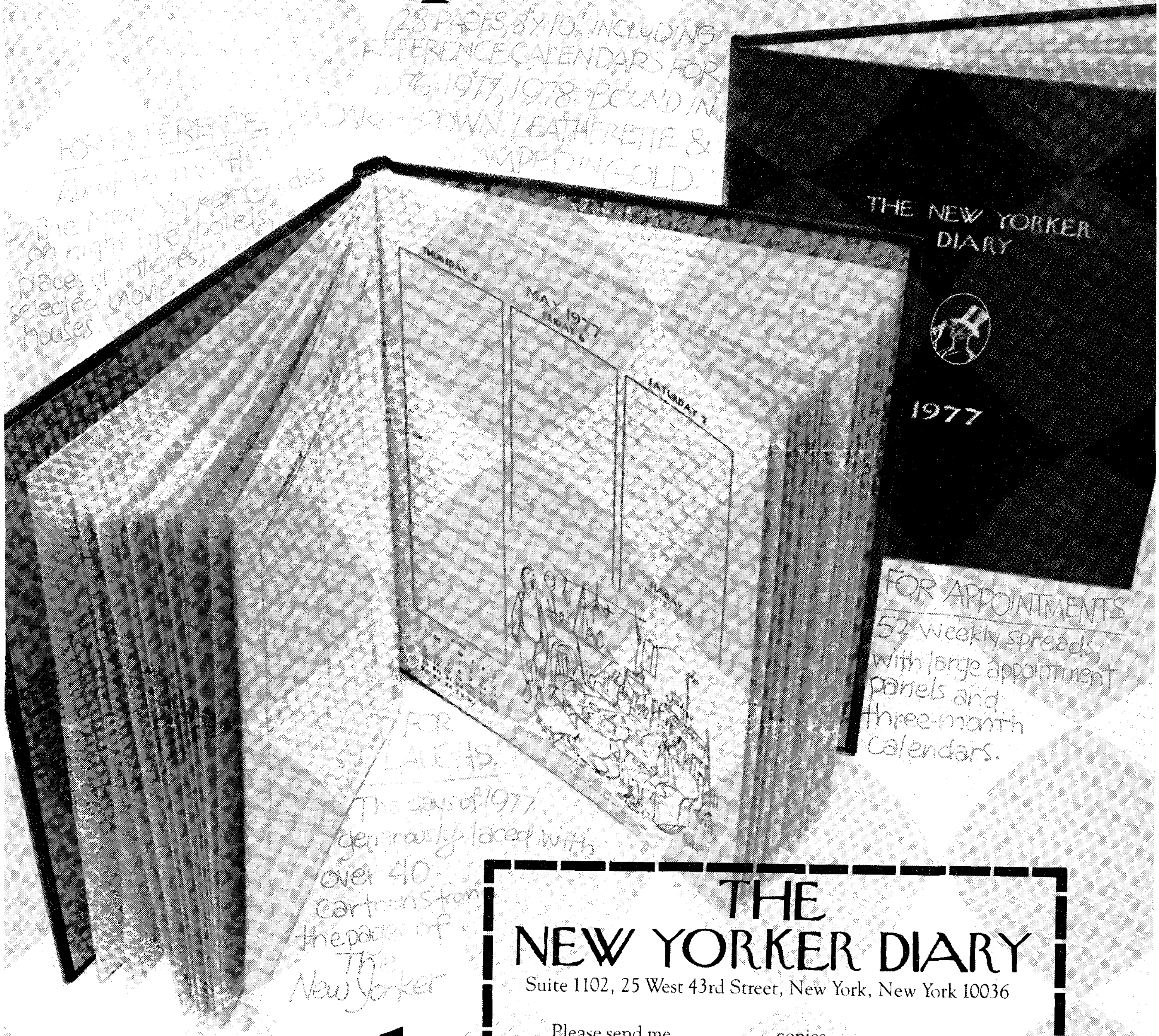

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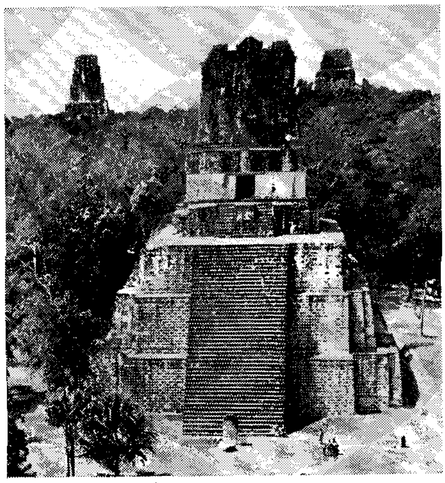
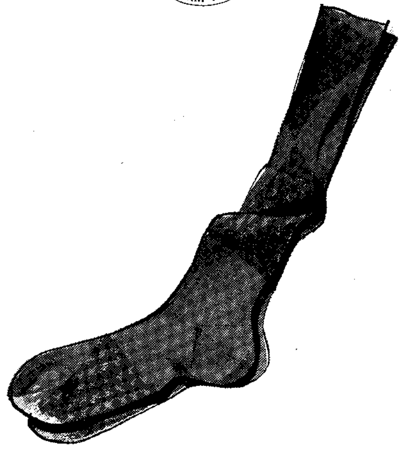


my teeth vibrate, which is why I don't play with a biting grip today. Most sax players bite through their mouthpiece; mine hardly has a mark on it. I played clarinet three years, until my mother bought me a Conn tenor on time. I kept it through my Woody Herman days in the late forties, and I finally sold it for twenty-five dollars. I never had any lessons. I learned by listening to Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge and Chu Berry, and later to Lester Young and Ben Webster and Don Byas. My mind was elsewhere in school, which I quit after one year of high. When I was fifteen or sixteen, I worked in an L.A. band led by Ken Baker. He put these supposedly funny nicknames on the front of his music stands—Scoot, Voot, Zoot—and I ended up behind the Zoot stand, and it stuck. Then, instead of joining Paul Whiteman, who invited me, I went with Bobby Sherwood. It was like a family, and Sherwood was a father image to a lot of us. Sonny Dunham was next, and after him it was Teddy Powell. I spent nine weeks on the Island Queen, a riverboat out of Cincinnati that had a calliope player who knew 'Don't Get Around Much Anymore.' In 1943, I joined Benny Goodman, and he had Jess Stacy and Bill Harris. I got along fine with Benny, and I still do, even though when I asked for a raise on a one-night gig a little while ago he said, 'Zoot, you hurt my feelings.' In 1944, Sid Catlett asked me to take Ben Webster's place in his quartet after Ben got sick, and we played the Streets of Paris, in Hollywood. Sid was beautiful and easy to work with, but he didn't care for ethnic crossups. One night in New York, before we went West, Sid said, 'Let's go uptown.' He flagged an empty cab, and the cab, which had a white driver, went right by but stopped a block away at a light. Sid ran up the street and—you know how big he was—pulled the driver out of the cab and held him in the air and dropped him back in his seat, and we got in and went uptown. I got drafted and ended up in the Army Air Forces later that year and fought the Battle of the South. I was stationed in Huntsville, Valdosta, Biloxi, Phoenix, Tucson, and San Antonio, where I played every night in a little black club. I got out in 1946 and rejoined Benny, and then I went with Woody Herman and became one of the Four Brothers, with Herbie Steward and Stan Getz and Serge Chaloff. I loved that band. We were all young and had the same ideas. I'd always worried about what other guys were thinking in all the bands I'd been in,



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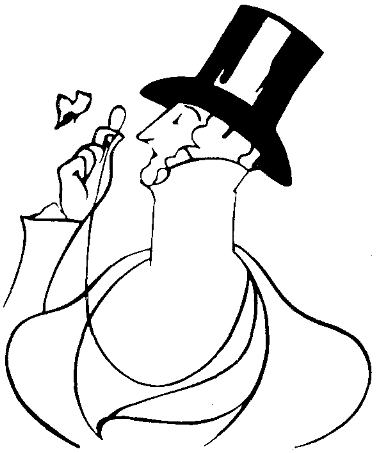

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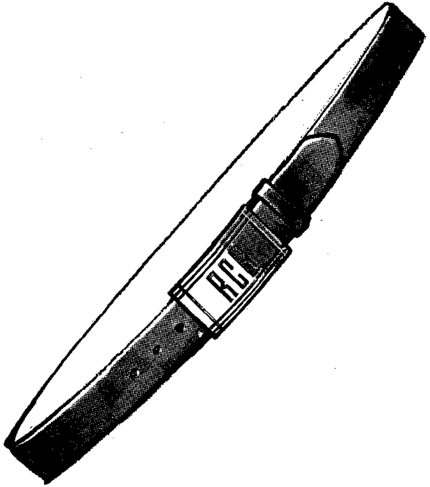
and in Woody's I found out: they were thinking the same thing I was."

Sims' stay with Herman put him more or less on the map, despite the presence of Getz, whose Keatsian chorus on Herman's 1948 recording of "Early Autumn" made him famous. During the fifties and sixties, Sims worked in Gerry Mulligan's experimental sextet and in his staid "concert" band, and he teamed up with Al Cohn in a duo that still functions. Now he roams the world as a leader and sometimes as a sideman, and slowly he has built a stainless reputation as a swinging tenor saxophonist. But Sims' eminence has become unshakable only in the past several years—perhaps since the historic set at Richard Gibson's 1969 jazz party in Aspen when Sims, teamed with Joe Venuti, whom Gibson had just brought out of semiretirement, played an "I Found a New Baby" with such concentration and swing and ferocity that the event has become a Pinnacle of Jazz. (Sims' and Venuti's steaming performance was not recorded; they have been fruitlessly corralled into recording studios three times since in hopes they would repeat their miracle.) Sims, as he suggests, is a compound of Coleman Hawkins, Don Byas, Lester Young, and Ben Webster. Most of the white tenor saxophonists who stamped "Lester Young" on their foreheads in the forties—Getz, Cohn, Steward, Jimmy Giuffre, Buddy Savitt, Bob Cooper, Bill Perkins, Allan Eager, Brew Moore—worshipped Young's seeming languor and ignored his muscle. Sims was an exception, and his early style had a tough, bounding quality that has gradually been softened by Ben Webster's tonal roominess and rhapsodic approach to melody. But Sims' early style has stuck in his listeners' heads, and he is praised too much as a "swinger" and not enough as a lyrical player. (Sims is deceptive. When his fount of invention is low, he simply turns into a rhythm machine: his phrases rock, his tone grows heated, and his notes swarm. He is swinging, but that's all.) He should be studied at slow tempos, and particularly on the blues, where he is apt to coin phrases of such lyricism and tenderness and grace that one goes back to them again and again for sustenance and to quell disbelief. These phrases, generally only a bar or two in length, have a beseeching quality, and rightly so. They have never been heard before and, unless they are recorded, are likely never to be heard again. But several instances of this eloquence have been caught on five new recordings. (For a long time, Sims wasn't



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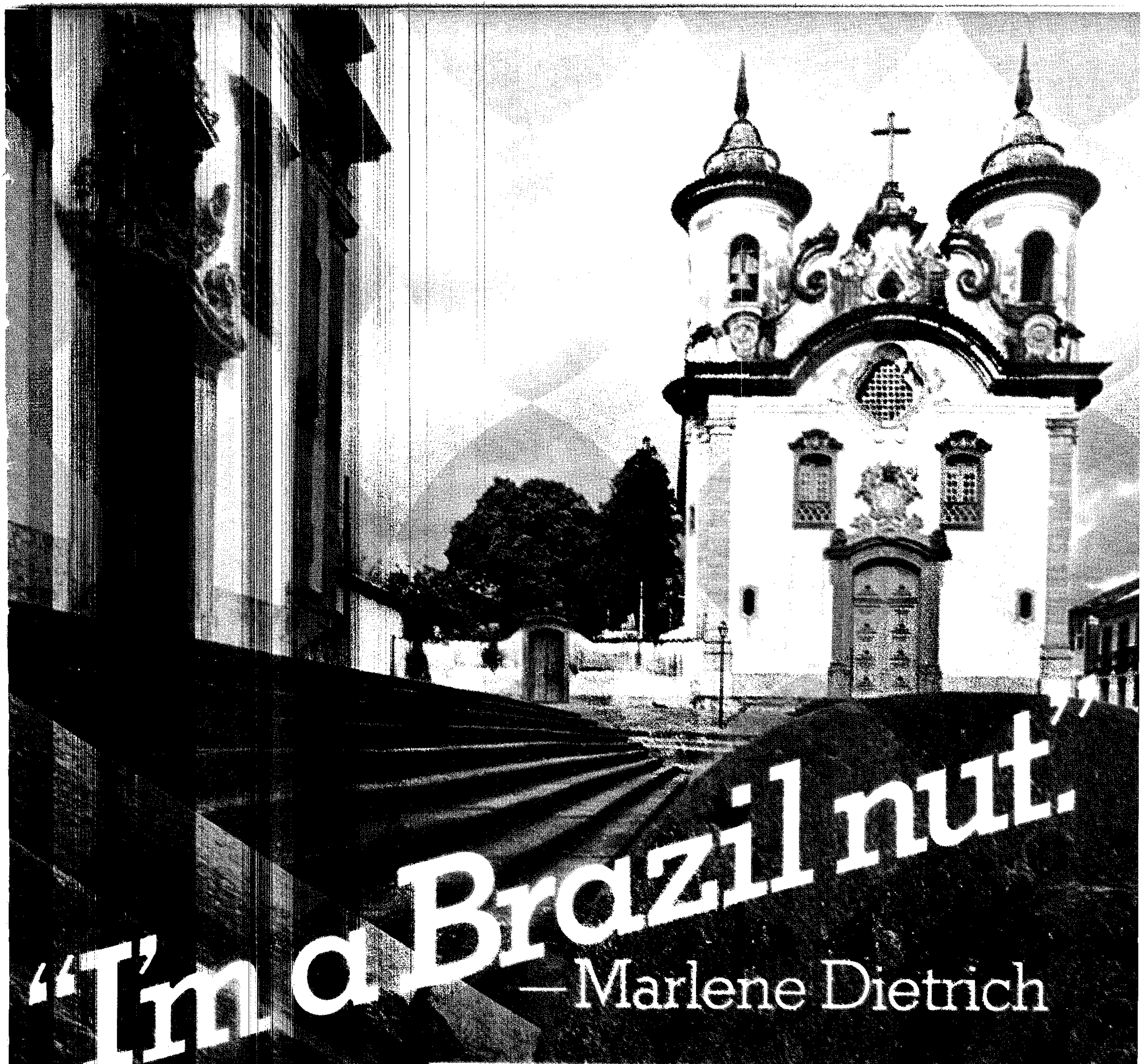

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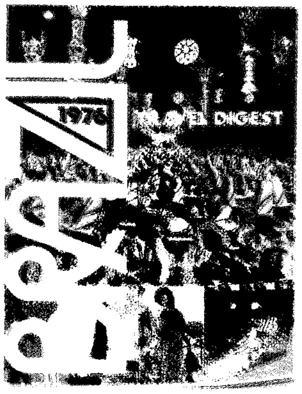

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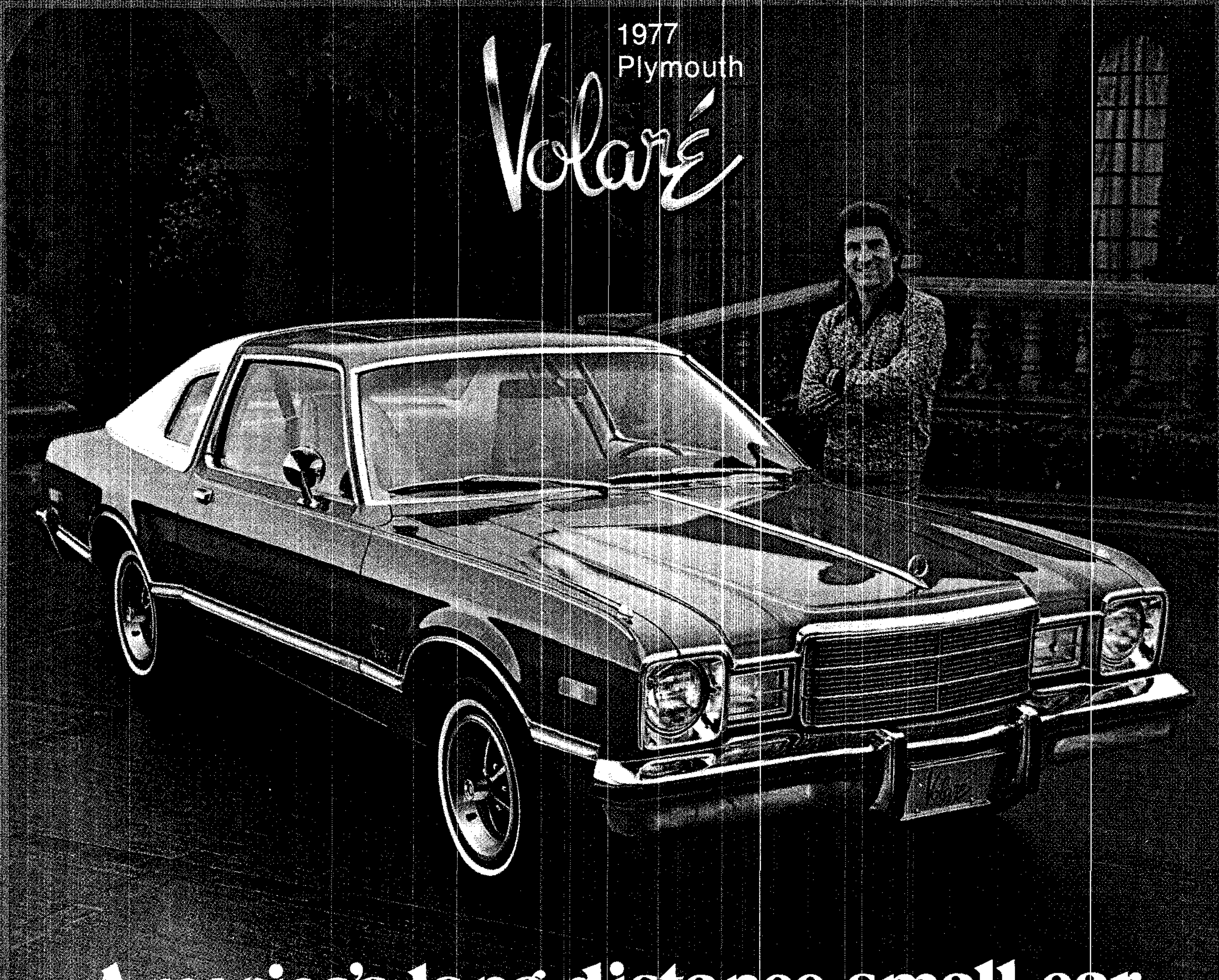

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recorded at all.) These are "Nirvana: Zoot Sims/Bucky Pizzarelli with Special Guest Buddy Rich" (Groove Merchant GM 533); "Zoot Sims and Friend" (Classic Jazz CJ 21); and three releases on Norman Granz's Pablo label—"Zoot Sims and the Gershwin Brothers," "Basie and Zoot," and "Zoot Sims: Soprano Sax" (2310-744, 745, and 770). Pay heed to the beginning of Sims' third chorus on the slow "Blues for Nat Cole" ("Basie and Zoot"), in which he plays a high, crooning phrase, and to the bold total improvisation launching his solo on "Mean to Me." And listen to the aching falsetto that states the melody on "Gee Baby, Ain't I Good to You" ("Nirvana") and to the opening of his melodic embellishments on "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams" ("Zoot Sims: Soprano Sax"). There are other felicities in addition to Sims' lyricism: Basie's rollicking stride piano on "Honeysuckle Rose," and his breeze-in-the-elm organ on "I Surrender, Dear;" and much of the "Nirvana" album, which has some unusually delicate Buddy Rich drumming, beautiful husky Sims on "A Summer Thing," and four Sims-Pizzarelli duets (of which there are eight more on "Zoot Sims and Friend"). The album given over to Sims' soprano, an instrument added to his stockroom several years ago, is surprising. He stays in the lower register and avoids much of the soprano's piping tendencies. He also stays pretty much in tune. The Gershwin album is of note only because it is a superb example of Sims' swinging hard and becomingly (he is accompanied by Oscar Peterson, Joe Pass, George Mraz, and Grady Tate) and saying practically nothing. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

MOST DISAPPOINTING CORRECTION OF THE WEEK

[*From the Times*]

The word "not" was dropped from a quotation attributed to Ezra Taft Benson, president of the Council of 12 Apostles of the Mormon Church, in an article in The Times yesterday. The quotation should have read: "It is possible to live in areas where sin exists and not to partake of it."

•

To avoid antagonizing the black Africans, Kissinger refused to be photographed with Smith, whose government is illegal under British constitutional law. Rhodesia unilaterally declared its independence from Britain in 1965 and Kissinger, in public references to Smith, referred to him as "Mrs. Smith," and not prime minister.—*Poughkeepsie Journal.*

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

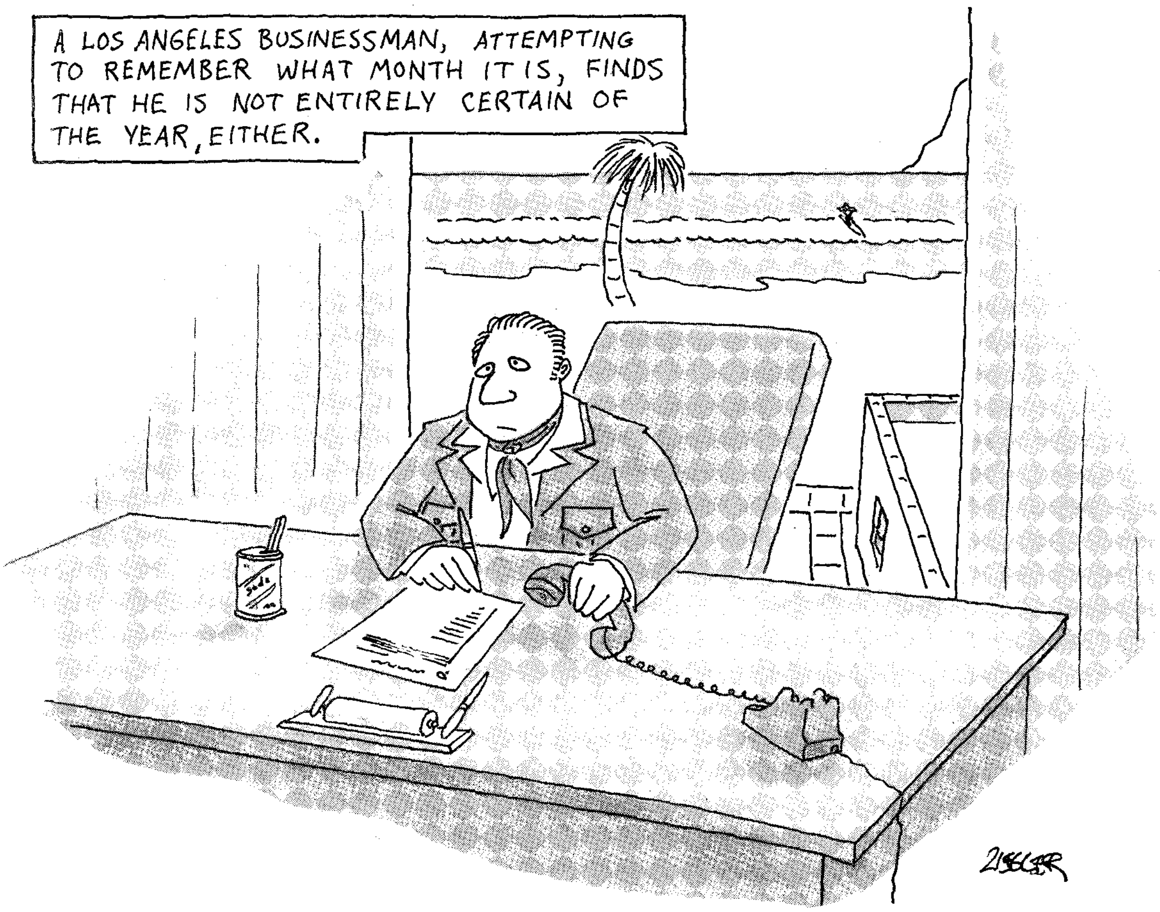
CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR WOMEN

ONCE again, we've been meandering all over town in search of Christmas gifts for women. We report here on some of the routes that we followed, in the hope that others will have time before the holidays to take in the city's neighborhoods as they shop. These neighborhoods are sometimes stylish, sometimes weird, sometimes rewarding, sometimes disturbing, and the mood within any section of the city is never the same from one block to the next. Christmas shoppers who look about them can hardly be bored by what they will see in New York.

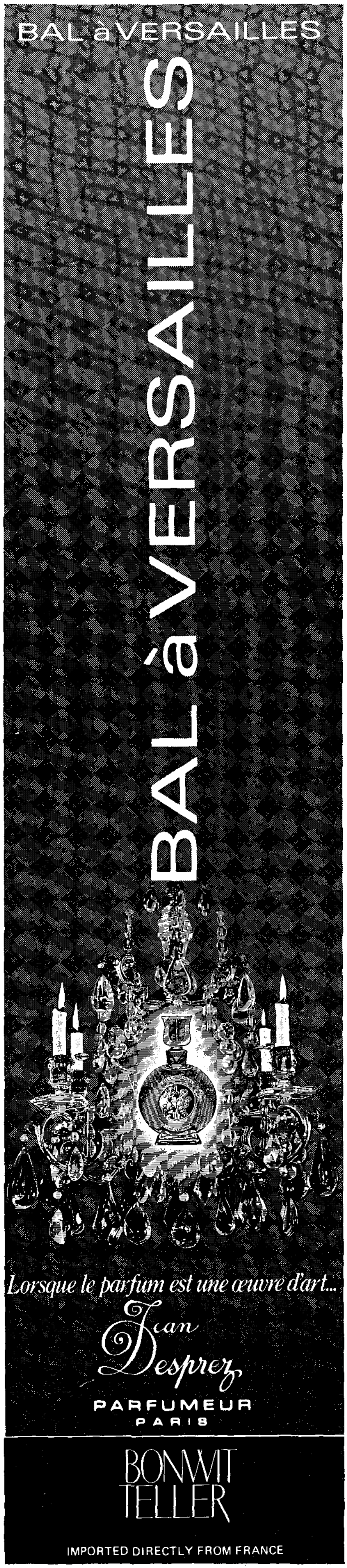
BIG stores try hard to lasso the tastes and attitudes of what they call the "life style" of the generation known in some circles as "Now." But that life style shows up quite spontaneously in places like Chelsea, the Village, SoHo, and parts of the West Side. In such spots, one finds Art Deco restaurants, shops with plants and baskets, shops with secondhand clothes (now called "antiques" and viewed as high fashion), and shops filled with the less-than-antiques that used to be called "junk" and are now called "collectibles." A stone's throw from the rosy brick and dormers of the old Royer-Wells-House and from the dreaming, creeper-clad courtyards of the General Theological Seminary, but also a block from the bodegas and Irish bars and garbage on Eighth Avenue and from the constant rumble of heavy trucks on Tenth, is a shop called Early Halloween, at 180 Ninth Avenue (21st). We give this a high place on our list of the city's respectable antique-clothing stores—of the sort, that is, where clothes are in good condition, in useful sizes, and vetted by an owner with a discriminating and stylish eye. Prices are fair, considering the general skyrocketing of the prices of secondhand clothes since mainstream Madison Avenue fashion took them up. Here are gangsterish nineteen-thirties fedoras, for $15 to $22.50; clutch purses, snoods, and Amelia Earhart aviator caps, for $8 to $12.50; and a number of riding suits, custom-made by Miller's Equestrian Shop in the nineteen-thirties for a size 8, for $150 to $200. The suits—in immaculate shape and beautifully tailored in fine wool fabrics—consist of jodhpurs and hacking jacket.

A couple of doors up, at No. 184, is Sideshow, an antique shop full of good gift suggestions, of quaint and affordable charm. Nicely displayed in funny old tins are collections of old jewelry, including rhinestone pins of the nineteen-thirties, for $4 to $15. A powder jar made of cloudy crystal has a lid shaped like a lady in a crinoline skirt, and is $21; a nineteen-twenties compact of blond-tortoiseshell celluloid hangs from a tassel-trimmed cord of black silk, and is $12; appealing old rosewater and toilet-water bottles are $7; and hatpins are from $2 to $8. An exquisite little skullcap made in France in the nineteen-thirties is of black net embroidered all over with tiny seed pearls in patterns of complex squiggles like brain coral. A tiny matching purse would look splendid worn on the belt of an evening dress, when the combined effect of the accessories would be quite medieval-chatelainish; $40 for the pair. And if shoppers are overwhelmed by peckishness while poking around the Chelsea neighborhood, they should check out the Empire Diner, the revamped Art Deco wonder at 210 Tenth Avenue (22nd), or The Chelsea Place, the combination antique shop and restaurant at 147 Eighth Avenue (17th). Both have imaginative food and eccentric and amusing décor.

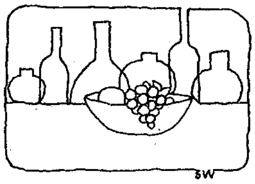
THE idea of life style was practically invented in the Village, of course, and the latest fashions in good taste probably have a more consistent hold down around Bleecker Street than anywhere else in town. We always enjoy a visit to La Provence de Pierre Deux, 353 Bleecker Street (between Charles and Tenth). This year, we admired examples, in various sizes and colors, of a zipper-closing duffelbag made up in the Provençal cotton prints that are the *spécialités* of this *maison*. The bag has been christened the Escampadou, after the Provençal word for "escape," and, indeed, in the largest



A LOS ANGELES BUSINESSMAN, ATTEMPTING TO REMEMBER WHAT MONTH IT IS, FINDS THAT HE IS NOT ENTIRELY CERTAIN OF THE YEAR, EITHER.



size it is perfect for a weekend. The bags have diamond-shaped quilting and double handles. One particularly handsome escapist example is in shades of blue and gray, with scrolling-Paisley border print, and is $50. A matching twenty-eight-inch cotton square is $15. Around the corner, at 215 West 10th Street, is a modest, closetlike shop called We Two and Friends. We Two are Sherman Kennedy and Pat Walker, who run what is principally a custom-tailoring operation (most things are to order in a week), making up their simple yet stylish designs in good-quality, natural-fibre fabrics. A long-sleeved tunic top in pure wool crêpe, for instance, with the firm's well-cut, elasticized-waistband pants, is $150.



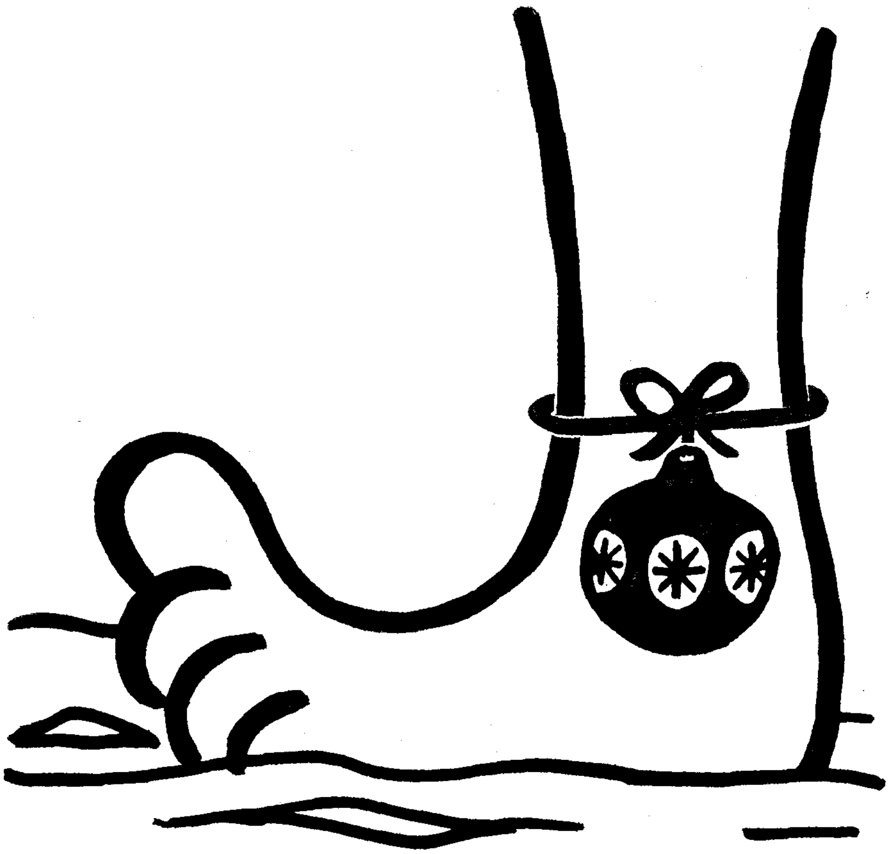
Forsaking the tree-lined streets of town houses for the busy thoroughfare of Seventh Avenue South, we turned the corner of 10th Street and headed for Jensen House, at No. 134. This shop is a capacious place with an unusual (not to say peculiar) mixture (not to say jumble) of things, from two resident myna birds to quilts, kimonos, beds, a barbershop chair, and rolls of nineteen-thirties wallpaper. Although the shop has been on the same corner for quite a time, there is something that feels swirlingly impermanent about the place, and it never looks exactly the same on two consecutive visits. The consistent vibrations, though, are basically a mixture of Japanese and Danish, like the marriage of the couple who own the store, and a certain unorthodoxy is to be expected from such a combination. Perhaps Indian-style tight-legged pants of Irish tweed, to be worn with a cape appliquéd with antique Japanese-kimono fabrics, are not to *every* taste. Nor, perhaps, are harem pants of silver silk or the hats created by Wendy of SoHo, who has the distinction of serving as hat-creator to Mr. Elton John. But there is always something rare and beautiful to be discovered in this shop—for instance, a large number of silk kimonos with extraordinary patterns, acquired from the Kabuki theatre in Japan, for $30 to $220. (Prices, like everything else at Jensen House, are a little whimsical. Things are put on sale for $37.60 or $48.20, at arbitrary times and for impulsive reasons. "It's, like, the mood" was the explanation offered us for this practice.)

A talented young photographer named Marie-Claire Montanari, who lives in the Village, will come up with a portrait of a woman (or her man or her children, come to that) that is certain to delight both the sitter and any loved ones to whom it might be presented at Christmas. Mrs. Montanari's vision is extremely sensitive and inclines toward the romantic, and she particularly delights in capturing a nostalgic mood, perhaps with subjects among their domestic urban greenery and "collectible" antiques. The fee for a sitting is $200, and it includes contact sheets and two eight-by-ten enlargements. For appointments, the number is 228-4359. Some happy sitter might pose for her portrait beside one of the unusual and spectacular flowering plants that are sold at Mädderlake, 131 Seventh Avenue South (10th). This is quite possibly the most sophisticated houseplant shop in the city, and caters to the refined needs of those who already have mere ficus trees and ferns flourishing in their lofts, town houses, or penthouses (humbler apartments, too) and are ready to move up to a bull-horn acacia, a bougainvillea, a tibouchina, a streptocarpus, or a standard lantana or geranium tree. A streptocarpus was one of the rarities in stock when we dropped in, and it was $4.50. A man-high hibiscus tree was another, for $95. The store also offers an architectural-horticultural consultation service, *gratis* on simple questions and for a fee on matters such as how to turn an ordinary apartment into an impressive environment centered on a tank of blooming water lilies.

BESIDES welfare hotels and frail old residents taking the air in their walkers, the West Side has pockets of residential neighborhoods unmistakably burgeoning with Now life styles. One may observe these tastes and interests all the more clearly when they exist in such pockets, surrounded by the sort of ordinary citizen who is generally impervious to distinctions of fashion and, oblivious of life styles, is simply getting on with life. One center of stylish activity is Columbus Avenue in the Seventies, and the same people who buy their cheesecake at Miss Grimble's and their praline-ice-cream cake at Grossinger's Home Bakery shop for slinky antique dresses at Jezebel, 265 Columbus Avenue, at 73rd. (One of the paradoxes about people with this life style is that they are all, apparently, great cooks and gastronomes, but their fashions are designed for the sort of reed-slim figures that don't permit of much eating at all.) And, a few blocks farther north, the same people who flock into Zabar's will stroll on up Broadway for plants, Chinese baskets, and straw rugs from Surroundings (83rd), and for clothes from one of the three Charivari stores. The women's Charivari, at 2307 Broadway (84th), has an exceptionally well-chosen selection of sweaters, imported from Italy and in a dazzling array of colors that are like flashes of parakeet wings in a jungle. One superb all-wool sweater has a skinny torso and sleeves but a loose, oversized cowl neckline that droops dramatically, after framing the neck, far down on the chest. There is a choice of eight colors, including vivid magenta, deep canary, scarlet, and periwinkle; $48. A somewhat less extreme version of the cowl-neck notion goes into another sweater—this one in a choice of twelve colors—which is $26, and which might be used as the base coat of one of the layered-sweater schemes now in vogue. The superior layer might be a looser sweater in mohair, with a bateau neck and kimono sleeves designed to be rolled up on the forearms, revealing the tight sleeves of the sweater below. This is $33, in such colors as rose, lilac, and a grass green that looks splendid over a deep-yellow cowl. Another layering might consist of the cowl under a sleeveless tabard that ties at the sides like a dulcet mohair-mixture sandwich board; $24. And a classic, man-tailored shirt in pure silk comes in a remarkable choice of eighteen solid colors, at the remarkably low price of $28.

Carol Green, who used to have a boutique on Madison Avenue, now designs and sells clothes in her penthouse apartment, near 86th and Broadway. She can produce a handsome kilt that would make a fine companion present to the sweaters stocked by her West Side neighbors. The skirt is hand-fringed and hand-finished, and may be secured immediately in plain red, brown, or black wool flannel, as well as in Black Watch or Buchanan tartan; other solid colors and other tartans are to order in ten days. A below-the-knee version of the skirt is $125, a floor-length edition $150. Mrs. Green's business is by appointment; call 873-7175.

THE next leg of our ramblings led us through the rarefied atmosphere of the East Sixties, where houses are noble, crowds sparse, garbage dis-



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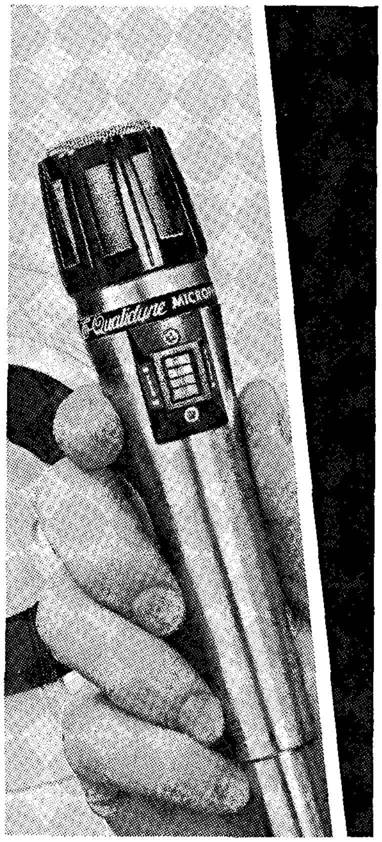

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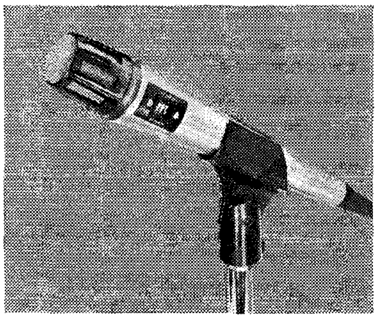

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creet, and pitiful creatures muttering into their bundles of shopping bags virtually nonexistent. Residents of this oasis who are near the Park and the Children's Zoo may wake to the idyllic sound of a cock crowing. A mostly crosstown jaunt began at Bottega Veneta, 655 Madison Avenue (60th). Among the mouth-watering array of incredibly soft Italian leather goods to be found there is a clutch bag of kid with a wide frame of pearly-looking Lucite. Only this frame and the little tucks with which the leather of the bag runs into it hint at distraction from a totally elegant simplicity. The choices are black kid with a black frame, taupe with brown, navy with gray, and burgundy with gray; $155. A few skips up Madison, at No. 673 (61st), are the intelligently displayed fashions in Parisian jewelry that form the stock of Ophelie. The jewelry is definitely not of the variety you lock away fearfully in the bank. Indeed, Ophelie is currently preoccupied with the teeny-weeny stones and hair-fine chains that may have evolved, in a sort of Darwinism of fashion, because so many women have balked at wearing flamboyant jewels—especially on city streets. Variations on the theme of gossamer eighteen-karat chains hung with precious and semiprecious stones no bigger than stardust are seemingly infinite. We took a particular shine to a bracelet ($45) and a clavicle-length necklace ($75) hung with minute, seed-size balls of amethyst, which are also used to make tiny stud earrings for pierced ears, for $35. Other pieces on the doll-house scale include enchanting little flower earrings, in ivory ($42) or lapis ($68), Lalique-like crystal-ball earrings set with gold stars ($48), and a necklace hung with two minuscule rosebuds of carved rose-pink coral ($89). We were pleased to find at Ophelie fashionably dainty earrings for unpierced ears, never having plucked up courage to have our own lobes pierced, and we learned with astonishment of the fad for having *two* anchorages in a single lobe. It seems that some devotees are wearing the tiny studs in pairs—say, a diamond sparkle floating above a tiny gold crescent moon.

Next, magnifying glass still in hand, we moseyed on over to Tender Buttons, at 143 East 62nd, to take a look at some china buttons whose origins were France and England in the eighteen-sixties. They are a shirt-button sort of size, and would dress up a blouse impressively. A card holds either eight or ten buttons of the same color but

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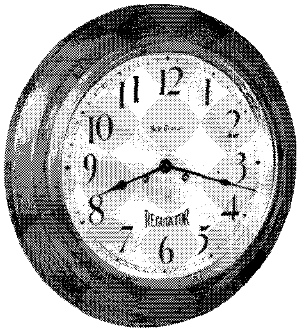

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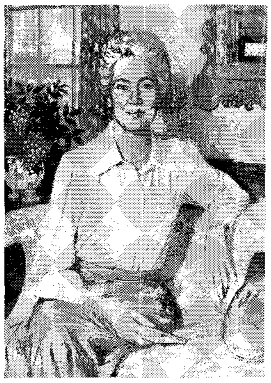

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with tiny patterns that vary from button to button. The patterns were designed to go with printed-calico dresses, which is why the buttons are described as "calico buttons." They cost from $7.50 to $14 a card. A splendid selection of Victorian buckles in this endearing little shop includes pieces in enamel, silver, ivory, and Liberty Cymric, and ranges in price from $35 to $125. Chor Bazaar, at 801 Lexington Avenue (62nd), has interesting clothes and accessories in the "ethnic" mode, whose status, like that of secondhand clothes, has moved up from gear for the penniless young to often quite costly fashion for people who are no longer kids at all. Chor specializes in clothes from Afghanistan and Rumania but also has clothes from India, Peru, and Guatemala. On the second floor is a collection of sometimes elaborately hand-embroidered antique dresses from some of those countries, for from $200 to $500 each. Blouses and long dresses made of fine white cotton gauze have in common a Rumanian origin and embroidery round the neck, sleeves, and upper chest; they cost from $80 to $200.

We pressed on east toward Third Avenue. We made the mistake of following a path too close to the construction work for the 63rd Street subway, and the vast din from yawning chasms and churning cement mixers quite dissipated our impression of East Sixties calm for a time. We had to step aside for a big man who was dragging a huge steel chain, and, coming so soon after our seeing the chains of golden cobwebs at Ophelie, the experience threatened to short-circuit our powers of observation for the entire Christmas season. But we arrived safely at Henry Lehr, 1079 Third Avenue (63rd), and in good enough shape to appreciate a few examples of the hand-weaving crafts of the Florentine firm of Mali. An impressive sweater-coat of an untreated Berber-like wool, in colors related to sand, seashells, and terra-cotta, has a collar adorned with sculptural hand embroidery in silk and wool, and is $420. A shorter version falls into peaks at the hip-length hem and has webby loops of yarn—like skeletal wings—linking wrists to torso; $170. And the brilliant designer Bill Gibb has come up with an evening sweater that lends further weight to the theory that sweaters are more imaginative and interesting this winter than ever before. The Gibb scheme—a regal combination of black, red, and gold—begins with a smock-shaped sweater-jacket of mohair, wool, and

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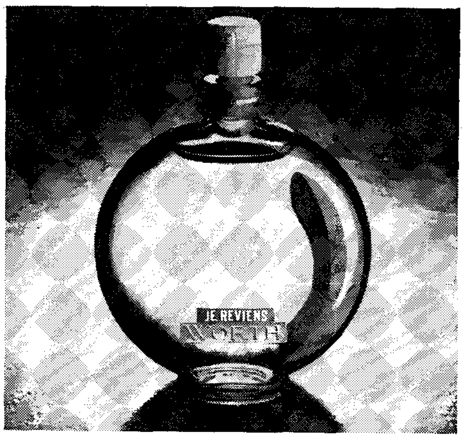

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Lurex, which has a soft cowl neck. The hem curves up into tabardlike slits, held closed by laces and dripping with great, fat, brushlike tassels. The allusion to trumpeting heralds in medieval garb is strengthened by lions couchant woven into the front in gold threadwork; $425.

Over at a new shop called A. Peter Pushbottom, 1157 Second Avenue (60th), the message is of a far less artistically ambitious but still sweatery nature. The owner (whose name is not Mr. P.) makes classic sweaters in his own mill and so is able to sell them to the public at what are sometimes referred to as "interesting" prices. Plain crew-neck or turtleneck Shetlands, in basic colors such as red, navy, camel, and yellow, are $17 and $20, respectively. Four-ply cashmere sweaters in standard hues are $60 and $70.

Shoppers whose energies have flagged too much to carry onward to Bloomingdale's at this point are permitted to drop out for refreshment. On our course, we passed by an expensive restaurant where four fat men lingered at a window table over postprandial brandy and cigars, and then we passed by their four chauffeurs, nodding beside four limousines outside. But we find it more our style to pop into a spot like La Pomme (29 East 61st Street), and try their avocado-and-Swiss sandwich on homemade five-grain bread, or Pronto (30 East 60th Street), which has homemade pastas as the staple food and as part of the décor.

We pause on the threshold of Bloomingdale's to utter our habitual exhortation to people planning to Christmas-shop in department stores: Try to visit such places after breakfast instead of after lunch, and try, too, to have a shrewd idea of the sort of thing you want to look at. The gift picked out after aimless and enervating wandering is often not the best. At Bloomingdale's, we simplified matters by mapping a course within a short radius of the revolving doors to Lexington Avenue. At the handbag counter, just a step inside, there are some witty imitations, made in leather, of ordinary brown-paper lunch bags. They have an authentic thumb-sized notch and pinked edges on the top, which the owner simply folds over when she is carrying the purse. A tuna-on-white-from-the-deli size is to go at $16, in a choice of colors including tan, chocolate, wine, and gray. A supermarket-bag size is $44 in colored leathers, $50 in gold or silver versions. Dana, who had these happy handbag fantasies, has also dreamed up feather-light silk evening bags drawn puffily up on black silk cord. They are about the size of grapefruit, and are called "marble bags," for their resemblance to the bags children used for transporting precious collections in generations before the skateboard took over the street activity of the juvenile world. Unusual, racing-silk colors all reverse to respectable black silk; $30. Inside the jewelry nook called Cul-de-Sac, we noted some nice notions for necks which can hardly be classified as jewelry at all. (We suspect that these bits of non-jewelry were inspired by the fashionable accessories of the designer Mary McFadden.) They are lengths of plump silk piping, a half inch or so in diameter, tipped, like shoelaces or shoestring ties, with tubes of gold metal or silver. In either an exuberant fuchsia or a poignant periwinkle, they are $12. Other demonstrations of the sort of clear and joyous color that is cropping up all over, especially in European imports, may be seen at the glove counter. For instance, there are some bulbous mitts of nylon ciré, in combinations of brilliant Day-Glo colors, that would dazzle fans of those Michelin-tire-man parkas and, with their fleecy linings, serve as portable heaters for hands; $12. And fleece-lined suède gloves in conventional enough style, with whipstitched fingers, come in some unconventional colors, such as rust, a rich beaujolais, and a smoky blue; also $12. More portable heating for chilled extremities may be unearthed at the stocking counter, which is a mere short flight of stairs beyond the gloves. Argyle-patterned tights, by the firm of McRitchie of Edinburgh, are colored red, green, and navy, and are made of a snug lamb's-wool mixture; $15. The sock counter, next door, has ribbed Orlon knee socks with hand-embroidered trails of vines, by the firm of Hot Sox, for $5. Moccasin-shaped slippers, hand-knitted in natural hues and Navajo-like patterns, by the firm of Slip-Purrs, are $6.

OUR sortie into bustling Bloomingdale's led us far from the soothing aura we had found at the start of our excursion through the neighborhood of the East Sixties. As we stood on the sidewalk outside the store, we were deafened by honking horns, the underfoot rumble of the subway, and the cries of street sellers urging us to buy umbrellas of the sort practically guaranteed to blow themselves inside out in the wind. We felt distinctly jostled by modern life. So we headed up toward the new premises of Cherchez, now at

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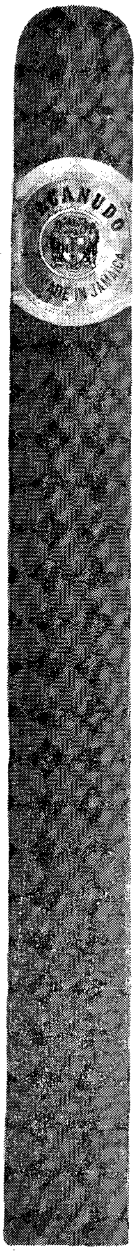

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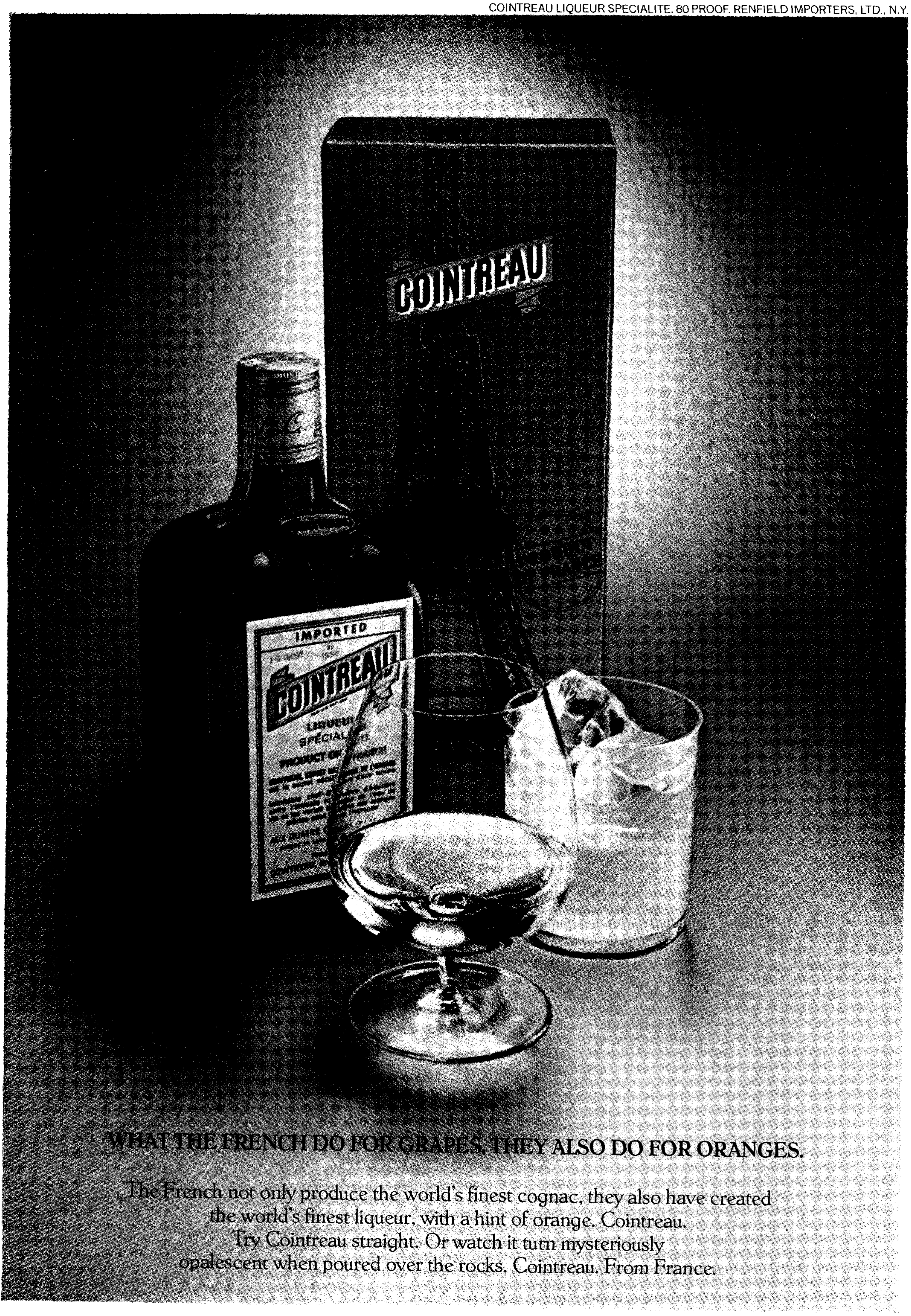
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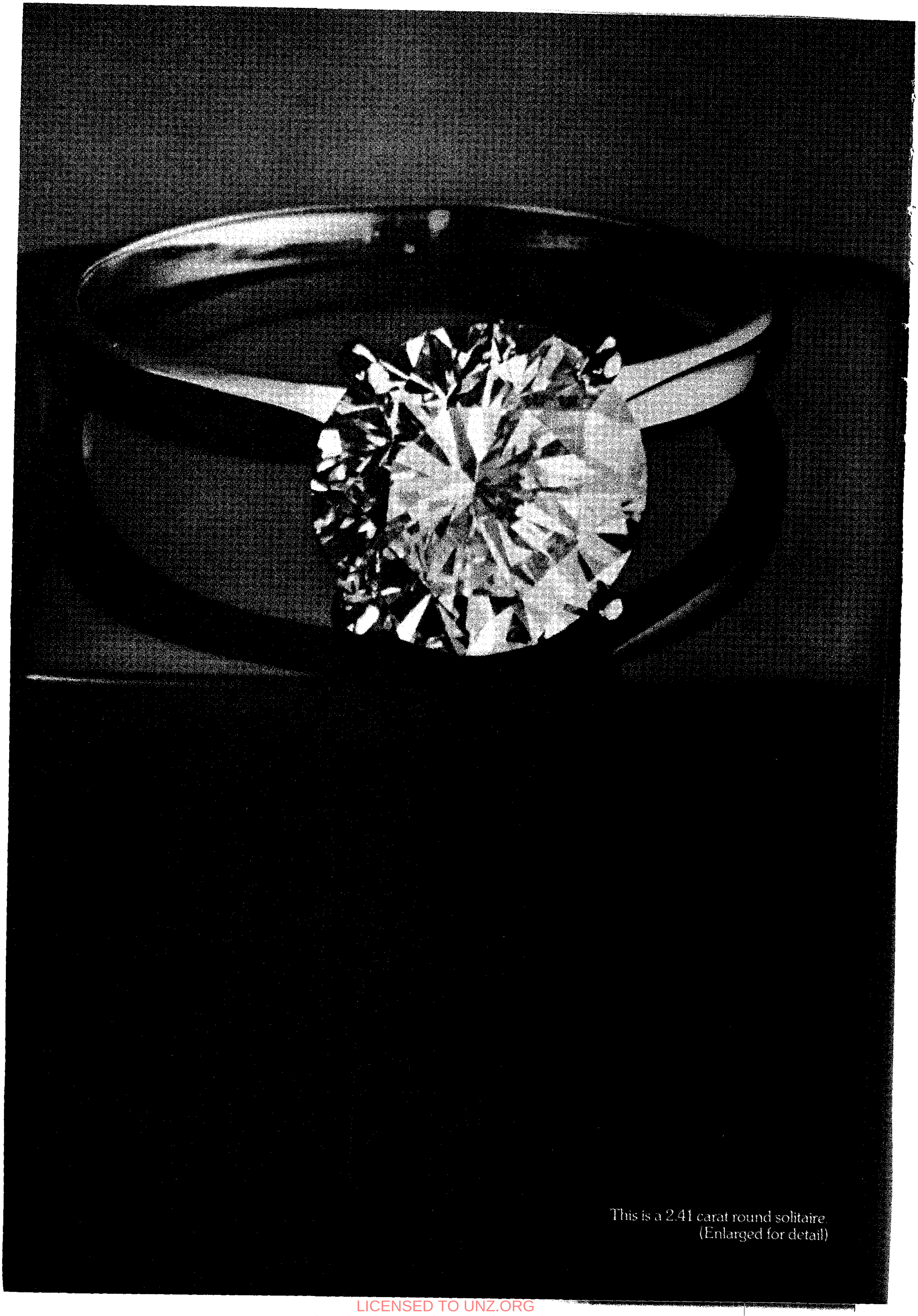

This is a 2.41 carat round solitaire.
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The artist. A master. A cutter who looks at a diamond like no other man. Only he sees all possibilities. Like Michelangelo who'd look upon a cold hard slab of marble and "see the shapes that are already there," the cutter asked "should it be an oval, a round, an emerald or a pear-shaped diamond?" Weighty decisions. Because every fraction of a carat affects the ultimate value. The wrong decision, the wrong incision and a diamond like this might never exist.

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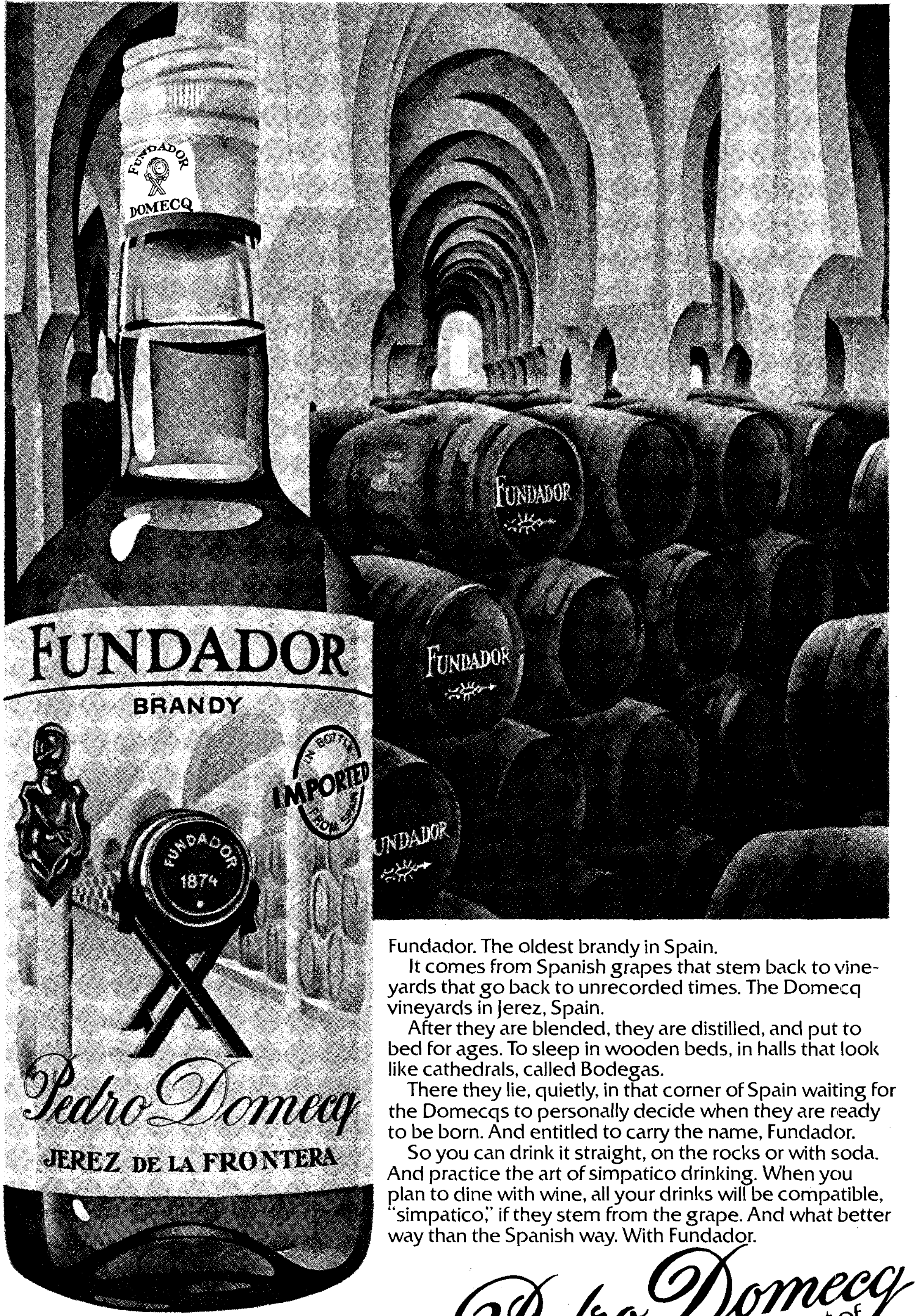
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864 Lexington (65th), and—thankfully inhaling the vanished-world scents of the establishment's own potpourris—we listened happily to the rustle of Victorian taffeta skirts that seemed very reminiscent of Jo and Meg and the rest of their Little Women's group. One fine, flouncing example in a gray-black-white-and-lavender plaid was $125. For any of a choice of neatly fitting black Victorian spencer jackets, in silk, lace, or velvet (or a combination of all three), the average price is $150.

Then we cut back over to Madison, to pick up where we had left off in our perusal of the avenue's fashionable boutiques. Dianne B., at No. 729 (64th), is a newcomer to the area, and the shop deals in clothes imported from France, with particular emphasis on the designs of the Paris knitwear firm of Dorothée Bis. Non-Bis styles may be found downstairs at Dianne B., and they currently include a long-sleeved cashmere T-shirt sweater in neutral colors as well as a very pretty shade of peach; $46. The entire collection of Bis bits and pieces is assembled upstairs—handsome hand-knit pure-wool elements that might, if layered on too exuberantly, result in a look too overwhelmingly naïve for most women to carry off. Colors are bright paint-box or muted natural, with the sort of vaguely geometric patterns that fashion nomenclature defines vaguely as "ethnic." A cardigan coat is $320, a brimmed cloche $30; vests, dresses, and sweaters are on a scale in between.

The stock at Alice Schweitzer, 739 Madison Avenue (64th), is also largely imported, much of it from France. In this boutique, we revelled in the tactile satisfactions afforded by fine, delicate fabrics. French crêpe de Chine goes into a tunic-style shirt that has a V of matching lace set, like an Edwardian modesty vest, into the neck; it comes in a choice of colors including dusty pink, dove gray, and a delectable butterscotch ($125). Feather-soft cashmere in a waffle-weave texture comes into play in a Russian-peasant sweater-shirt in either blue-gray or cranberry, for $90. And crêpe de Chine is also the basis for a caftan in various pale background colors, including ivory, decorated with hand-painted drifts of hothouse flowers; $350.

We found it impossible to resist a plunge into the luxurious and feminine atmosphere at Lydia, the antique-clothing shop at 21 East 65th Street. The shop reminds us of Zuleika Dobson's French maid unpacking trunks

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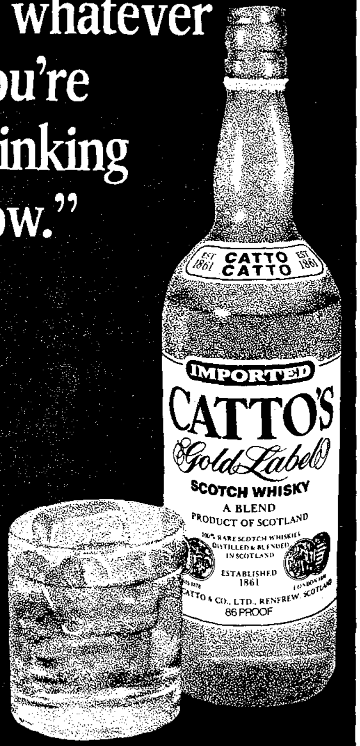

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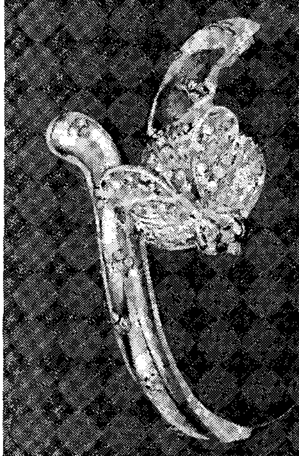
full of frills and froth. The place effervesces with laces, silk flowers, ostrich feathers, fans, embroidered Chinese slippers, dresses of the Gibson-girl era, and gauzy tea gowns. Our eye was caught by a tabard of handmade point-de-Venise lace which is simply two rectangles of frosty filigree caught at sides and shoulders, with a pattern of basketfuls of garden flowers; $135. Late-Victorian handkerchiefs of ivory silk trimmed with lavish borders of Brussels lace are from $22 to $60; antique tortoiseshell combs are from $18 to $55; and a handkerchief of pale-pink georgette with cut-out embroideries round the hem, dating from the cocktail era and just right for shaking flirtatiously in the direction of a tango partner, is $18.

Ménage à Trois, 760 Madison Avenue (65th), is another attractive newcomer to the neighborhood, with predominantly European stock. There are also handpicked antique clothes, at Madison Avenue prices, including pale-colored silk stockings, in champagne, pink, or white, for $15. Maya, 773 Madison Avenue (66th), offers a group of evening clothes that have much in common with those marble bags we noticed at Bloomingdale's. Like them, the clothes are made of whisper-light silk that reverses from a choice of colors (in this case, blue, red, or green) to black. Because the fabric is double and all but weightless, these clothes have a halcyon habit of billowing at the hems, like genteel parachutes. Long skirts with tops that have a bow on the only shoulder they have are $200; hip-length kimonos are $125; and long, wrap gowns are $250. And Kitty Benton, who lives in a brownstone in the Sixties, has her own idea for evenings—one of them a simple caftan-style dress in panne velvet. (After some years in abeyance, this fabric has come into its own again this season.) The dress is in a choice of stained-glass-window colors, all of them flattering by candlelight. Mrs. Benton proffers her design for $95 and by appointment: telephone 734-3141.

Heading uptown on Madison a few days before, we happened to catch one of the experimental double-decker buses, and enjoyed the novel vantage point of an upstairs seat. (We don't recommend negotiation of the trickily twisting stairs if your arms are dangerously full of Christmas packages, though.) It was a revelation to us to peer into a whole second-floor world of hairdressers' salons and shopwindows that were suddenly, along with traffic lights and the branches of trees,



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brought more or less level with our gaze. We got our best chance ever to scrutinize the second-floor window display at Kamali, 787 Madison Avenue (67th), and we were drawn back later to get a closer look at Norma Kamali's stunning experiments with Montague-and-Capulet jacket shapes. The most dramatic version of the store's zip-fronted, narrow-waisted, peplumed top is of black or white quilted nylon and has extravagantly ballooning sleeves; $195. (Recipients of such a gift should be wary of other diners' wineglasses as they sweep past restaurant tables in triumphant entrances.) A somewhat more conservatively shaped interpretation of the same idea is in either black or burgundy velvet, and costs $255. The jacket goes over a Spanish infanta sort of dress in the same choice of colors. Its bodice has narrow straps and fits much like a second skin, being constructed of Spandex, and its skirt is velvet and flounces with Latin pride from a flatteringly curved and dropped waistline; $385.

We observed on our excursions how the city's dogs vary in style with its neighborhoods. We saw balls of shampooed fluff perambulating with uniformed maids in the East Sixties; responsible-looking family dogs leashed to strollers, along with colored balloons, farther up on the East Side; grizzled old mutts with grizzled old men on Broadway; and Dobermans in the Park, striding at the side of imperious young women in jeans and Frye boots. The dog to be seen with for a couple of sweaters we noted at San Francisco Clothing, 975 Lexington Avenue (71st), would be a pedigreed setter, we felt, fit for loping around in excitable, aristocratic circles on grouse moors. The sweaters—young-looking and witty contributions to the current country-tweedy mode—are elaborately hand-knit in England and involve an exuberant interpretation of a Fair Isle pattern. Their natural-color background is overlaid with intricate stripes and textures of Aran-style cable, red-ochre bobbles, and pencil lines of sea-green mohair. In either a turtleneck version or a cardigan with leatherlike buttons, the sweaters have pockets at the waistline; $175. Natural colors and hand-knit, vaguely Icelandic-snowflake schemes go into little sleeveless waistcoats with leather-buttoned watch pockets ($115), mittens ($25), funny little helmets ($20), pocket-sized pouches hung from what look like home-knit sword belts ($28), and ribbed socks with patterned cuffs that

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are just right for wear with a kilt ($30).

Strolling on up through the pleasant area of Lenox Hill, we came to the antique shop of Maya Schaper, at 1022 Lexington Avenue (73rd). Here is a good assortment of boxes, to give as presents or to give other presents in. There are, for instance, lidded letter-sized boxes of oak, for $80; mahogany jewelry boxes, for $48; and old Huntley & Palmer biscuit tins, for $125. Antique penholders of porcupine quill or mother-of-pearl are around $20, and French faïence flower-painted inkwells, of the vintage that Emma Bovary dipped into, are $65 and $75. Across the avenue, at No. 1031 (74th), is the Antique Button-Jewelry Shoppe, a little nook that is overflowing with a variety of old-fashioned trinkets, including some necklaces of round amber beads. They date broadly from the years around the First World War, and are of cherry, black, or yellow amber—colors that work well with those country-tweedy schemes we were speaking of. In lengths from twelve to twenty inches, the necklaces cost from $50 to $85. Necklaces in crystal, quartz, or porcelain are priced from $18, and in onyx or jet from $35 to $75.

The Spence-Chapin Corner Shop, 1065 Lexington Avenue (75th,) is a grande dame among thrift shops which appears to benefit from attic turnouts by very grandes dames indeed. The quality of the clothes here is extremely high, and prices can get quite unthrifty. We swooned over a nineteen-thirties opera coat by Lucien Lelong—a vision in paillette-sprinkled black *chiffon—that was* $390, and a *modèle* by Schiaparelli in black silk velvet lined with imperial purple satin, for $300. French doeskin evening gloves are $2.50 if they have ever been worn and $10 if, as is often the case, they have never left their box. And there is a superb assortment of old and new pieces of handmade lace, which is making a comeback as a way of trimming dresses and such. Collars, cuffs, jabots, and hat veils are from $5 to $50. A very sybaritic lace cover for a boudoir chaise has a deep flounce and is backed with padded silk satin; $350.

Third Avenue in the Seventies and Eighties, fans of the junky and the jokey need no reminding, is where the city's thrift shops are most densely concentrated. Although the charity establishments sometimes charge outrageous prices, rivalling those of department stores, the diligent browser may still uncover bargains in clothes and household oddments. (For substantial secondhand household needs, it makes more sense to go to auction sales.) Thrift-shop stock rarely includes clothes of the nineteen-thirties, forties, or fifties anymore, though. These gems have all been siphoned off to old-clothes shops like 40's Wink, 1331A Third Avenue (76th), where there is, among other things, a fine collection of thirties and forties hats of the frivolously perching variety, given to lunatic spurts of feather and crazy wisps of veil. Flyaway plastic sunglasses of the fifties, sometimes trimmed with rhinestones, are two dollars. Mexican jackets of the same era, boxily shaped, with big, pleated shoulders, are made of bright wool flannel decorated with appliqués of donkeys, señoritas, and fellows in sombreros; $40. Bakelite purses, sometimes shaped like little picnic baskets, with ball feet and trimmings of plastic flowers, are $12 to $20, and modern barrettes and combs in interesting colors and shapes are $5 to $9.

Before we left the East Seventies behind us for another year and paused to rest our weary feet, we took note of a confection in lettuce-edged Nyesta at Basha &, 908 Madison Avenue (73rd). The dress is in only one size and has one seam; it uses two yards of fabric and has two darts; there are four suggested ways of wrapping it on; it comes in a choice of eight colors; and it's $145.

WE started the last stage of our shopping tour of the East Side by bounding up the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Avenue and 82nd Street. We took in the Wyeth exhibition, then stopped in at the excellent gift shop to swoop up some of the museum's consistently distinguished suggestions for Christmas. (As might be expected of a museum, the shop displays items with great clarity and sense, so that—at least when the crowds are not four-deep at the counters, as they sometimes are at busy times of day near Christmas—shoppers can see clearly enough to make a rational selection.) The museum's address book is called "Secret Gardens" and has illustrations of flowers selected from such museum sources as Chinese embroideries, Persian miniatures, and medieval tapestries, as well as from paintings of different periods, including the Impressionist. The dazzling cover is taken from Monet; $6.95. A set of twenty-four cards with similarly flowery themes, without messages, and with beautifully reproduced glowing colors, is $7.95. A wool *bashlyk*—a combination of a hood and a four-foot scarf—is copied from a head wrap used by Pre-Revolutionary Russian soldiers to fend off the winds rolling in from the steppes, but would fend off winds rolling in from New Jersey as well, and with tremendous dash, at that. A long, silky tassel drips from the point of the hood, and the ends may be wrapped in a variety of ways—as a shawl, say, or round the waist. The price is $45. A batiste-like white cotton blend makes a mid-calf apron that is like the cook's best apron in "Upstairs, Downstairs." (Actually, it's inspired by a book of Victorian ice-cream recipes that the museum has just published.) The apron has a big bib and is trimmed in French cotton lace; it fastens in back, in a huge butterfly bow, with floating streamers of sash; $18.75.

Over on Lexington Avenue, at No. 1194 (81st), is the sprightly and useful gift shop called Jenny B. Goode. This shop has a white silk smock shirt with mandarin collar, yoke in front and back, and ample, gathered sleeves. It is of Indian origin, and an excellent buy at $30. From China has come a bamboo purse that looks something like a little birdcage and folds up conveniently for travelling or for when the bird is not in residence. The construction of bamboo slits a half inch apart militates against keeping loose change in it, but this disadvantage does not affect the bag's general stylishness; $10. (We carried a similar bamboo bag—a close cousin of those at Jenny B.—all summer, and it was widely admired.) Enchanting thistledown makeup brushes, for applying powder and blushers, have straw-wrapped handles and are $2.50 and $3.

After a brief stop for tea and buttermilk biscuits spread with fresh-fruit butters at a new, plant-filled restaurant called Summerhouse (1269 Madison, at 91st), we pressed on with our shopping. (We resolved to see what Cooper-Hewitt has done with the old Carnegie mansion at 91st and Fifth another day.) Upper Mad, 1260 Madison Avenue (90th), has a plaid shirt of cotton flannel which is not too overwhelmingly woodsmanlike, having been designed by a Frenchman named Gaston Jaunet; $28. A pair of jeans in wide-wale corduroy, to go with the shirt, is $36 in a choice of zinging red or blue, as well as black. And Swinburne, 1225 Madison Avenue (88th), has a collection of Indian silver boxes

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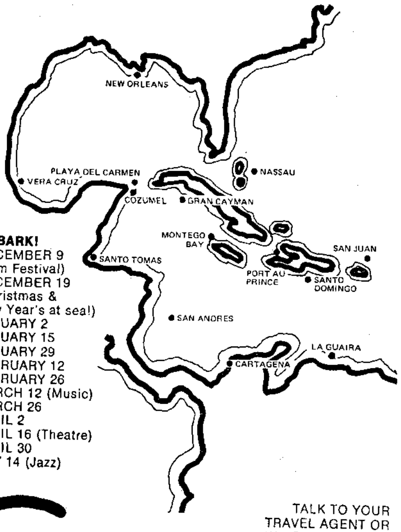

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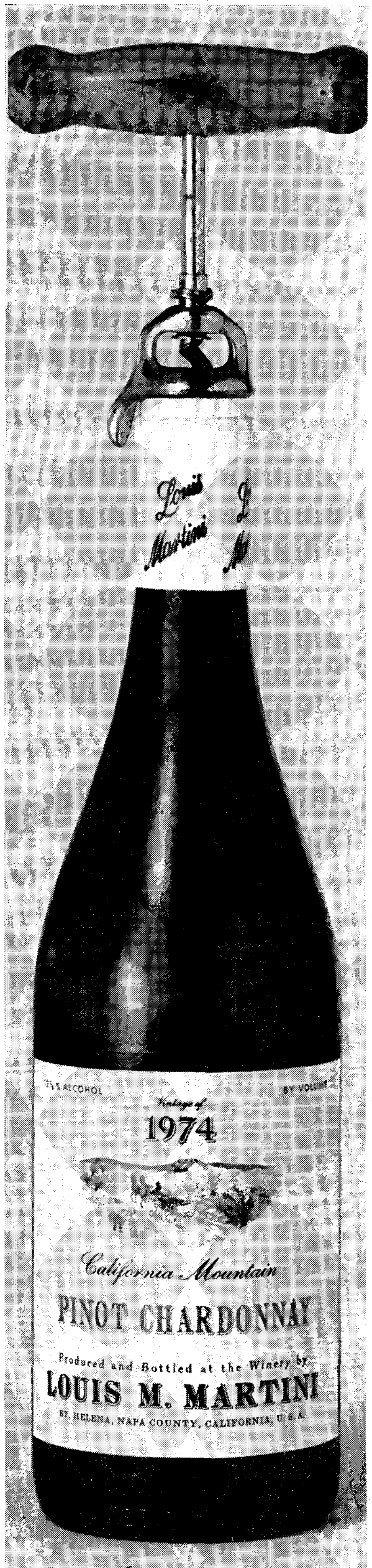

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with hand-painted jungle birds on the ivory lids. A one-and-a-half-inch size is $42 if it's round, $48 if it's square. Small earring studs for pierced ears, bearing semiprecious stones, are $10. Antique English evening bags in gold-and-silver or silver mesh are $65 with chain handles. In a tiny, change-purse size, without handles, they are ten dollars less.

WITH a lingering glance over our shoulder at the peaceful backwater we had been bumbling about in, we jumped on the Fifth Avenue bus and headed resolutely downtown, toward the thronged sidewalks in the shopping heart of the city. We began on Fifty-seventh Street, because elegant passersby still hold an edge in influence here over the Casbah medley of buskers, beggars, and peddlers of trinkets and religions which keeps spreading along Fifth Avenue farther south. Waving cheerily at Buster, the doorman on duty outside Henri Bendel (as he has been for over fifty years), we headed into the store and up to the fifth floor, where we found a red-lacquered boutique dedicated to "at home" wear. It appears to be an axiom in fashion circles these days that while people are dressing up more for evening—are less likely, that is, to go out to dinner in jeans—they are dressing up in things they could also quite comfortably wear at home. One example of this in-or-out evening fashion is a floor-length shirt-style dress in a ripple-textured, silky sort of crêpe, with a mandarin collar and with full gathers from a yoke. One size fits most reasonably sized women, and a choice of colors includes French blue, black, ivory, and a lively scarlet; $96. Lingerie of more boudoirish tone may be inspected at the opposite end of the same floor, and we have always found the Bendel taste in oyster silks and peachy satins and delicate coffee lace to be of mouth-watering refinement. This Christmas, some fortunate creature might receive a silk-and-lace tea gown in shades of ivory. Something about it reminds us of Lady Ottoline Morrell at Garsington—perhaps the pattern of peacocks, netted in the lace, that trail their languorous tails across the front; $275. Down on the fourth floor, there are snakeskin ballet slippers, light-footing on low wafers of wedge heels, in various colors, including blue, tan, and gray; $26. And the Carol Horn shop has a beautiful and snuggly wrap coat, and, again, one size fits most everyone. The material is a fuzzy wool-and-mohair in a stone-and-honey pebble-

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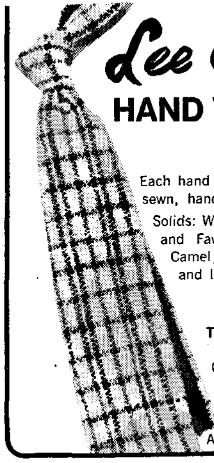

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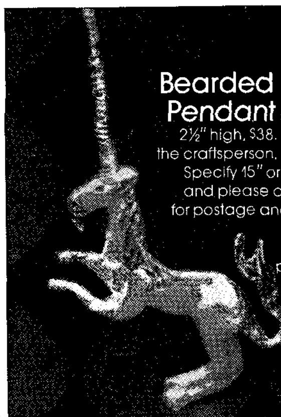

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dash with currents of peachy tan, and the coat reverses to a solid peachy tan. There is a big shawl collar and a sash belt, and, whichever side of the coat is out, there is to hand a pair of patch pockets at logical and comfortably slanting angles; $390.

Leaving Bendel, we turned right, into Yves St. Tropez, 4 West 57th Street. Impeccable tailoring is of the essence in this store, and any woman pining for the dash of meticulous, three-piece suits (with either a skirt or trousers) of the strictest European cut would be thrilled to have the chance to kit herself out here. A three-piece suit in menswear wool flannel or wool gabardine is $495 to $750. Across the street, at The New York Jax (7 West 57th), by contrast, the emphasis is on sinuous femininity in an ensemble that further illustrates the renaissance of panne velvet. The color choice is between celadon green and amethyst, which should suffice. A sleeveless cowl top ($75) goes with wide-legged pajama pants ($110); a camisole-topped dress, to the floor, is $180. In either case, an ensemble might be completed by a cardigan jacket with a vaguely Japanese cresting-wave print in muted shades of rust, blue, and lavender; $100.

The block west of Fifth on Fifty-fifth Street begins to feel like a neighborhood, of sorts, although it is lined with restaurants like La Caravelle and its residences lean toward what are known as discreet pieds-à-terre. Lonia, 55 West 55th Street, stocks the delicate, intelligent, not unworldly clothes designed by Mrs. H. Winter, whose ideas have moved from the overt parodies that gave her company the name Yesterday's News to a more understated irony of style. One group of clothes at Lonia is founded on the peach color that is so flattering and so much in fashion this season. This group includes a blouse as pretty as we've seen anywhere. It is of white crêpe with three peach-edged Peter Pan collars, each of the top two smaller than the one beneath. Long sleeves wrap close to a delicate wrist and are held tight by crystal-ball buttons. (Mrs. Winter thinks wrists and collarbones are beautiful, and likes to scheme up ways to show them off.) The blouse is $52 and is run a close second for looks by an alternative version in white trimmed with dove gray. A different Winter blouse is a smock top of cream-colored silk with wide peasant-blouse sleeves. These narrow at the wrist with another Wintery notion, involving little paddle-shaped

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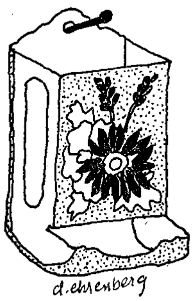
ties. The rounded yoke is hand-embroidered with creamy flowers and wheat sheaves; $70. Also at Lonia are hand-carved mother-of-pearl hair combs ($12); six-foot lengths of mohair muffler-hood in heavenly heathers ($45); and cashmere sweaters not unlike the styles of the French designer Sonia Rykiel, who is a fan of wrists and collarbones, too ($50).

Antartex, at 14 West 55th Street and also at 903 Madison Avenue (72nd), is more in the business of warming bones than of pointing up their delicacy, but the shop can produce a thick, soft mohair throw as its candidate for the sensuousness stakes. It is fifty-two inches wide and sixty-eight long, in an assortment of colors, including snowdrift white; $30. And fluffed-up mohair like the breast feathers of a chilly bird goes into cardigans that are hand-knit in England; $55. These, too, come in vivid colors and are especially nice in white.

WE knew that our cowardly lurking about on side streets must end, so we forged on to Fifth Avenue, buying a bag of chestnuts and pressing our nose to the window of F. A. O. Schwarz with the best. Our first skirmish was into Bergdorf Goodman, where we made for the stocking counter in search of suggestions from a helpful sales staff. They had plenty of rugged-texture ideas, to match up with the Great Auntie walking shoes that are suddenly "in" for normally frivolous feet. Here are ribbed wool-mixture tights by the respected old English firm of Martyn Fisher, which is so beloved of the Miss Marple types in Cheltenham and Tunbridge Wells. Colors include camel, black, denim blue, bottle green, slate, and navy blue; $15. Also on the main floor, there is to be discovered a handsome tote bag made by the Italian leather-goods experts at Fendi. The bag is of kidskin, and measures about twelve inches by eight. There are double handles, and the sides are decorated with rectangles-within-rectangles of contrasting saddle stitching—tan stitching on black, tan on chocolate, or black on burgundy; $235. In the second-floor lingerie department at Bergdorf, there is a floor-length robe of oatmeal cashmere, styled like a pared-down trenchcoat, designed by Bill Blass, and priced at $300. A long nightgown and peignoir in Satin de Lys are to Bergdorf's own design, in a choice of pink or pale blue with a print that is in either case based on generous tossings of white chrysanthemums. The nightgown has a high neck and a lacy yoke, and is trimmed with a little bow at the throat. More of these minute, knotted fancies line up to close the full-sleeved peignoir. The robe is $96, the gown $65, and a matching bed jacket $50.



Next, we dashed across to I. Miller, on the southwest corner of Fifty-seventh Street. We passed through the ground-floor shoe department and took the elevator up to the General Store. (This cozy elevator, with its Parsons side table, table lamp, and pictures on the walls, is like a little sitting room. We vote it the only elevator in the city we would, at a pinch, take up residence in.) The General Store has a super warmup suit that is a mite too grand for jogging, being made of cashmere in a choice of tomato, navy, gray, canary, bottle green, or mustard. Styling is authentically athletic, though, and involves zip front, a hood, and two slanting slits that give access to a kangaroo pouch pocket on the midriff; top is $147, trousers $175. And a lush wrap coat of the same cashmere, in white, gray, or butterscotch, is $270.

Traversing Fifth Avenue, we made our way into Tiffany and toyed with the amusing notion of barrettes in the shape of a two-inch curve of wishbone but made in eighteen-karat gold; $190. They are designed by Angela Cummings, who is also responsible for barrettes in the shape of ginkgo leaves. These are $130 in gold, $32 in silver. Other anchorage for coiffures includes combs based on the traditional tortoise-shell-comb shape but interpreted in gold ($250) or silver ($50).

Bonwit Teller has been madly sprucing itself up of late, giving parties to flaunt its face-lift, and shuffling departments around in a general post. The luggage department is on the sixth floor at the moment, but its passage is booked for a new spot in the New Year. Here, for now, though, reposes a very handsome set of bags that bear the ubiquitous name of Bill Blass. They are made in a beige fabric, with a rust-and-brown tattersall pattern, that resembles cotton flannel. Handles and trim are of saddle-colored leather. This is unmistakably modern luggage, intended for clothes that do not demand careful folding in tissue paper, and for people who sometimes carry their own

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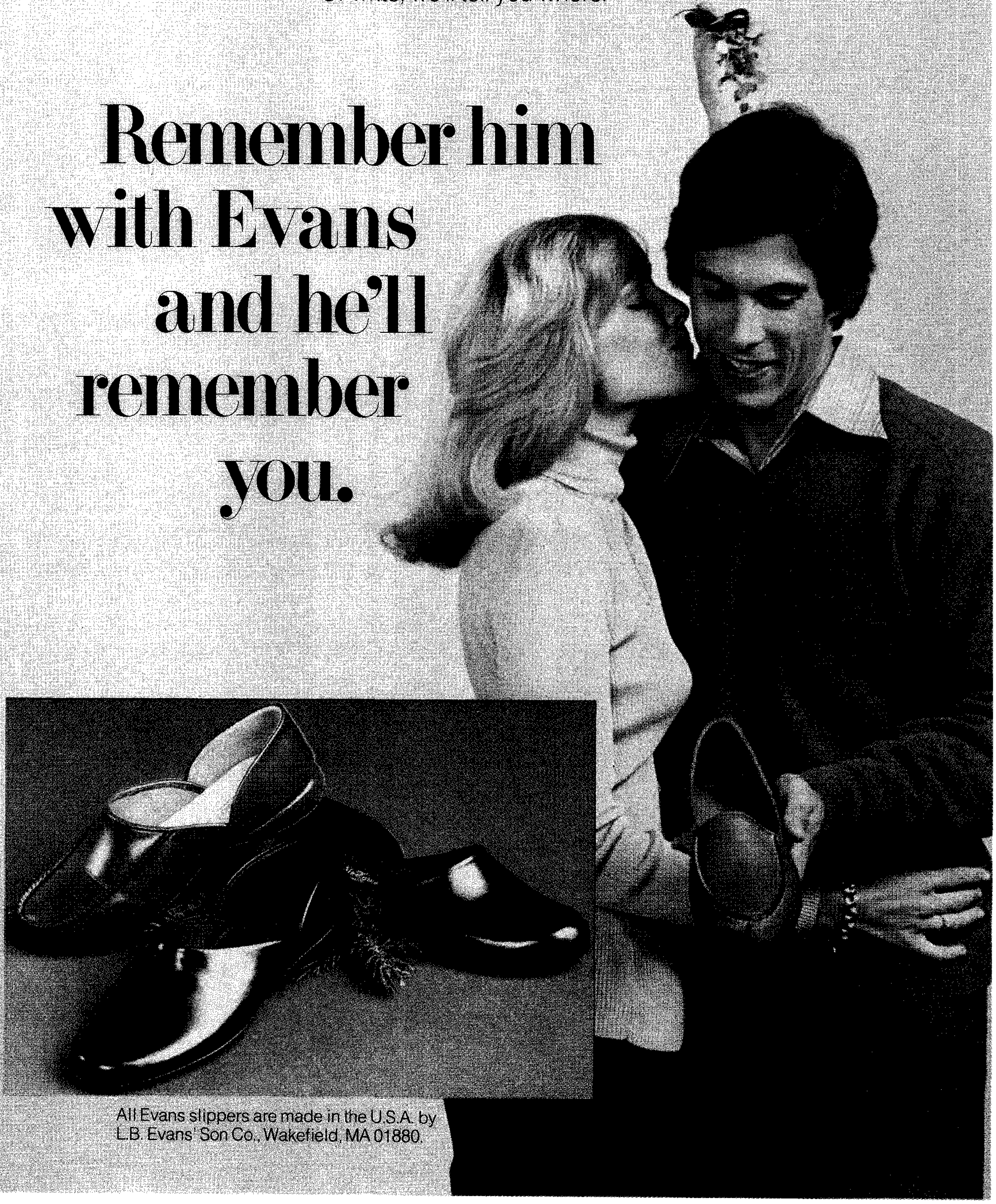

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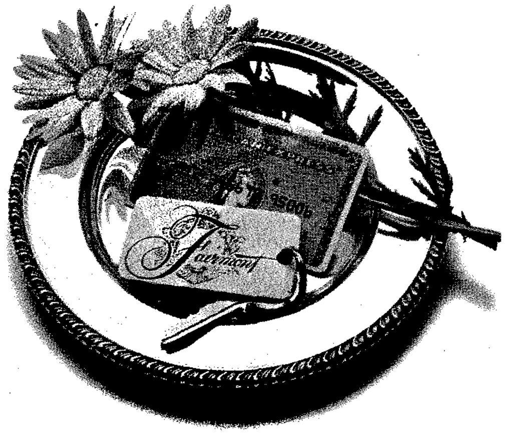

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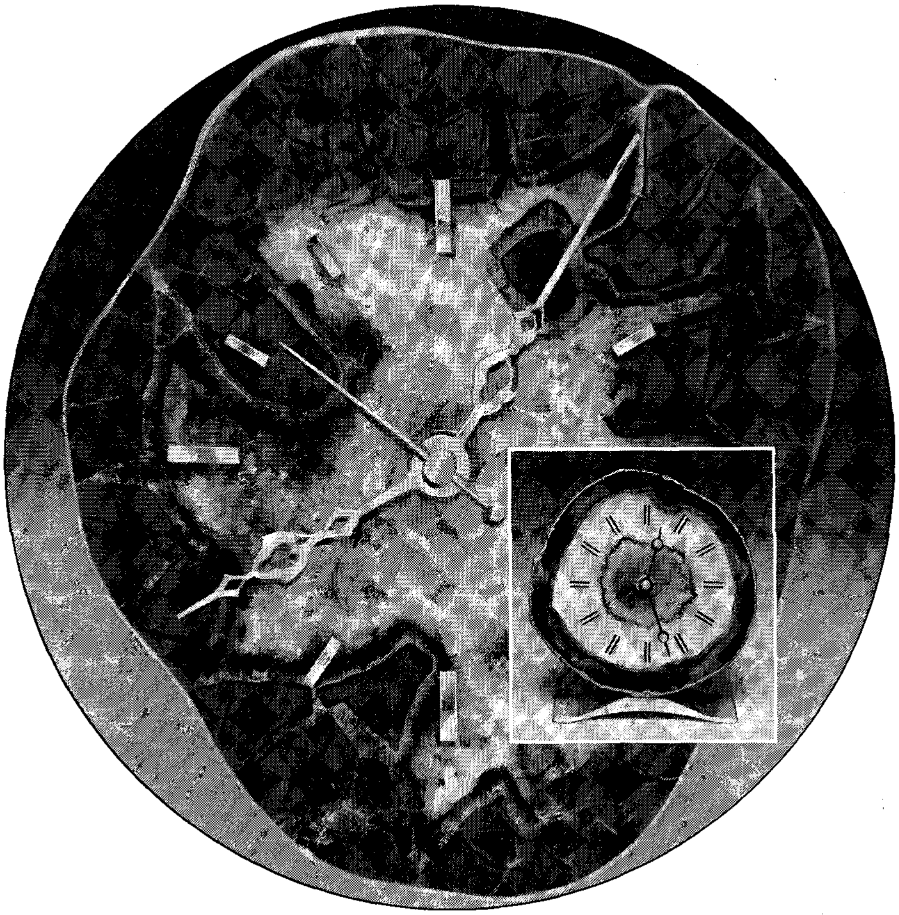
bags onto airplanes, like the Jimmy Carters. Even a foldover suitcase for suits or dresses—the largest bag, priced at $125—has a shoulder strap, which is detachable, as are, fortunately, the gold-metal initials of Mr. Blass. In the same department, there is a briefcase made of the rich, baseball-glove leather that is the forte of Coach Leatherware. The bag is modelled on a schoolbag, and closes with two rounded straps secured by swivelling metal tabs. It can be had in either natural or chocolate calf, and costs $80.

Having an aversion to serving as a walking advertisement for any designer—especially when we are mooching at home in pajamas and robe—we hesitated, on the fifth floor, before making up our mind about some examples of the garments that are designed by Ralph Lauren for his firm, Polo. They are trimmed on the cuff (of the pajamas) and breast pocket (of the robe) with his "signature"—an embroidered horseman at full tilt, on the point of giving a mighty thwack with his mallet. But we were won over by the discreet scale of the emblem and by the high quality of the cotton fabrics and of the workmanship involved. Man-tailored white pajamas piped in either tan or blue are $50; a long, man-tailored cotton robe in either tan or blue is $60. And a similar robe in cotton flannel, with either brown and white or green and white checks, is $72. If a pause for refreshment seems in order after this stretch of the Christmas trail, one may nibble an *insalata romana* or sip up the froth of a cappuccino at the offshoot of the house of Orsini that Bonwit's has recently taken under its wing.

Or, braving the gaze of genteel old ladies savoring their one Martini, shoppers may discreetly ease off their shoes under the table as they tuck into home-style cooking at the venerable institution called the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th). Upstairs in the gift shop is some of the handmade work, generally in very feminine style, that is exchanged with the public at large for quite modest sums. There are little Chinese bowls of potpourri decorated with bows and fabric posies, for $2.50 to $5.95; bookmarks, for upward of a dollar; and delicate boudoir pillowcases of lace-trimmed, often flower-printed cotton, for $10. A collection of charming boxes with découpage designs—sometimes conventional cabbage roses or zinnias, sometimes strange, Dada-like hybrid animals—runs from $37 to $67. And the lingerie department of the Exchange has feather-light robes in



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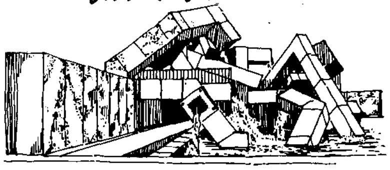

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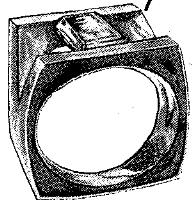

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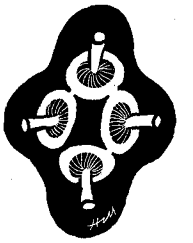
hand-quilted China silk and in clear colors not limited to babyish pastels. Patterns of the stitching include delicate tracery, flowers, and butterflies. Short robes are from $135, long from $170, and bed jackets upward of $70.

Cutting back over to Fifth alongside St. Patrick's, we next set our course for Saks Fifth Avenue. Within this establishment's portals, on the main floor, is a practical and not inelegant tube of soft rabbit's hair, designed in France and made to be worn around the neck as a cowl or pulled up over the head as a hood. (If recipients have a fancy for medieval-dramatic layerings, they might wear another hat on top of their turtle-sheathed head on days of biting wind.) A marvellous and very Gallic range of colors includes burgundy, cassis, spinach, lilac, and *gris;* $20. Cashmere gloves in a choice of ten colors are $12. And Saks has a few more hints for the stylish fending off of hostile elements. On the seventh floor, there is a coat of thick, fluffy, blanketlike Italian wool in a creamy color, with fashionable touches redolent of Scott of the Antarctic. There is a snap front, a wide, set-in waistband of cream-colored canvas, and the double ear protection of two hoods—the outer canvas, the inner wool. It's $220. On the third floor is a flare-backed raincoat in tan poplin, designed by Calvin Klein. It has a hood and a gray flannel lining, both detachable; $220. At the opposite pole from all this are the luxurious wisps of imported silk-satin nightgowns on the fourth floor. An average price is $175. And a range of lingerie with lace trim and bits of hand embroidery is made specially for the store in a good-quality polyester crêpe. Colors include a muted "pink champagne," an understated gray-green, and unambiguous old black. A camisole and old-fashioned wide-legged panties are $18 each; a full slip is $30; and a petticoat is $23.



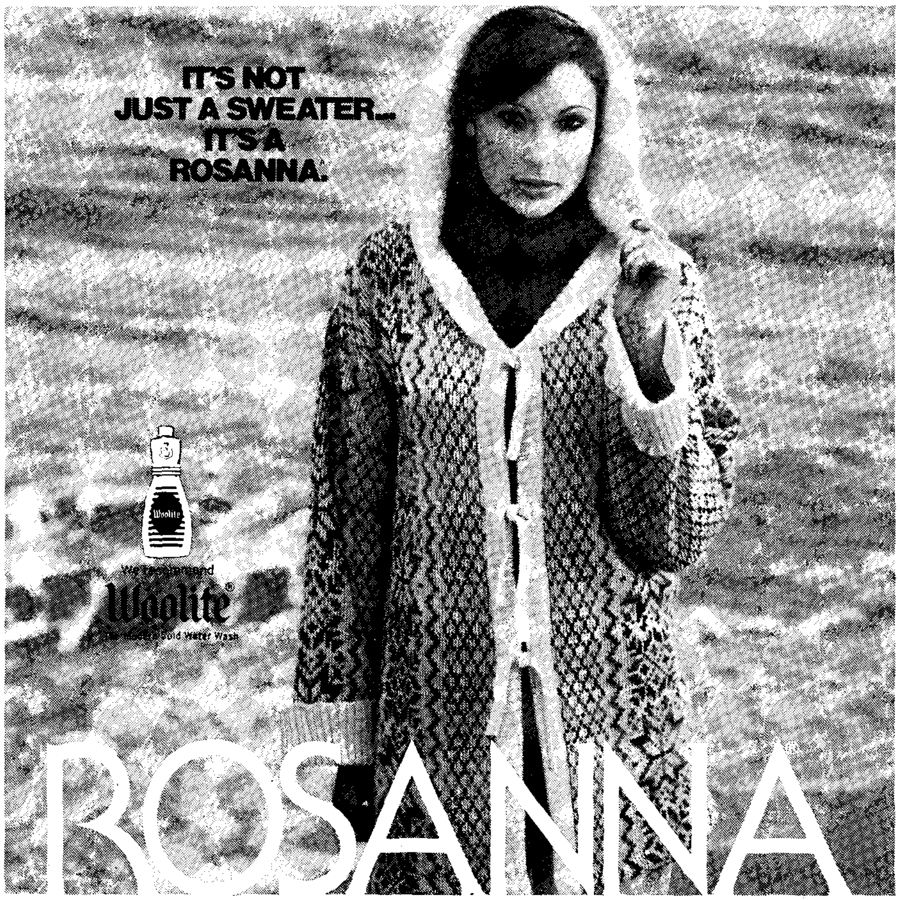
AFTER a stop to consume a half-dozen Apalachicolas and some Heitz Pinot Chardonnay at Grand Central's Oyster Bar, one can press down Fifth Avenue to Lord & Taylor. The store has been celebrating its sesquicentennial this year and has been getting a face-lift, as well. On the main floor—now very coolly elegant, with acres of marble, plants, and mirrored glass—we found a suède handbag roomy enough to please those legions of women who compulsively carry filing-cabinetfuls of memos and shopping lists and half-finished poems. The bag is the size of a small briefcase and has double handles and a zippered top. It is made in Italy, in a choice of colors that includes black, gold, gray, and wine. Ribbonlike strips of smooth leather in a stepped pattern decorate the bag's sides; $61. In the corner devoted to the smaller varieties of leather goods, there is a collection of accessories to put inside handbags which is made by the firm of Bond Street and comes under the designing umbrella of Oscar de la Renta. The pieces are bound with plain leather and textured in a straw-basket fashion; a key case is $9.50, a credit-card case $11, and a French purse $22.50. A pair of gloves in chocolate kid would match up well with these organized-purse pieces. The gloves are designed by the house of Anne Klein for Aris, and they have a contrasting piping of camel round the wrist, which is also tricked out with a small brass military-style button; $21. Up on the third floor, where there is a display of the grander sort of "sportswear" fashion—separates bearing the names of famous designers from both America and Europe, that is—there is another example of designer empire-building. Calvin Klein, whose name is generally attached to tailored clothes, has now given it to a luxurious length of fringed cashmere, in a choice of wine or navy, that is intended for use as a blanket or a shawl; $98. On the lingerie floor (the fourth) are some petticoats that look too fancy-free and hoydenish to serve meekly under the flag of any empire. They involve ankle-length Scarlett O'Hara flounces of flame-red taffeta and are $18.

A new boutique at B. Altman, next to the up escalator on the main floor (which remains reassuringly familiar, with its comfortable, wood-panelled face unlifted) may well prove of value to those in search of gifts. The corner is christened The Collectibles, as a hint that anyone who already owns one example of the goods it offers should not be discouraged from acquiring or receiving a second and a third. Here are plastic hair combs from France with frosty underwater effects in greens, pinks, and mauves, for $3. Here, too, are handmade flowers in silk organdie and organza, to be worn at the lapel, the waist, or the wrist, or perhaps in the hair. Twelve dollars is a representative price. And little crocheted Juliet caps are $12 in solid colors, $13 in stripes. Also eminently collectible are the knitted scarves of gossamer mohair called fascinators, to be found on the main floor near the door. They lend themselves to a variety of delicate effects—more fashionable ones than mantilla-like draperies over dated bouffant hairdos, which is the image that might first spring to mind. They come in a host of beautiful colors and are $4, or may be collected in twosomes for $7.75.

BEFORE we quit the big Fifth Avenue stores, a word about the perfumes some Christmas shoppers might seek to buy in them. Face-lifts in such stores often serve to give more space to the wares of the large cosmetic firms, whose latest aggressively advertised perfumes are not inevitably the best around. As a guide to perfume buyers who might be confused by the plethora of choices, here is a purely personal list of favorites old and new, based on our own samplings and on the loyalties of friends with taste we respect:

Calèche (Hermès)
Arpège; My Sin (Lanvin)
Rive Gauche; "Y" (Yves Saint Laurent)
Miss Dior; Diorissimo; Diorella (Guess Who)
Parure, a newcomer; Mitsouko (Guerlain)
Cabochard (Grès)
Crêpe de Chine (F. Millot)
Bal à Versailles; Jardanel, a new perfume (Jean Desprez)
L'Air du Temps (Nina Ricci)
Je Reviens (Worth)
Zibeline (Weil)
Essence Rare, a novelty greeted with particular enthusiasm (Houbigant)
Givenchy III; L'Interdit (Givenchy)
Jolie Madame (Balmain)
Femme; Madame Rochas; Audace (Rochas)

HAVING saved the toughest assault of our Christmas-shopping battle to the last, we forged ahead to Herald Square. Filtering into the dark crowds of fellow-citizens, pushing past the demented whistlings of traffic wardens trying to control the converging streams of vehicles, we marched on into Macy's. Macy's has been sprucing itself up, like other stores, with improvements aimed at the sort of free-spending, freewheeling folks who live with those mythical life styles. But the ordinary, unself-conscious, crowded lunacy and decency that characterize New Yorkers will, we hope, continue to make their presence felt at Macy's. Not that we would quarrel with the sprucings if they lead to such distinctive services as the Christmas boutique the store has founded especially to help men who are shopping for womenfolk, which has been chris-



The unbasic basic, Rosanna's tie-front jacket, is just what you need for outdoor adventuring. It has everything to recommend it: a cozy hood, zingy style, and a fresh snowflake pattern. Machine-washable wool and acrylic knit in a wicker/white color combination. S-M-L sizes, and a very sound investment to make at $44.
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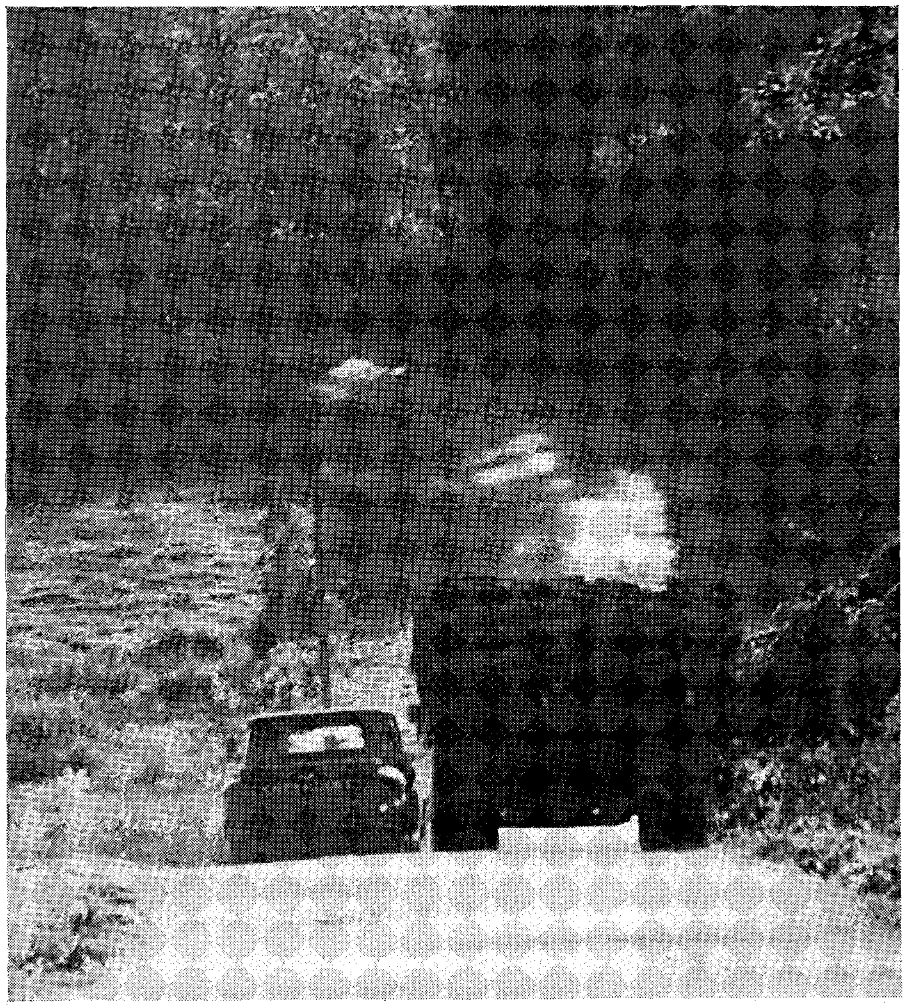

ABOUT NOW, there are quite a few log trucks in Middle Tennessee. We apologize for the inconvenience.

Come November, a Tennessee maple is lowest in sap. (So it's perfect to burn into charcoal for mellowing Jack Daniel's.) And we pay premium for all wood brought in at this time of year. Of course, with so many log trucks poking along, we get some complaints from Tennessee drivers. But as long as we keep getting this sap-free hard maple, we don't expect many from Tennessee drinkers.

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tened—we report without comment—Santa's Affair. Here a chap can find cashmere sweaters, luxurious lingerie, jewelry, and also ideas about how best to present such gifts. He might, for example, pick out a necklace based on a morning-glory flower of eighteen-karat gold, hung on a fine gold chain and with a dewdrop of diamond at its heart, for $325, and then choose as a container a lidded box of white Portuguese porcelain with blue flowers sprinkled on it, for $12.50. In this boutique are exquisite little handmade clutch purses in half-moon shapes, designed by Clive Shilton. Each bag is different from the next, but we took a particular fancy to one in glove-soft burgundy kid, with radiating detail of hair-fine pleats; $124. This designer's pleat idea, vaguely related to the dressmaker effects on crinoline skirts or parasols, shows up again in some little satin evening bags that dangle from silk cords and are the shape of flapped and rounded pockets; $56.

The whole of the sixth floor at Macy's—the linen department—has been dolled up dramatically to demonstrate how sheets and towels are adjuncts of the fashionable life style. The basically boudoir boutique called Private Lives is really very grand. Tastefully glamorous bed linens and such take priority, and they include niceties like square baby pillows ($23) and neckrolls ($27) of écru satin lavishly trimmed with lace. Here, too, are white cotton sachets the size of envelopes, padded with cotton whose scent—Norell—is written in gray lettering across the front; $3.50. A wonderfully soft throw (or twin-bed-sized blanket) is in café-au-lait-and-oatmeal Inca patterns on Peruvian alpaca-and-wool; $90. And Macy's, already a microcosm of New York in many ways, is establishing a mock neighborhood in its basement. A delightful street of wooden "shops" includes a potter's studio; a gourmet market; an apothecary shop that specializes in Caswell-Massey, whose products arrive in such quaintly Victorian bottles; and a restaurant that is a branch, and a replica, of P. J. Clarke's. It may not be exactly a neighborhood, but if this combination doesn't add up to a life style, we'd like to know what does.

•

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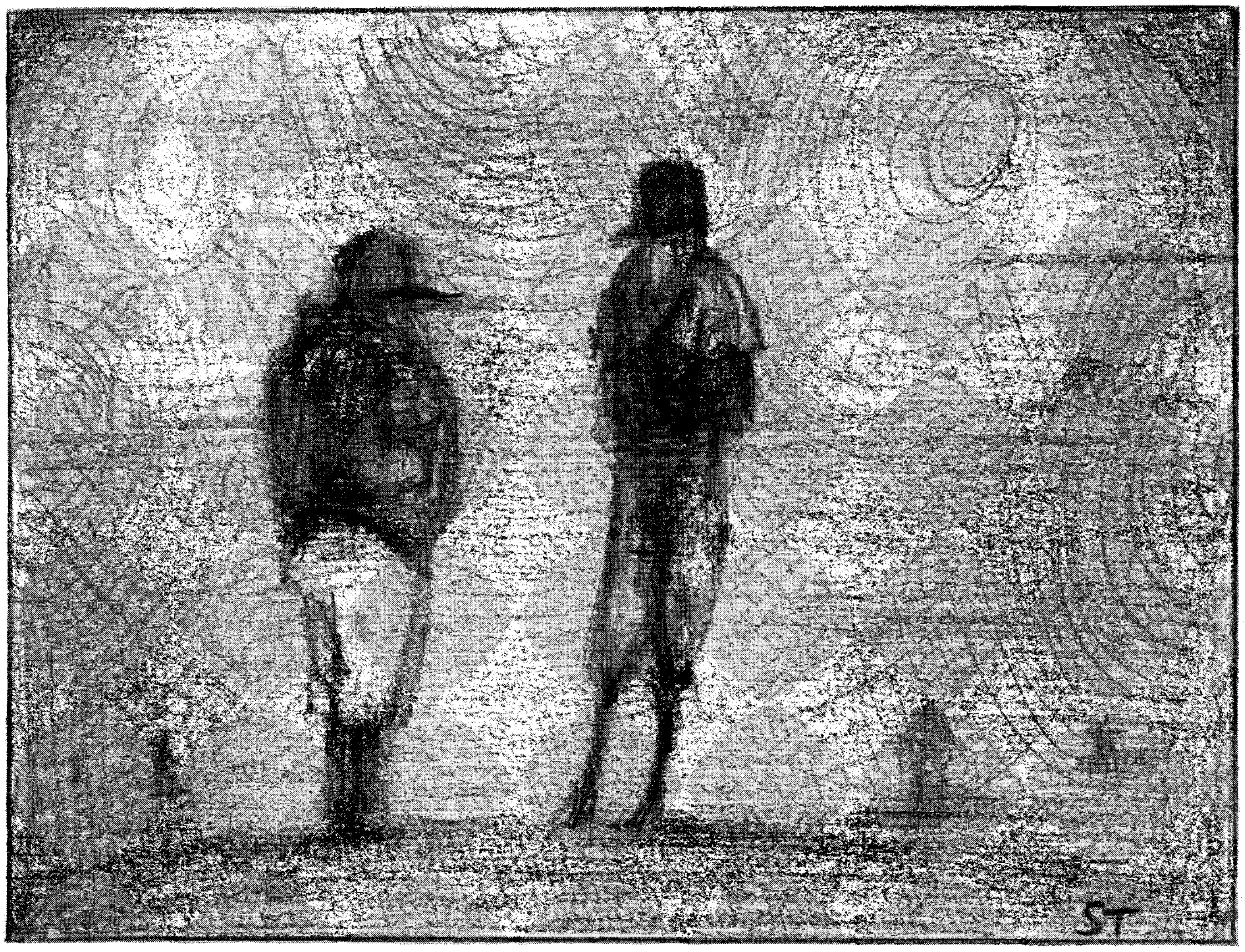
THE SPORTING SCENE

CAST A COLD EYE



THE last out of the year was an uninteresting fly ball struck by the Yankees' Roy White, which ascended briefly through the frigid South Bronx darkness and then fell into the glove of George Foster, the Cincinnati left fielder. Foster and his teammates, who had at this instant captured an utterly one-sided and almost passionless World Series and thus reconfirmed their title to the championship of the world, cavorted briefly in time-honored postures of jubilation and then departed from the arena, leaving behind them a silenced, half-frozen audience and the filth-strewn vacant turf of Yankee Stadium—a panorama that inescapably suggested the condition of another, larger game: the state of baseball itself. I visited the clubhouses and entered in my notebook the expected antipodal quotes from variously disappointed, triumphant, heartbroken, generous, bitter, and overmodest athletes and coaches and officials, and then headed for the subway and home, with the old, late-October tang of sprayed champagne on my sleeve and an unfamiliar gloom in my heart. For a while, I ascribed this weight to a childish, partisan disappointment over the double outcome of that last game—Reds 7, Yankees 2; Reds 4 games, Yankees 0 games—but I am not, in truth, much of a Yankee fan, and I have watched enough baseball to know that four-game sweeps are not such a rarity as to strike a grownup aghast. My discontent lay elsewhere, and when it persisted I mentioned it to friends and colleagues and new acquaintances, and found that all of them—every fan among them, that is—was suffering from a similar sense of dissatisfaction and emptiness over this baseball season and its ending. The 1976 World Series, in spite of its brevity and skimped drama, was a significant one. It profoundly enhanced and deepened the reputation of the Cincinnati Reds, who must now be compared seriously with the two or three paramount clubs of the last half-century, and it was equally notable, I think, for the harsh music of complaint that preceded and accompanied and trailed after its brief October passage—sounds of cynicism and anger and sadness from so many people and places that they almost drowned out the thump and tootlings of our favorite old parade.

The causes of this widespread unhappiness are hardly new. They include, in no particular order, night baseball, Sunday-night baseball, the extension of the season far beyond its appropriate weather, the extension and promotion of the controversial designated-hitter device by permitting its introduction into World Series play, artificial turf and its effects on players and strategies, the televising of baseball and television's enormous influence on scheduling and on almost every other aspect of the game, and, most of all, the irresolute, insensitive, and hypocritical leadership of the executives of the sport, who permitted most of these vulgarities and dumb ideas to creep into their sport in the first place and to flourish until they now almost strangle it. Further uneasy and unresolved ele-

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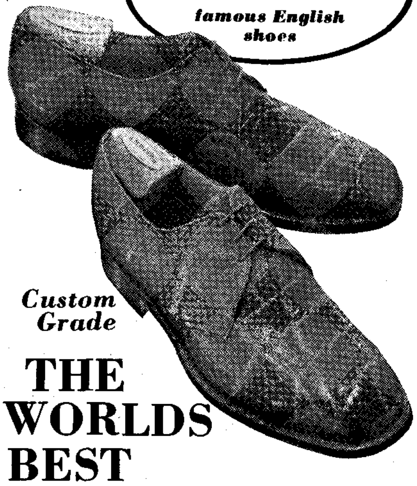

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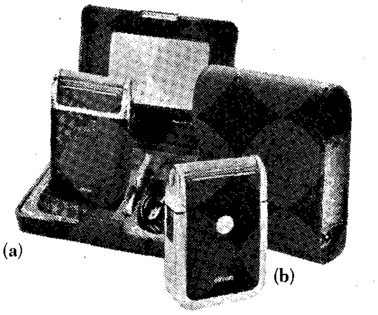

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ments that afflict the game are the arrival of the free-agent status for players and its accompanying inflation of salaries and trade prices, the violence and anarchy of ballpark crowds, the suspicions and tensions that separate players and owners as a result of the dissolution of the reserve clause, and the utterly unneeded forthcoming expansion of the American League, with the resultant dilution of talent in the league that, as the Reds horribly proved, is already much the inferior one. These grievances, as I have said, are not exactly new—only the scheduling of two important post-season games (one playoff, one Series) in Sunday-night prime time and the entrance of Howard Cosell into the quiet chambers of the game came as true startlers this fall—but the list is so long and depressing that one's fervent wish is simply to throw it away and to think only about the distractions and pleasures of baseball itself, to watch the games. This has been easy to do in recent years, when several riveting pennant races and a remarkable succession of World Series matchups, culminating in the epochal Reds vs. Red Sox collision last fall, have encouraged this kind of distraction; six of the last ten World Series have gone the full seven games, and only the one-sided five-game victory of the Orioles over the Reds in 1970 ranked close to this year's affair as unnews. And here, no doubt, is the real reason for my unhappiness. This fall, the baseball games could not distract us from the truth about baseball, which is that it may well be on the point of altering itself, if not out of existence, then out of any special or serious place in the American imagination.

THE season's news was not *all* dismal. The summer provided a basket of surprises, including the discovery that the clubs could prosper without a vestige of a pennant race in any of the divisions. By the first week of June, the four eventual winners—the Reds and Phillies in the National League, and the Yankees and Kansas City Royals in the American—had all moved into first place for good, and by the time of the All-Star Game break in mid-July the nearest second-place team, the Dodgers, was six full games to the rear. The Phillies and Royals, it will be recalled, suffered late-season comas that brought them almost within touching distance of their pursuers, but then steadied at the end. In spite of these torpid campaigns, baseball attendance for 1976 reached an all-time high of 31,320,535—a leap of a million and a half

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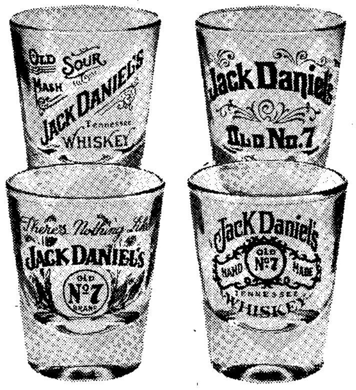
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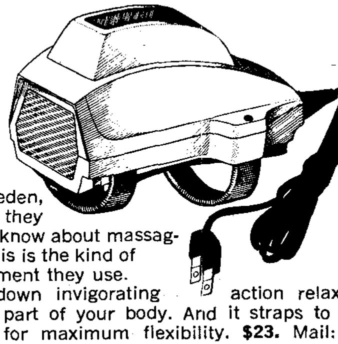

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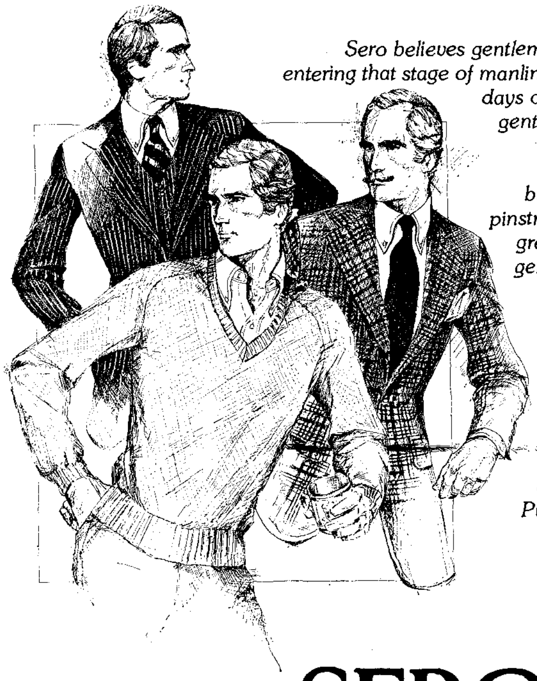
over the previous year. Most of the new or renewed fans turned up in the American League, which improved its gate by 1,470,583, to draw within two million of the perennially more robust N.L. The real causes of the surprising turnouts (aside from a numbing surfeit of Bat Days, Helmet Days, Jacket Days, Camera Days, Family Days, Bronzed-Baby-Shoe Days, and other promotions) were probably the memory of that great World Series last fall and the fact that three of the four summer leaders were new to such eminence and thus a reason for local fervor. Among them, the champion Reds and the upstart Yankees, Phillies, and Royals picked up more than two million new fans.

The only races in either league turned out to be for the batting titles, which were settled in both cases by the last couple of swings of a bat. In the National League, the Reds' Ken Griffey held an average of .337 on the final day of the regular season, and received permission from his manager, Sparky Anderson, to sit out the Reds' meaningless closing game against the Braves, and thus protect his lead over the Cubs' Bill Madlock, whose average stood at .333. (An inescapable memory here is the last day of the 1941 season, when Ted Williams was told by his manager, Joe Cronin, of the Red Sox, that it would be perfectly all right if he chose to skip that afternoon's closing doubleheader in order to protect his batting average, which was tremblingly balanced at .3996—officially .400, that is. Williams chose to play, went six-for-eight for the day, and finished at .406, the only over-.400 average of the past forty-six years.) Halfway through the Reds-Braves game, word came over the sports wire that Madlock was enjoying a terrific afternoon at the plate against the Expos; Griffey hurriedly entered the lineup, but went hitless in two at-bats and lost the title to Madlock, who had gone four-for-four and raised his average to .339. Madlock's batting title was his second in succession. In the American League, the matter ended even more improbably, in a Twins-Royals game in which *three* participants—Hal McRae (.330784) and George Brett (.330733), of the Royals, and Rod Carew (.329), of the Twins—all began play with a shot at the championship. McRae and Carew each went two-for-four, thus losing to Brett, whose crucial hit, bringing him to three-for-four for the day and .333 for the year, was a short fly that landed in front of the Minnesota left fielder



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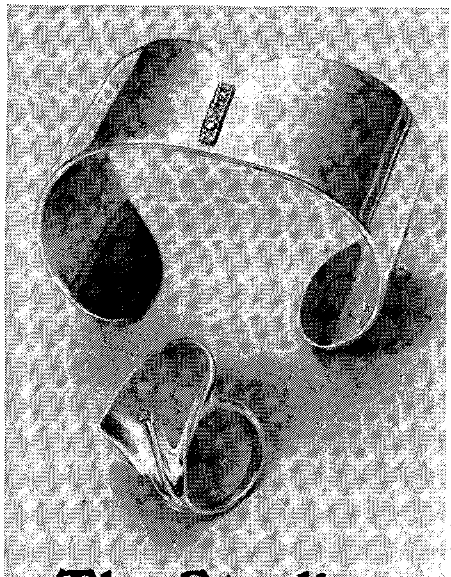

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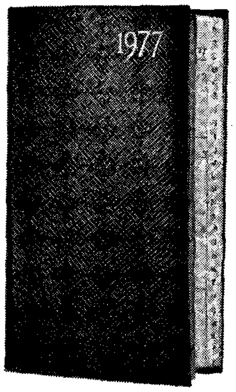

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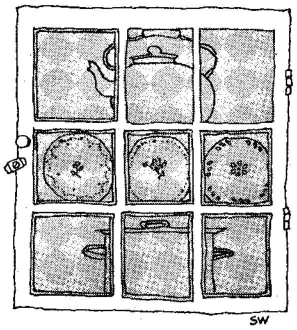
and bounced over his head for an inside-the-park homer. McRae, who is black, later claimed that the outfielder, Steve Brye, who is white, played the ball into a hit intentionally, thus handing the title to Brett, who is also white, and that he did so with the connivance of the Twins' manager, Gene Mauch. This sad matter will never be entirely resolved, but it must be pointed out that to *plan* such a malfeasance seems utterly unlikely.



Other numbers were less disputable. Hank Aaron retired, after twenty-three years and seven hundred and fifty-five homers. Walter Alston retired, after twenty-three years at the Dodger helm—a technically impeccable but (according to many of his players) distant and impersonal leader; he won seven pennants and four world championships. Lou Brock, now thirty-seven years old, batted .301 and stole fifty-six bases—his twelfth straight summer of more than fifty swipes. Twenty-eight more stolen bases will put him past Ty Cobb's lifetime mark of eight hundred and ninety-two, a record that has been considered one of the game's holy minarets. The Oakland A's, short of power thanks to the trading away of Reggie Jackson, stole three hundred and forty-one bases—only six short of the all-time record set by the 1911 Giants. Nolan Ryan led both leagues in strikeouts (327) and losses (18), thus proving something or other, and failed, for the first time since 1972, to pitch a no-hitter. The Tigers, in a game in May against the Yankees, committed three errors on one play. This horror show began when, with two Yankee runners on base, center fielder Ron LeFlore dropped a fly hit by Roy White, but picked up the ball in time to throw out the first runner at the plate; catcher John Wockenfuss, under the mistaken impression that this was the third out, lightheartedly rolled the ball out toward the mound, where it was seized by pitcher Bill Laxton, who then flung it wildly past third base, allowing White to chug home with the winning run.

The Tigers, a young and improving team, enjoyed some much happier days than this one, and raised their home attendance by more than four hundred thousand fans—a great many of whom came trooping in whenever the phenomenal young Tiger pitcher Mark Fidrych was slated to work. Fidrych finished his first season with a won-lost mark of 19–9 and an earned-run average of 2.34; the latter figure was the best among all starters in the league, which meant that Fidrych had a better summer than Vida Blue, Frank Tanana, Jim Palmer, and Luis Tiant, among others. This is notable work by any standard, but positively electrifying for a twenty-two-year-old rookie who performed for most of last season at the Class-A level of the minors and was not even on the Tigers' roster in spring training this year. I caught The Bird's act late in the season, in the first game of a September Sunday doubleheader at Yankee Stadium, when he gave up nine scattered, harmless hits and defeated the league leaders by 6–0. It was only the second shutout thrown against them by a right-hander all year. On the mound, Fidrych presented the classic profile and demeanor of a very young hurler—long legs and a skinny, pleasing gawkiness (he is six-three); a pre-delivery flurry of overexcited twitches, glances, and arm-loosening wiggles; and a burning anxiety to get rid of the ball, to see what would happen next, to get *on* with this, man! The results were something altogether different. His pitching was wholly cool and intelligent, built around some middling-good fastballs and down-slanting sliders, all delivered with excellent control just above or below the hemline of the strike zone, with an ensuing five strikeouts, one walk, and innumerable harmless fly balls. Fidrych also showed us some of his celebrated eccentricities—sprinting to the mound to start each inning, kneeling to pat down the dirt in front of the mound, applauding plays by his teammates, and shaking hands with some of his infielders after an important out—but his pitching outweighed his oddities. After the game, The Bird performed again with grace and flakiness, this time for the Gotham scribes. One reporter had noticed that he always tossed the ball back to the umpire after an enemy base hit, and asked why. "Well, that ball had a hit in it, so I want it to get back in the ball bag and goof around with the other balls there," Fidrych said. "Maybe it'll learn some sense and come out as a pop-up next time." Another writer, thinking ahead to the enormous salaries and lucrative commercial endorsements that now instantly reward young sporting pheenoms,

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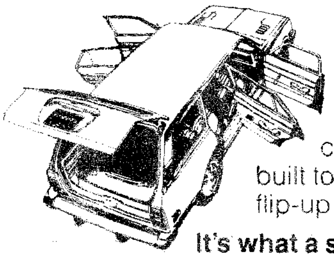

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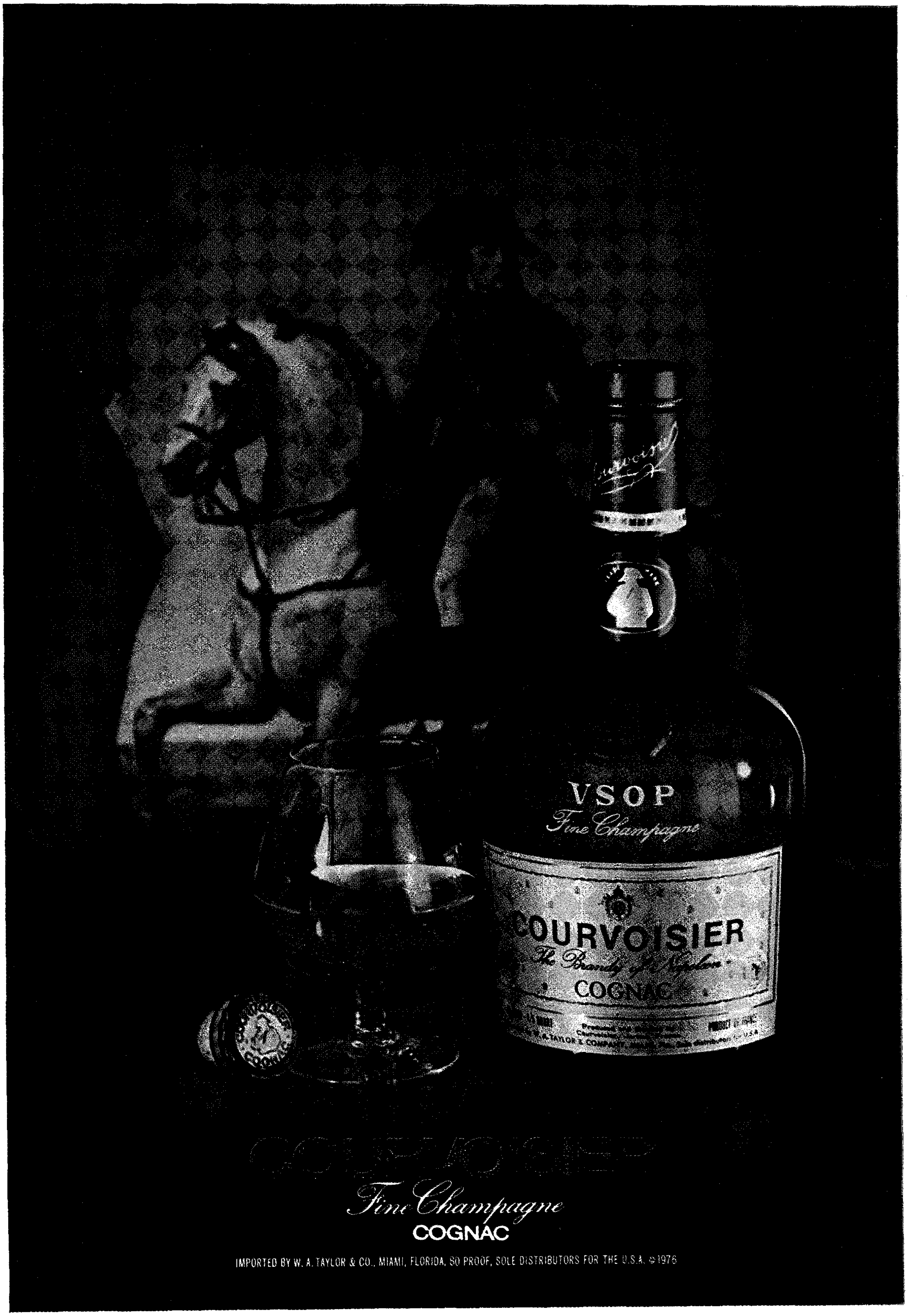
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asked, "What's come your way so far, Mark?"

Fidrych thought for an instant and then smiled almost shyly. "Happiness," he said.

Another happy pitcher was the Mets' Jerry Koosman, who won twenty-one games and lost ten—his first twenty-game season ever. He was 12–4 after the All-Star break, and finished just behind Randy Jones, the Padres' sinkerball artist, in the Cy Young Award balloting. (Koosman is on everybody's All-Good-Guy first team.) The only other twenty-game man in the Mets' annals, Tom Seaver, wound up this time at 14–11, in spite of a league-leading two hundred and thirty-five strikeouts and an E.R.A. of 2.59. No runs was the reason. During a typical outing of his in late July, I watched him shut out the Pirates for ten innings, fanning ten and allowing no one to reach third base—all literally for naught, since the Mets went scoreless, too, and eventually lost in the thirteenth. They played so badly in the first two-thirds of the season that their fans fell into the habit of booing them in the middle innings—booing quietly and resignedly, more out of principle than out of passion. But the Mets came on like an express train in the late going, winning twenty-five of their last forty games, taking third place, and playing a small but deadly part in the N.L. East pennant race. The Phillies, who led their division by fifteen games on August 27th, quickly lost eight straight games, and an eventual sixteen of twenty-one, thus permitting Pittsburgh to close to within three games on September 17th. The next day, however, the Mets beat the Pirates 6–2 (Seaver pitched); the day after that, they beat the Pirates 7–6 (Dave Kingman hit two home runs); and the day after *that* they beat the Pirates 5–4 (rookie outfielder Lee Mazzilli hit a two-run homer with two out in the ninth). The Pirates never recovered.

THE true feat of this past baseball summer—a development far more startling than a World Series sweep or a sudden batting title or any other miracle afield—was the drafting and acceptance of a revolutionary four-year pact between the owners and the players, which was drawn up, in memorandum form, on July 12th and subsequently affirmed by the Players Association, by the owners' Player Relations Committee, and, eventually, by a binding majority of seventeen of the twenty-four major-league clubs. Very little public attention was given to the

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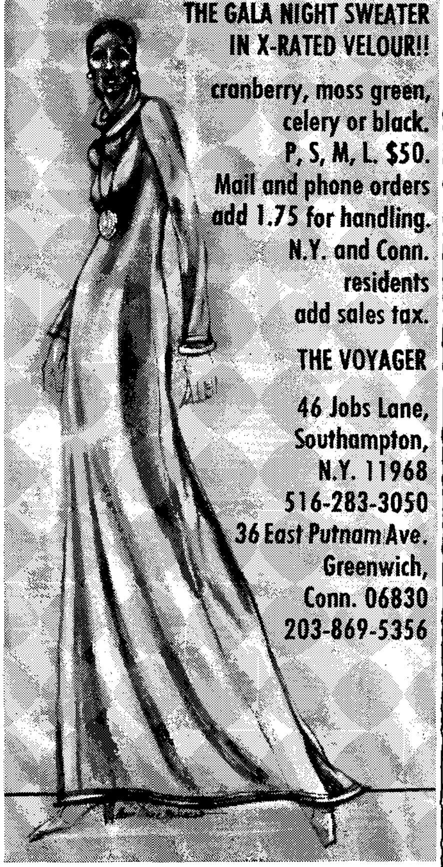

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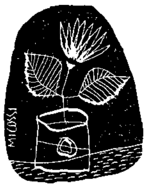
significance of this event at the time, because the headlines and news accounts concentrated on the most unusual and most immediately interesting of the document's subclauses, which was a system establishing the drafting and readmission to the game of free agents—players who would sever their connection with their existing clubs at the end of this season. Such a system, to be sure, was urgently necessary, since the pool of coming free agents—there were twenty-five of them in the end—included a number of the game's most expensive stars and prime talents, such as Reggie Jackson, Bobby Grich, Don Gullett, Joe Rudi, Rollie Fingers, and Dave Cash. The "reëntry draft" (a terrific space-age locution) that took place only a few days ago at the Plaza Hotel, here in New York, thus began the most interesting redistribution of talent in the history of the game.

The reëntry draft, however, was only one part of the pact, which was in fact a four-year renewal of the Basic Agreement governing every aspect of player-owner relations, including salary minimums, salary arbitration, retirement benefits, and so on—and, most significantly, free agency and trading rights. The new provisions in the last two areas call for immediate free agency, on request, for any player who has completed six years with a major-league club, and establish his right to demand a trade after five years' service with one club. "Repeater rights" also establish a player's privilege to proceed from trade demand to free agency, from free agency to free agency, and so forth, in various spans of five years or three years. The system appears straightforward and almost unarguably fair to all parties, and yet these are precisely the issues that profoundly divided the owners and the Players Association last winter and spring, and ultimately led to the bitter, owner-enforced lockout that delayed the opening of the spring-training camps by about three weeks last March. The signing of this agreement is a cause for rejoicing.



The accord was reached because the rival negotiators—Marvin Miller, who is the executive director of the Players Association, and John J. Gaherin, a professional labor negotiator retained by the clubs' Player Relations Committee—had begun to sense that after months of almost continuous desultory or impassioned bargaining, with frequent intervening consultations with their larger bodies, they were on the very brink of a formal impasse, an eventuality that ultimately would force the parties into court, with unforeseeable but chaotic results. Unwilling to face such risks, the two men, accompanied only by the league presidents—the National League's Charles S. Feeney and the American League's Lee MacPhail—met on July 6th in a small conference room at the Hotel Biltmore, in New York, to begin a series of informal but highly intensive negotiating sessions. These Biltmore Talks, as they are now referred to—more or less in the style of the Diet of Worms or the Treaty of Ghent—at last broke through the accumulated barnacle crust of suspicions and postures, and led to hard, precisely detailed, but non-acrimonious bargaining. At the end of four days, the basic memorandum had been hammered out, with the central agreement coming after Mr. Gaherin, for the Player Relations Committee, accepted free agency for the players after six years' service (the owners had been holding out for nine), in return for a five-year span before a player could again achieve free agency, instead of the three years that the Players Association had wanted.

Described in these terms, the accord sounds like a simple and civilized accommodation of differences, but the truth is that both sides had to travel an enormous distance over extremely bumpy terrain to arrive at a meeting place. Marvin Miller, for the P.A., had retreated from the basic "one-and-one" rights (free agency at the end of a player's current contract plus one year's additional service) that he appeared to have secured for the players after the Messersmith decision of last winter, which upset the reserve clause. He did so, one may surmise, in part because unlimited free agency seemed likely to destroy any form of player development or long-range team planning by the owners, and also because the cessation of the reserve clause (which had forbidden free agency) had been determined by an arbitrator's ruling but never tested all the way up to the Supreme Court level—a long, costly fight for both sides, with an impossible final verdict for one litigant or the other.

Mr. Gaherin, for his part, had perhaps an even more horrendous task, which was to persuade first the six-man Player Relations Committee and eventually most of the twenty-four club owners or presidents that the agreement was an essential document, and that it represented what so many of those owners had, in varying degrees and to various excruciating lengths, squirmed and shuddered and shouted to avoid: a fair accommodation. It was, by any measurement, a triumph for him and his employers. Faced with the real possibility of total free agency, he had come up with a solution to the slippery problem of readmitting free agents to the ordered hierarchy of the clubs, and had also arranged matters so that in all likelihood each long-term major-league player would achieve free agency only once in his career. Mr. Gaherin—a slim, pale, precise man of sixty-two, who has an unsettling resemblance to James Joyce—has worked for the Player Relations Committee for nine years, and is thus fully accustomed to the burdens of multi-employer labor work, but his treatment at the hands of the owners on this occasion must have startled him a little. Early in August, he and the National League president, Feeney, were vilified in an unbridled statement to the press issued by Gussie Busch, the owner of the Cardinals, who said that the clubs had been "kicked in the teeth in the labor matter" and demanded that the two men be dismissed. Since then, the owners in both leagues have held private ballotings that resulted in an expression of no confidence in Mr. Gaherin—a movement toward his dismissal that was only halted by Edmund B. Fitzgerald, who is chairman of the board of the Milwaukee Brewers and also the chairman of the Player Relations Committee.

The work of translating the memorandum of agreement into the full language of a formal Basic Agreement is not yet near completion, mostly because of the owners' attempts to redraft it or alter it unilaterally, but the memorandum itself was signed, and is thus a binding document. Since it came as the result of extensive bargaining, it is expected to be a strong instrument that will withstand any future court tests. It is true that Mr. Gaherin (along with Mr. Fitzgerald) was the planner and promulgator of the player lockout last spring, but it is also true that he and Marvin Miller, who somehow kept his youthful, scattered six-hundred-man union informed and unified through two years of unrelenting hostility and pressure from their employers, came out at the end with an agreement that looks like a Gibraltar in the churning seas of big-time American sport.

A somewhat more lighthearted view may be taken of the summer's other great off-diamond dustup, which

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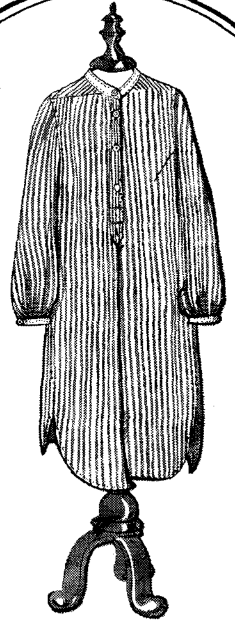

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was Commissioner Bowie Kuhn's abrupt action in June to stop a multi-million-dollar sale of three of Charles O. Finley's celebrated chattels. The deal, it will be recalled, would have delivered Joe Rudi and Rollie Fingers to the Boston Red Sox for one million dollars each, and sent Vida Blue to the Yankees for one and a half million. After a meeting with Mr. Finley, Commissioner Kuhn announced that he was ordering the players back to the Oakland roster under powers entitling him to "preserve the honor of the game," and said that "public confidence in the integrity of club operations and in baseball would be gravely undermined should such assignments not be restrained." Mr. Finley stated that "Kuhn sounds like the village idiot," and filed a ten-million-dollar lawsuit against him for restraint of trade—a case that will have its first hearings in the next week or two. He also refused to allow the returned merchandise to go on playing for his team—a ban that lasted for two weeks and was lifted by him only in the face of a strike by the other members of the A's.

Two interpretations of Mr. Kuhn's motives may be postulated:

(1) He was truly concerned about maintaining the competitive balance of the leagues, and felt that the sale of such famous stars to well-heeled contending clubs would breed cynicism and despair in the heart of American fandom. (Footnote: The chart of Mr. Kuhn's concern may be plotted with some precision, since he had offered no let or hindrance to a just previous deal involving the sale of Minnesota pitcher Bert Blyleven to the Texas Rangers for three hundred thousand dollars.)

(2) He and his employers, the owners, were truly concerned about a sale that would establish such a high price tag for free agents on the open market—a market in which most of the clubs would have to deal at the end of the season. (Footnote: The major-league clubs, by a vote of twenty-two to two, pledged to make good any financial buffeting the Commissioner's office may undergo as the result of a judgment in the Finley suit. The nay votes were Baltimore and, of course, Oakland.)

THE Red Sox never thrived after the opening of their season, but the vivid symbol of their fall from grace this year came in the bottom of the sixth inning in a game at Yankee Stadium on May 20th, when Boston catcher Carlton Fisk took a marvellous peg

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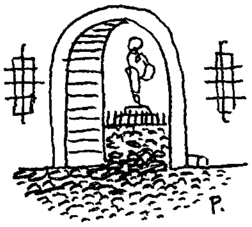
from right fielder Dwight Evans and tagged out the Yankees' Lou Piniella at the plate. Piniella arrived at full speed and banged into Fisk's chest with his upraised knees in an effort to jar the ball loose; Fisk held on, but the crash—the most violent plate collision I have ever seen—knocked both players sprawling, and instantly set off a prolonged and extremely ugly fight on the field, from which Bill Lee, Boston's only left-handed starting pitcher, emerged with a severe injury to his pitching shoulder. The Red Sox responded at once in the game, burying the Yankees with eight runs in the next three innings, including two home runs by Carl Yastrzemski, but the loss of Lee for many weeks was irreparable. The Sox—the mettlesome and exciting runners-up of last year's bright October—fell into torpor and dissension, and eventually even into disfavor at home, finishing third in their division and never mounting even a minimal run at the dominant Yankees. The team lost its manager, Darrell Johnson, who was fired in midseason, and its modest and much admired longtime owner, Tom Yawkey, who died in July. Many of the Fenway Park fans blamed the club's apparent loss of pride on the fact that three of the Sox stars—Fisk, Fred Lynn, and Rick Burleson—did not sign contracts until late in the summer and were obviously prepared to become free agents if their demands were not satisfied. More dispassionate watchers, however, came to the conclusion that the Bosox were beaten by weak pitching and by the whetted competitiveness that rival clubs bring to bear against a defending pennant winner. The Sox played all summer as if they expected at any moment to regain their edge and brilliance of 1975, but that never happened. Doing it over again is the hardest task in professional sport. What was most missed at Fenway Park this year was the deep, startled pleasure of the Red Sox's winning campaign and that extraordinary Series. Even the Cincinnati Reds mourned it. After the Reds had swept the Yankees last month, Joe Morgan said, "I'm glad we won, but last year was a lot more fun."



Similar joys came to the refurbished blue-and-white expanses of Yankee Stadium this summer, where, right from the first week of the campaign, fans could collect the images and patterns of a team coming together, doing all the small things right, no longer being surprised by its own abilities, expecting always to win. My own summer album is full of these pictures: Mickey Rivers approaching the plate like an old man—like Walter Brennan limping up to a horse stall. Rivers batting, shifting his feet and tilting back his head and twitching his bat, and then tapping a little bunt down toward third and flying up the line—not just beating the throw but making a throw useless. . . . Graig Nettles taking a pitch in an odd, slightly bowlegged stance, with his hands low and back. Nettles waiting unhappily but silently through his implacable early-season slump, and then, in July at last and in August, beginning to crash the ball. Nettles expunging a bases-loaded rally in a September game against the Red Sox by scooping up a hard grounder behind third and racing to the bag and then throwing ahead, past the runner's ear, to engineer a startling double play at the plate. . . . Willie Randolph, the very image of an infielder, restoring a sense of confidence and youthful expectation to the right side of the Yankee infield which had not been there since the departure of Bobby Richardson. Randolph diving over second base to snaffle a low drive by the Indians' Larvell Blanks, and then diving the other way to tag the bag and double up the base runner. . . . Thurman Munson hitting all summer long. Munson driving in five runs against the A's one night, with a homer and three singles. Munson talking in a clubhouse near the end of his great season, permitting himself to smile a little, and perhaps at last overcoming part of his chronic self-doubt. . . . And Billy Martin, the manager, standing in the front of the dugout with his hands in his jacket pockets and staring out from under his long-billed cap with a cold and ferrety edginess—a glare of suspicion and barely contained hostility directed at umpires and enemy batters and pitchers, and at all the hovering invisible accidents and waiting disasters of the game that stand in the way of each day's essential win.

These men and many others—Ed Figueroa, Fred Stanley, Dick Tidrow, Chris Chambliss, Catfish Hunter, Dock Ellis, and the rest—made it a cheerful and noisy summer up in the Bronx, but perhaps the one irreplaceable Yankee was the man who invented this team, who saw it in his mind's eye before it ever existed on the field—the club's president, Gabe Paul. A plump, energetic man of sixty-six, Paul came

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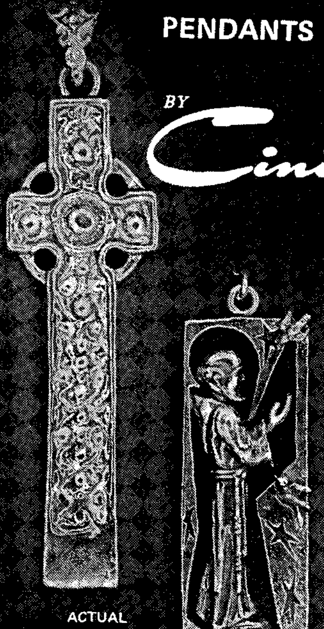

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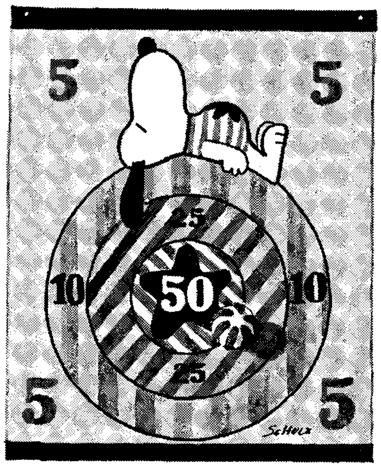

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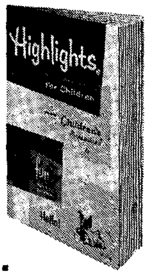

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to the Yankees in 1973 and immediately undertook a series of purchases and deep-level trades that entirely altered the club. Only two members of this year's squad—Roy White and Thurman Munson—came up from the Yankees' minor-league system. Paul's best-known transaction was the acquisition of Catfish Hunter, in 1975, in a bidding war against several other clubs after Hunter had been declared a free agent. Accusations began to be heard then that the Yankees intended to dominate their league with cash, but this easy bad-mouthing does not alter the fact that most championship clubs now are built on trades and purchases, and that "buying a pennant" is far more difficult than it sounds. Gabe Paul, to be sure, enjoys a marvellous working relationship with the seemingly bottomless wallet of his general partner, George M. Steinbrenner III, but his success has been much more due to imagination and trading courage and a profound judgment of baseball talent. Two deals that he made last winter started the club toward its pennant. In 1974, he had given up a longtime Yankee favorite, Bobby Murcer, in order to acquire Bobby Bonds, a potential superstar outfielder, from the Giants, but when the chance came, a year later, he did not hesitate to give up Bonds to the California Angels in return for the little-known Mickey Rivers and Ed Figueroa. This summer, Bonds was injured and played very little; Rivers led off for the Yankees all year, batted .312, and stole forty-three bases, and Figueroa won nineteen games. In the other trade, he sent Doc Medich, an established Yankee pitcher (and a medical student), to the Pirates for Dock Ellis, Willie Randolph, and Ken Brett, a subsequently retraded pitcher. Randolph, a brilliant prospect, had had virtually no major-league testing, while Ellis, a talented but moody pitcher, had fallen out with his manager and had enjoyed little success in the past three seasons. It was known, however, that Ellis's best pitch, a sinkerball, was ill-suited to the Pirates' artificial home turf, and word had also come that Ellis was anxious to play for a manager like Billy Martin. This summer, Dock Ellis, relishing the innumerable enemy outs attributable to grounders hammered along the slower Stadium grass, finished with seventeen wins and eight losses, while Randolph established himself as one of the premier infielders in the league. Doc Medich did not fare quite as well, winding up with an 8–11 record for the Pirates. My favorite comment about Gabe Paul's trading

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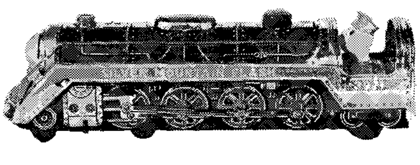

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abilities was made one night this summer in the press box at Shea Stadium, when a veteran Pittsburgh baseball writer who had watched Medich struggle on the mound for several unimpressive innings finally tossed his pencil in the air and cried, "Ellis is a better *doctor* than this guy!"

FAMISHED for a pennant race, I packed a bag on the last Monday of the regular season and impulsively flew to Oakland, where the young Kansas City Royals were opening a three-game set against the veteran, campaign-hardened A's, who now suddenly trailed them by only four and a half games. The Royals, who had fallen into an epochal batting slump, had scored a total of five runs in their last five games. My trip almost made up for the whole bland summer. In the first game, a rain-delayed affair played before an enormous and cacophonous Family Night (i.e., half-price) audience, the A's had to abandon their customary go-go, base-stealing offense because of the slow track, but by the fourth inning they had begun to whang some scary line shots off the Royals' starter, Dennis Leonard, including a homer by a newly acquired late-season helper, Ron Fairly. The Royals evened things up at 3–3, with pokes off Vida Blue by their marvellous hitting duo of George Brett and Hal McRae, but Fairly, in his next at-bat, in the fifth, hit a double off the wall, eventually coming around to score, and Sal Bando led off the sixth with another screamer, which disappeared over the center-field fence. This was clearly more than enough for Leonard, whose next pitch, by no mischance, caught Don Baylor on the right shoulder, thus emptying both benches and bullpens. The lengthy ensuing scrimmage around the mound was eventually dispersed, but it resumed almost immediately, with different topography and tactics, out at the visitors' bullpen in short right field, where some home-town fans had been showering the K.C. pitchers with beer—not a trifling insult, since some of the Oakland Coliseum beer containers are half-gallon jobs. Six of the malt-dampened relief men eventually got into the game, to little avail, as the A's won by 8–3.

The next evening, after another rainstorm, we were given a perfect counterpiece to these rowdy doings—a thrilling pitching duel between Oakland's Mike Torrez and the Royals' Marty Pattin, who is a slider specialist. Pattin limited the onrushing A's to four hits, but lost, 1–0, to Torrez's

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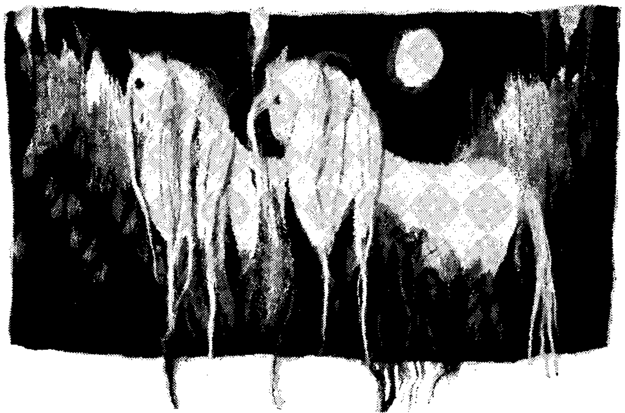
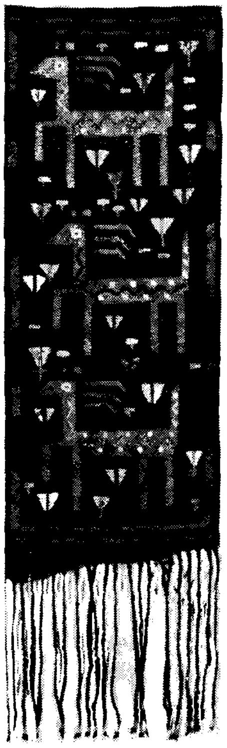
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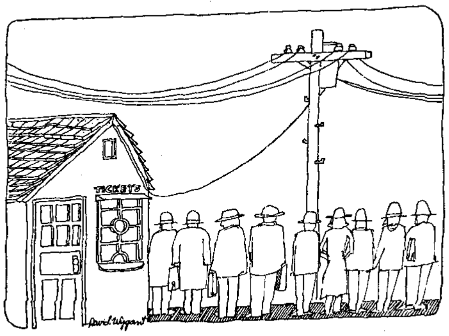
two-hitter. The game distilled itself into two splendid moments. In the third, with Fred Patek on second base for the visitors, Tom Poquette smashed a Torrez fastball on a lofty arc toward the left-center-field wall; Joe Rudi, running at full tilt from the moment the ball was struck, slithered and splashed through the mud of the warning track and made a sailing, last-second grab at the base of the wall, saving a sure triple and a run, and then easily doubled up Patek, who was well around third by the time the great catch was made. Then Sal Bando, leading off in the seventh, duelled with Pattin for several minutes, fouling off pitches repeatedly until he found the one he wanted, a fastball, and drove it into the left-field seats for the only run of the day.

This was my farewell taste of such famous Oakland specialties. I could not stay for the next game, in which the Royals' Larry Gura at last closed the door on the Oakland hopes, winning by 4–0; the A's were eliminated two nights later, when they lost to the Angels in twelve innings. I also missed the champagne party in the A's clubhouse after the last game of the season, when six of the newborn Oakland free agents—Joe Rudi, Sal Bando, Gene Tenace, Rollie Fingers, Campy Campaneris, and Don Baylor—celebrated a moment more exquisite than a mere championship: liberation from Charles O. Finley.

ANY observations here about the Phillies, whom I watched in their home park as they dropped their first two playoff games to the Cincinnati Reds, will strike Philadelphia fans as being typically insufficient and unfair. (Lifelong Phillies fans closely resemble the victims of a chronic sinus condition; they sometimes feel better, but never for long.) Their team, of course, will now be remembered mostly for having almost collapsed in the later stages of the pennant race and then playing miserably in the championship playoffs, but such is the heartless way of the world. The Phillies did in fact finish strongly, winning thirteen of their last sixteen after their late-summer catalepsy, and ended with a hundred and one victories in the regular season. Their lineup offered three .300 hitters (Jay Johnstone, Garry Maddox, and Greg Luzinski); three genuine slugging threats (Luzinski, Mike Schmidt—who led the majors with thirty-eight homers—and Dick Allen); a splendid double-play combination in shortstop Larry Bowa and second baseman Dave Cash; and three tough, experienced front-line pitchers (Steve Carlton, Jim Lonborg, and Jim Kaat). On paper, the club looked almost a match for the Reds. Those first games, however, were played on the faded green Tartan-turf carpet of Veterans Stadium—where the Phillies, strangely, seemed not at all at home. They lost the opener by 6–3, largely because of some frightful defense—right fielder Ollie Brown played two singles into triples, and Larry Bowa allowed two routine grounders to skid under his glove untouched—and because the home-team pitchers, Carlton and Tug McGraw, permitted the speedy Cincinnati base runners to take enormous leads off first base, thus encouraging four stolen bases and the infliction of a debilitating nervousness on the Philadelphia defense. Anxiety, of course, is the Reds' prime weapon; their speed and power and opportunism and experience breed the conviction in the opposing team that it must play an almost superhuman level of baseball to have any kind of a chance. This is the same brain fever that used to afflict opponents of the old, all-conquering Yankees. The state of mind became perfectly visible the next afternoon, when the Phillies started off in much better fashion, and actually led by 2–0 after five innings. Jim Lonborg had not permitted any Cincinnati hits at all in this span, but he began the sixth by walking Dave Concepcion—an apparently insignificant lapse that seemed utterly to destroy his concentration and control. His elbow began to drop down and his pitches came up; singles by Pete Rose and Ken Griffey swiftly produced a run, center fielder Garry Maddox threw to a wrong base, and within a bare few minutes Lonborg and the Phillies' lead were gone together, and the Reds won again, this time by 6–2.

It is not suggested here that this Reds Fever is purely psychosomatic or easily resistible. The next—and this time fatal—onset of the disease came in the bottom of the ninth inning of the third game, which was played in Cincinnati



and watched by me on television. The Reds at this point were behind in the game by 4–6—a deficit and a setting that suddenly caused me to recall a leadoff home run under almost identical circumstances, hit by Johnny Bench against the Pirates in 1972, and *two* catchup homers, by Pete Rose and Johnny Bench, that ruined Tom Seaver and the Mets in a 1973 playoff game. The same frightful visions undoubtedly came shimmering into the mind of Ron Reed, the Phillies' pitcher, who worked too carefully on the Reds' leadoff hitter, George Foster, ran up a 1–2 count, and came in, unnecessarily, with a fastball, which Foster hit for a homer. Reed repeated the process exactly with the next batter, Bench, with exactly the same inexorable, incredible result. The game was tied, and Reed's jittery, doom-stricken successors then swiftly gave up the single (by Concepcion), walk, sacrifice, intentional walk, and infield chopper (by Griffey) that meant the game and the pennant.

I also tried to take in the first two games of the Royals-Yankees playoffs, in Kansas City, by television, but the medium just about wiped out the message. In the first game, the Yankees left the post swiftly, scoring two runs in the very first inning on a pair of singles and a pair of throwing errors by the Royals' third baseman, George Brett—a winning margin right there, since Catfish Hunter, who started for the visitors, was in impeccable form, giving up five hits (three of them by Brett) and a lone run, for a 4–1 win. In the second game, played on Sunday evening, the Yanks rapped out twelve hits but played egregiously afield, committing five errors, while losing, 7–3; Paul Splittorf, coming on for K.C. in relief in the third inning, was the winning pitcher. These minimal messages would seem well within the capabilities of a major television network, but ABC almost buried them under a mind-bending barrage of statistics, color, bad jokes, personality struggles, distracting intercut interviews with players and other people (this often while the game was actually in progress), useless information, misinformation—and rivers, estuaries, tidal basins, oceans of talk. (I will not bother to complain about the commercials, except to mention a series of repellent house ads touting baseball as an institution or a way of life and a super-schlock promotion, evidently approved by the Commissioner, in which a man from the Rolaids company was permitted to give an award to somebody as the Relief Pitcher of

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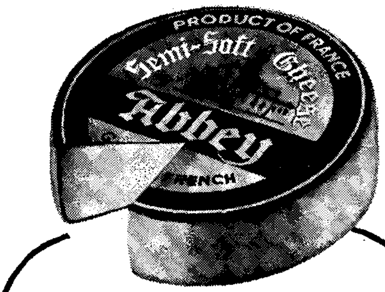

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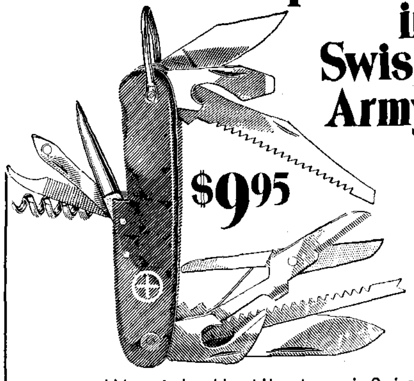

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the Year.) ABC took up baseball for the first time this summer, and, by general critical consensus, had formidable difficulties with the old pastime. The telecasting team that the network dispatched to Kansas City did not, for some reason, include either of its two best baseball reporters—Al Michaels (who was doing the Phillies-Reds games) and Bob Gibson. This three-man crew was captained by Howard Cosell, and included Bob Uecker and a visiting celebrity-expert, Reggie Jackson. Mr. Cosell has been a long-term disparager of baseball, which he considers to be old-fashioned and draggy, but it became clear within the first inning or two of the first game that his handicap was not prejudice but lack of knowledge. In the second inning, John Mayberry, a left-handed Royals slugger, flied out to the left fielder, causing Cosell to state that he had been attempting to hit the ball to left field. Mayberry, in truth, suffered acutely last summer from the fact that he could not, or would not, hit the ball to the opposite field—a widely known weakness that was mostly responsible for his miserable .232 average and mere thirteen homers this year—and it had also been clear on my screen that Hunter had simply jammed him for the out. Reggie Jackson corrected Howard Cosell gently, but Cosell does not take contradiction lightly, and he now evidently set out to prove that he knew more baseball than Reggie Jackson. Through the last few innings, he predicted insistently that Catfish Hunter was tiring, or was about to tire and be driven to cover, when it was plain that the Cat, who had to face only thirty batters over the full nine innings, was breezing. Again Jackson tried to enlighten him: when Catfish Hunter gets knocked out, it usually happens in the *early* innings.

The next day, the third man in the crew (replacing Bob Uecker) was Keith Jackson, a football specialist, whose excited, rapid-fire delivery makes a routine double play sound like a goal-line stand. Three-man broadcasting crews, by the way, probably make sense in covering football, where a great many things happen at the same time, but baseball has no such problem, and three hyperglottal observers usually succeed only in shattering the process of waiting that is such a crucial part of the game. People who don't know or don't like baseball make poor announcers, for they are too impatient to sense the special pace of each game, and thus habitually overdramatize. Since they suggest that

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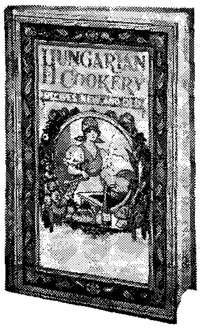

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almost every play we see is memorable, we become distracted and then dulled, so that we are unlikely to remember the actual incidents in a game—sometimes very small ones indeed—on which the outcome truly depended. In the third inning of the second game, the Yankees scored two runs, to take a 3–2 lead, and had Chris Chambliss on first base, with one out. The next batter, Carlos May, hit a bounder to the right side that took a high hop off the artificial carpet and over first baseman Mayberry's head. It went for a single, but Chambliss progressed only as far as second base, thanks to a bit of mime by the Royals' shortstop, Fred Patek, who put out his glove for the imaginary incoming peg with such verisimilitude that Chambliss actually slid into the bag. The fake deprived the Yankees of a run when the next batter flied to the outfield; it may even have cost them the game. Yet the telecast buried this pivotal moment in its customary overreporting, and it was soon forgotten. Network television makes every baseball game sound just about like every other. But this is perhaps a forgivable matter. What I cannot forgive is the networks' implacable habit—and NBC, which handles the World Series, is almost as much at fault here as the ABC people—of dismantling the game of baseball and putting it back together on our screens in a form that they find more manageable. That form, of course, is "entertainment," and thus centers on personalities rather than events. Reggie Jackson is an extremely perceptive young man, and by the middle of the second game from Kansas City it had become plain that he was no longer just describing a ballgame; he was engaged in an open duel with his more celebrated colleague for dominance in the proceedings. He had already come to understand a first principle of television—that while we at home may think we are simply watching a game, what we are in fact attending is Howard Cosell.

THIS playoff now moved East, permitting me to take in the action at Yankee Stadium, unfiltered. In Game No. 3, it will be recalled, the Yankee starter, Dock Ellis, was on the verge of extinction in the first inning, when he gave up three runs, but then got his down-breaking stuff together and shut out the visitors the rest of the way, allowing only three fly balls during his eight-inning stint. The Yankees started back with a two-run homer by Chris Chambliss and then batted around in

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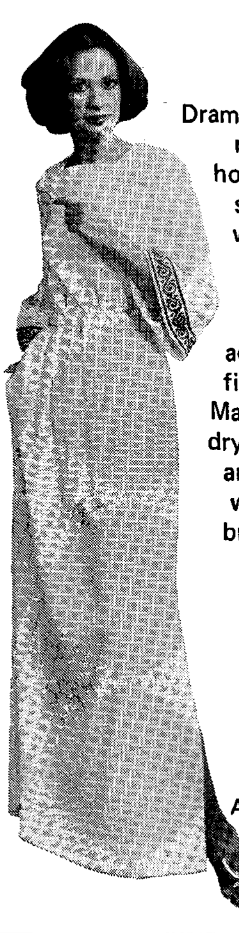

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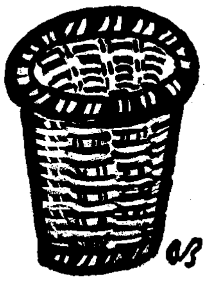
the sixth against five K.C. pitchers, to win by 5–3. The next afternoon—a startling time of day by now for post-season baseball, which permitted the action to be peculiarly illuminated by a single large overhead light—the visitors treated Catfish Hunter with extreme disrespect and went on to an easy 7–4 win, rapping out an awesome assortment of triples and tweener doubles to the distant reaches of the Stadium lawns.

I had by this time developed a considerable attachment to the spirited visiting nine, in their powder-blue double-knits, who had now twice come back to tie up this interesting series. Their veteran shortstop, Patek—who, at five feet four inches, is the smallest man in the major leagues—was having a splendid time of it afield and at the plate, and the whole lineup, although clearly short on power (their main muscle man, Amos Otis, had been lost with an injury in the first inning of the first game), seemed to be crowded with youngsters who attacked the ball with great confidence and relish. Foremost among these, of course, was George Brett, who had begun to look like the hardest out I had seen since my first glimpse of Al Kaline. (Brett batted .444 for the playoffs.) He is a lefty swinger who stands deep in the box and begins his action with a sweeping forward stride, his bat flattening and his hands held well back. He goes with the pitch, hitting the ball to all fields but most often to center or left—a classic inside-out, high-average swing. I had heard that Brett and a number of his young teammates, including Hal McRae and Tom Poquette, were pupils and fervent admirers of the Royals' batting coach, Charley Lau, who had profoundly altered their physical and mental approach to batting. Lau avoids interviews (and is known, of course, as the Mysterious Dr. Lau), but George Brett is not at all reticent about Lau's influence and teaching powers. "He's made hitting seem like the easiest thing in the world," he told me. "I used to be embarrassed against some pitchers. I was getting jammed a lot and sort of stepping out even before I'd take a swing. No more. I can hardly wait to get up there, even when I'm in a slump. He changed my whole style, and I went from being a Carl Yastrzemski hitter to a Joe Rudi hitter almost overnight." Brett said that he first asked Lau for tutelage about midway through the 1974 season, when he was batting in the neighborhood of .225. Lau told him that he could have the option of being a .330 hitter with about ten home runs per season or a .280 hitter with twenty homers. Brett, who did not take either prediction seriously, chose the former. He finished that season at .282, batted .308 last year, and wound up, as we all know, at .333 this summer.



I also asked Hal McRae what Charley Lau meant to a hitter.

"Charley Lau means one hundred grand," he said.

The fifth game, a night affair played before 56,821 frigid, roaring watchers, was a marvel. It began with a double flurry of hits and runs in the first inning—a two-run homer by John Mayberry; a countering triple by Mickey Rivers, followed by two singles and a sac., to tie it. The Yankees relentlessly chewed away at the Kansas City pitching, getting rid of Leonard, Splittorf, and Pattin within four innings, and led after six innings by 6–3, with Ed Figueroa comfortably in charge of things. The top four hitters in the Yankee lineup—Rivers, White, Munson, and the red-hot Chambliss—had truly outdone themselves in their first four times around: sixteen trips to the plate, good for six runs, ten hits, two walks, two sacrifices, two stolen bases, and a bare two outs. Figueroa gave up a leadoff single to Cowens in the eighth and was taken out, to a screeching ovation ("Ed-*die!* Ed-*die!* Ed-*die!*"). Jim Wohlford singled off Grant Jackson, and George Brett, on the count of 0–1, socked a middling-deep, medium-high fly ball that landed just within the second or third row of the short-rightfield seats, for a tying three-run homer. The silence of the Stadium was so sudden and startling that one had the impression that somebody had kicked a plug out of a wall socket. Brett had confirmed himself as a great hitter, for if ever a home run was intentional it was this one. It was the first pitch I had ever seen him try to pull.

The ending was a sudden multiple tableau—almost a series of movie stop-frames—now fixed in the New York sporting memory. Frame 1: Chris Chambliss has just swung at Mark Littell's very first pitch of the ninth inning, a fastball. He has swung from the heels, and the ball is now suspended somewhere out in the darkness above the right-center-field fence. Chambliss stands motionless at the plate, with his feet together and the bat still in his right hand and his head tipped back as he watches the ball—watching not in admiration (as Reggie Jackson has been known to do) but in true astonishment and anxiety. Frame 2: Al Cowens and Hal McRae, the Kansas City center fielder and right fielder, stand together at the base of the wall, waiting and looking straight up in the air, like a pair of bird-watchers anxious to confirm a rare species. Frame 3: McRae leaps, twisting his whole body into a single upward plane, with the left arm extended and the open, straining glove at its apex. Frame 4: McRae descends empty-handed, and falls back against the fence in despair, slumping there like a discarded marionette. A whole season is gone. Frame 5: Now it is Chambliss's turn to leap—a great bound of joy, with both hands raised high in triumph. He begins his ritual tour of the bases, running slowly at first and then (Frame 6, Frame 7) with increasing attention and urgency, as he sees surging, converging waves of outscattering, frantically leaping spectators pouring onto the field from the left-field and right-field grandstands. These people sprint through descending streamers of toilet paper and torn-up newspaper and other debris, and through the reverberating, doubly and triply reëchoed explosions of shouting. They all meet near second base—Chambliss, the thickening and tumbling crowds, the waves of noise, and the waves of people (multiple frames here, faster and faster, all blurring together)—and now it is plain that he is almost running for his life. He is knocked down between second and third, and springs up again, holding on to his batting helmet and running now like a fullback, twisting and dodging through the appalling scene. It is a new game—one for which we have no name yet, and no rules. Chambliss makes it at last to the dugout, without touching third or home (third base has disappeared), and vanishes under the lip of the dugout with his uniform shirt half torn away, and the look on his face now is not one of joy or fear or relief but just the closed, expressionless, neutral subway look that we all see and all wear when abroad in the enormous and inexplicable city. Later, Chris Chambliss comes back onto the ripped-up, debris-strewn field with two cops, and after a few minutes' search they find home plate and he steps on it.

THE World Series, as we know, brought us no such games or passions, and can thus be dealt with here

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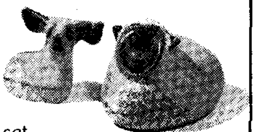

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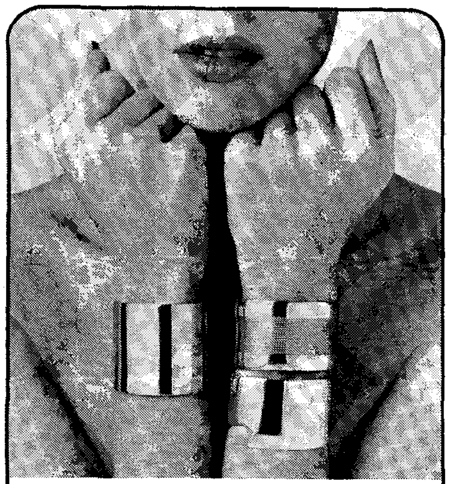

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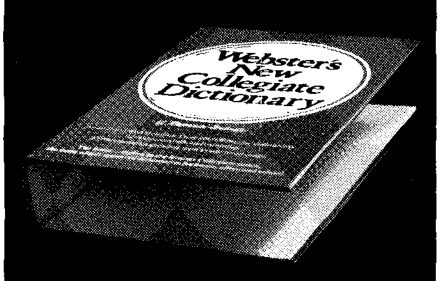
in brief summary. The Yankees, undoubtedly flat after their long and late playoff exertions, played languidly in the opener at Riverfront Stadium, losing, 5–1, to Don Gullett before a full house of confident and captivated hometown rooters, who—to judge by a good many smug comments I overheard—were fully as proud of their litter-free, un-Bronxlike playing field as they were of their team's brisk performance. A pattern of these games began to suggest itself in the sixth inning, when the Yanks messed up an attempted sacrifice bunt and also had their whippet, Mickey Rivers, cut down while stealing; the Reds, given about the same chances, broke up an attempted double play, pulled off a steal, and scored a run. Joe Morgan had hit a homer earlier, and Tony Perez wound up with three hits off the Yankee starter, Doyle Alexander. Game No. 2 was the only absorbing or truly close contest of the four—thanks not at all to the Baseball Commissioner or to the National Broadcasting Company, who, having together scheduled the thing for eight-thirty on a Sunday night in the middle of October, were then together forced to pretend that the evening's miserable, bone-chilling weather was a trifling surprise, hardly worth anyone's notice. In the game, Catfish Hunter threw high and wild during most of the second inning (he was having trouble with his footing on the mound), and was lucky to escape with no more damage than three runs. He loaded the bases again in the third but wriggled free, and then, almost startlingly, became very nearly untouchable. No other pitcher in baseball settles into stride with quite this sort of nearly audible click, or, once there, throws such elegant, thoughtful, and flowing patterns—up and out, up and in, down on the hands, out and away, with each part and pitch connected, in psychology and tactics, to its predecessor and its quickly following next variant. The Yankees now caught up, with a run in the fourth and two more in the seventh, and the game stuck there, frozen fast at 3–3. The wretched, blanket-wrapped, huddled masses in the stands flumped their mittened paws together in feeble supplication, pleading now for almost any result that would send them home. Hunter sailed through the first two outs of the ninth, and then threw a slider that Ken Griffey bounced weakly to the middle of the infield. Yankee shortstop Fred Stanley galloped in, taking the ball on the dead run and coming down on his right foot—the wrong foot, that is, for a

rip-off



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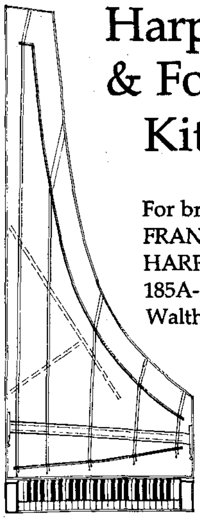

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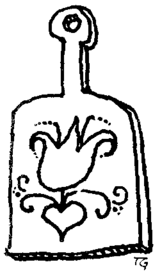
proper throw. He had to fling the ball to first off balance and across his body, and threw it instead into the Reds' dugout. Griffey, who is the fastest of all the Cincinnati fliers—he had thirty-eight infield hits this year—had very nearly beaten the play in any case, but the error automatically moved him along to second, from where he scored, after an intentional pass to Morgan, on Tony Perez's first-pitch single. Speed kills.

Now a World Series came back to Yankee Stadium for the first time in twelve years, and even the wrong weather and the wrong time of day (it was another shivery, after-dark affair) and the altered details and colors of the park could not dim for me its evocative visions—the unique, flattened declination and cavelike depths of the sweeping, utterly filled lower stands, and the steep, tilted topmost deck stuffed with spectators to its highest, farthest reaches: a great beach of faces, a surf of sounds. Only the baseball failed us. Again the Reds ran away with the game, notching three quick runs off Dock Ellis in the second inning, on four hits and a pair of stolen bases—all helped no end by some sudden uncertainty in the Yankee infield. Matters stood at 4–1 in the fifth inning—still anybody's game, really—when Mickey Rivers led off with a single, and Roy White walked. Munson, who was having a terrific Series, whacked a bulletlike drive to the right side but almost directly at first baseman Tony Perez, who jumped and gloved the ball, pivoted, and threw instantly to Concepcion, covering second, to double Rivers off the bag. It was a moment when one suddenly sensed how the game of baseball should be played. The other base runner, White, had been only a couple of yards in front of Perez when he caught the liner, and four out of five—or perhaps nineteen out of twenty—first basemen would have made a dive at him, or tried to beat him back to that base. But Perez, without an instant's pause, knew the right play, the deadly play, and made it. Rivers, it must be added, did not. Any low line drive is a red light for a well-trained base runner—a signal for a sudden full stop until the ball has gone through. Mickey was caught in flagrante delicto. The two parts of the play, commission and omission, summed up these two teams like an epigram. The Reds went on to win, 6–2.



The final game, which was played after a rainout, was closer for most of its distance, and was not actually resolved until the second of Johnny Bench's two home runs put the issue beyond reach in the ninth inning. The Yankees, although behind by only 3–2 up to that point, had struggled glumly from the beginning against the impossible burden of the Reds' three-game lead. They scored first, but the visitors' catchup began when Ed Figueroa, the Yankee pitcher, allowed Morgan such an enormous jump off first base that he stole second without drawing a peg. Thurman Munson had four straight singles, but the Yankees stranded nine base runners. Billy Martin, unstrung by despair, was ejected from the game in the ninth. The Reds won, 7–2, and the arctic night and the premises were no longer embarrassed by these left-over summer doings.

IT would be an injustice if this one-sided and undramatic World Series should somehow cause us to overlook the breadth and versatility and effulgent skills of the Cincinnati Reds. The first evidence is the simple fact that they have now won the world's championship two years running—a feat too difficult for any other National League team since 1921. Another indication of their quality—a double hallmark—is the manner in which they seemed to strip bare their opponents, leaving the Yankees almost without hope or resource (and, incidentally, exposing serious deficiencies in their outfield defense and their right-handed hitting), while they themselves did not even have to call on some of their own best abilities. They did not, for instance, often show us their marvellous and habitually impeccable ways of getting a base runner from first to third or from second to third by having the batter hit the ball to the proper side of the infield—"give himself up," in the parlance. All the Reds, it seems, know how to use the bat both ways—with power, and with punch and intent. This is the very stuff of inside, winning baseball, and it is far more exciting, when it is understood, than any mere slugging. It seems to me that not enough of us have recognized the fact that this is probably the first great team that has been specifically designed to take advantage of AstroTurf, which puts such a premium on team quickness and superior throwing, and that it is thus as much of a revolutionary innovation as the Yankees' first "Murderers' Row" club, in the mid-twenties, which was built around Babe Ruth, the

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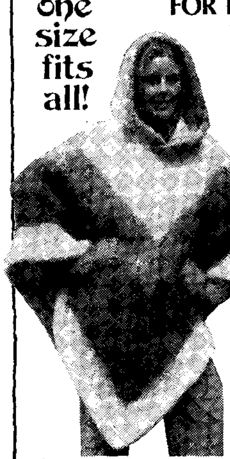

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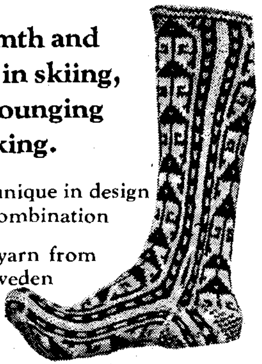

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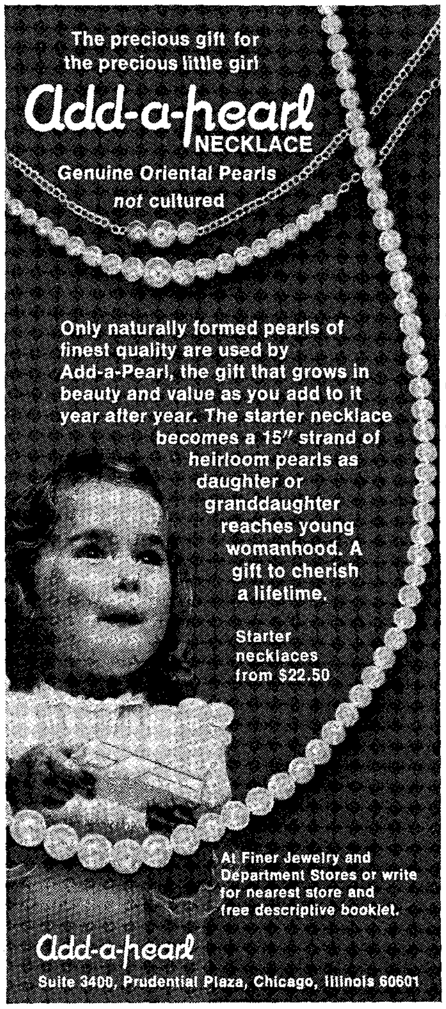

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home run, and the jackrabbit ball. The Reds' team speed puts enormous psychological pressure on every part of their opponents' defenses, but on AstroTurf it also forces the opposing shortstop and second baseman to "cheat"—to play much closer to second base, that is, in order to be able to make the force play—which, in turn, opens the field for more base hits. There is literally no way to win against this parlay.

Another tipoff to a truly fine club is that a fan constantly finds himself discovering fresh stars in the lineup. Most of us know all about Pete Rose and Joe Morgan and Tony Perez and Johnny Bench by now. The other four Cincinnati regulars are Dave Concepcion, who is the best defensive shortstop in the National League; Ken Griffey, whose speed and .336 batting have been mentioned here; George Foster, who hit twenty-nine home runs this year and batted .306; and Cesar Geronimo, who has the best center-field arm in the business, and who, hitting in the seventh and eighth positions this year, batted .307. All are between twenty-six and twenty-eight years old, which means that they are just arriving at their peak seasons. For me, the discovery of the Series was Concepcion, who seemed to be forever coming up with the essential play at some vital turn of events. During a Yankee uprising in the fourth inning of the first game, he stopped a wild throw behind second base—stopped it by sticking out his leg—and then made a heartbreaking, inning-ending grab and throw of an apparent hit by Willie Randolph: two runs saved. In the first inning of the last game, he went yards behind second base to seize a shot by Carlos May and throw him out, again snuffing out what looked like a big inning. Concepcion also batted .357 in the Series—but this, it must be said, was not exactly a feat. The Yankee pitching corps contained the first two men in the Reds' batting order—Rose and Griffey—holding them to .188 and .059, respectively, but was a little less fortunate after that. The next seven Cincinnati regulars batted .333, .313, .357, .429, .533 (Bench, who was voted the best player of the Series), .308, and .357 (Concepcion). Further comment, I somehow sense, is superfluous.

THESE feats and colors are dimmed by the fact that the championship games and the World Series were played this year—as they will almost surely be played for years to come—in the wrong season and at the wrong time of day, with twisted rules and ab-

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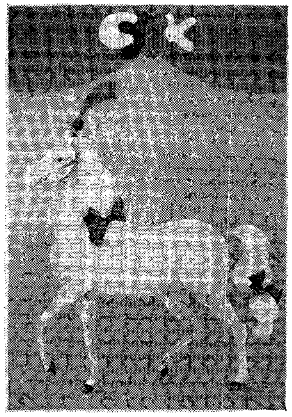

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normal playing conditions, and, for the most part, in frightful weather. The players and the customers suffered doubly—from the discomfort and the loss of pleasure of having the chief festival of their sport held in depressing and inappropriate circumstances, and from the unmeasurable but inexorable loss in the quality of the baseball. I heard players in both dugouts cursing the cold. Billy Martin said, "When are we going to stop letting TV tell us when we are going to play? This is asinine, playing night games in October. It's damn near freezing out there." Before the Sunday-night game, in Cincinnati, Bob Howsam, the Reds' president, said, "The football people must be laughing at us"—a reference to the fact that NBC, for the price of seven hundred thousand dollars, bought the right to move the Sunday game to prime evening time and was thus able also to present its pro-football games in the afternoon.

All this happened with the enthusiastic approval of the Baseball Commissioner. Responding to heavy criticism in the sporting press, Bowie Kuhn said that baseball had made these scheduling decisions independently of the networks, and then pointed to the game's need for increased revenues and to the much larger television audiences for the World Series produced by night games. But no one had suggested that the Commissioner had been bought off by television interests. That was never necessary, for Mr. Kuhn has shown that he shares the television producers' sense of priorities and state of mind. His prime concern is for audiences and profits, and he has proved willing to go along with almost any alteration to the game that will enhance or protect "the numbers." In addition to Arctic night ball, this has so far resulted in the designated hitter (a barbarism that was first conceived of to stimulate slumping attendance in the American League, and that found its way into the World Series this year), artificial turf (far cheaper for owners to maintain, of course, than real grass), and the extension of the already swollen season to make room for the playoffs (an instant television special that has automatically pushed the World Series ten days closer to winter).

The fans' deepening feeling of cynicism and hopelessness about the plight of baseball comes, I think, from their slow realization that apparently nothing can be done to alter this state of things. The profits of the game have become the preëminent consideration, and no one in the inner councils of the game

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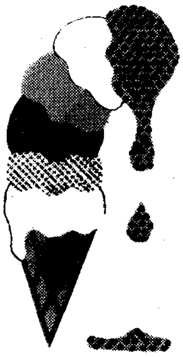

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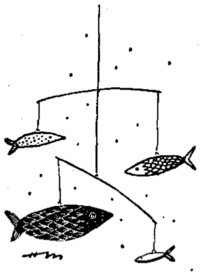
seems much concerned about the quality of the product—the needs of the players, the claims of lifelong fans, the depth of attachment of the paying customer, in contrast to that of the television watcher, and so forth. The issue of artificial turf is a case in point. Almost without exception, the players detest the chemical carpet, which causes unusual injuries and imposes such wear and tear on their legs that it may prove to shorten outfielders' careers by as much as two years, and which is, in addition, miserably hot to play on in sunny weather. Now some of the fake surfaces are beginning to wear out (the infield at Veterans Stadium, in Philadelphia, for instance, is almost rocklike, because of the decay of the protective cushion beneath the green coverlet), but no owner (except Bill Veeck, a known maverick) has admitted that a mistake was made or has offered to give up the cheaper spread. Any change would go against the numbers, so nothing can be done.



An even darker view of baseball must now be set forth. It is my own pure, horrified guess that if the complaints about the weather and about the playing conditions of the autumn games persist or grow wider, the Commissioner and the owners will present us with a plan that will seem to solve everything: Mr. Kuhn will propose that the site of the World Series be moved permanently to some friendly metropolis in the Sunbelt, perhaps one that has a large, domed enclosure waiting to be filled—New Orleans, say, or Houston—or rotated each year, in the style of the Super Bowl, among two or three such cities. The World Series will thus be instantly transformed into Superweek—the Super Bowl multiplied by seven, the ultimate Sportsfest USA. It will become an obligatory status trip and expense-account holiday for business executives, prime corporate accounts, network people, politicians, and show-business celebrities. It will also be an unbeatable television property—the first all-American sports show truly worthy of a Howard Cosell. A few objections may be expected, of course, including some carping from home-town baseball fans, who will suddenly realize that, with the exception of a wealthy few among them, they have been done out of the chance ever to cheer for their team at a World Series game. But this will seem a trifling consideration when it is understood that, in addition to solving the weather difficulty, the plan will do away with the present expense and annoyance to the clubs involved in printing tickets and preparing concessions and finding hotel space for a World Series that often ends up at the last instant in another city. And, perhaps best of all, the unruly and passionate hooligan fans that make up part of some big-city sports crowds can at last be kept away from the game.

Superweek will be an enormous initial success. It will instantly surpass the Super Bowl, and its immense profits will lead to further promotion of the event and ever-increasing television revenues. And if it should happen (it *will* happen, of course) that at some future point there come two or three World Series in succession that are as one-sided and dull as the one we have just seen, and if the public, as a result, begins to sense that the sport has not measured up to the Event—that the games have been hyped out of all meaning, and that the World Series has become just another inflated and vulgarized TV event, another stop on "Wide World of Sports"—well, then, the game of baseball can be changed, of course, like anything else on television: changed in some terrific new way that will take care of the numbers.

This nightmare vision will not affect or deter Mr. Kuhn or his employers. Their attitude toward those of us who share such fears is perhaps epitomized by the Commissioner's patronizing gesture during the three icy night games of the Series, which he attended wearing a business suit and no topcoat: You're wrong, folks—it *isn't* cold here. It has not occurred to these men (nor would it matter to them if it did) that we are perfectly in earnest, that we are trying to conserve something that seems as intricate and lovely to us as any river valley. A thousand small relationships, patterns, histories, attachments, pleasures, and moments are what we draw from this game, and that is why we truly worry about it, grieve for it now, and are filled with apprehension and despair at the thought of its transformation into another bland and deathlike pause on the evening ribbon of dog food and gunfights and deodorants and crashing cars. Not everyone feels this way, of course, but who among us feels none of this?

BUT it is wrong to leave baseball in such a dark corner for the winter, for the game rewards and surprises us still, and may outlast even its proprietors. (It never has belonged to the "owners," of course.) While I was watching batting practice at Yankee Stadium just before the third game of the World Series, I noticed that the thin, long-faced man standing directly to my right, wearing a tan raincoat, was Lefty Gomez, a great pitching star for the Yankees in the nineteen-thirties. I got up my nerve and introduced myself to him, and we shook hands.

"I saw you pitch your very first game in Yankee Stadium," I told him at once. "I still remember it. I was about nine years old."

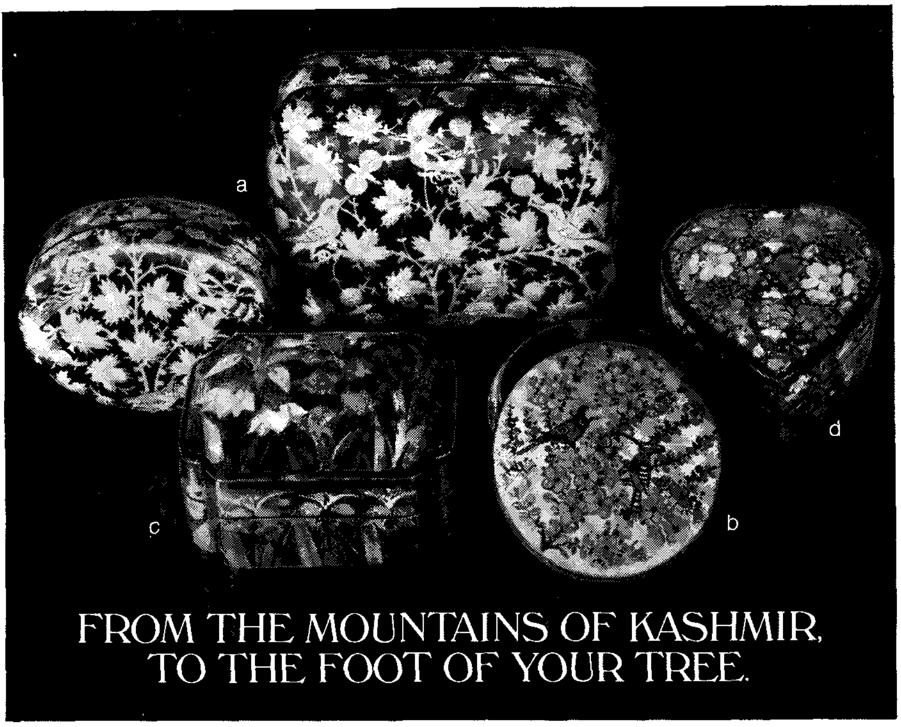
Old ballplayers hear this sort of thing every day, of course, but Gomez was gracious about it. "Is that right?" he said. "I remember it, too. It was in May of 1930, against the White Sox. I beat Red Faber, 4–1." He pointed up at the great triple-decked stands and said, "I remember walking out here just before that game and looking around, and there were so many people in the stands that—well, there weren't just more people here than in my home town but in my home *county*!"

We laughed, and then Gomez looked down at the ground and shook his head a little. "1930," he said. "My God, do you realize that's forty-six years ago? I can't believe it."

"Neither can I," I said.

I think we both sensed the same thing. Time had destroyed the once immeasurable difference between us, between a small boy and a hero. Now we were the same—two gents in winter raincoats watching the young men getting ready to play another game.

That Series game, it turned out, wasn't much. It wasn't nearly as interesting, for instance, as a Mets-Cubs game I went to on a Sunday back in September, with my wife and my son, John Henry. It was the boy's first big-league game—he is six years old—so I had arranged to get good seats at Shea Stadium, right behind home plate. The only trouble was that it came up rain that morning. John Henry kept watch at the windows, however, and about one o'clock in the afternoon he discovered an almost invisible lightening in the clouds, and we decided to give it a try. By the time we arrived at Shea, it was raining again, but I parked the car, and we ran through the downpour and went into the park. There was a surprising crowd there, milling about in the dank passageways under the stands, and we all looked at each other in a self-congratulatory way. The Mets against the



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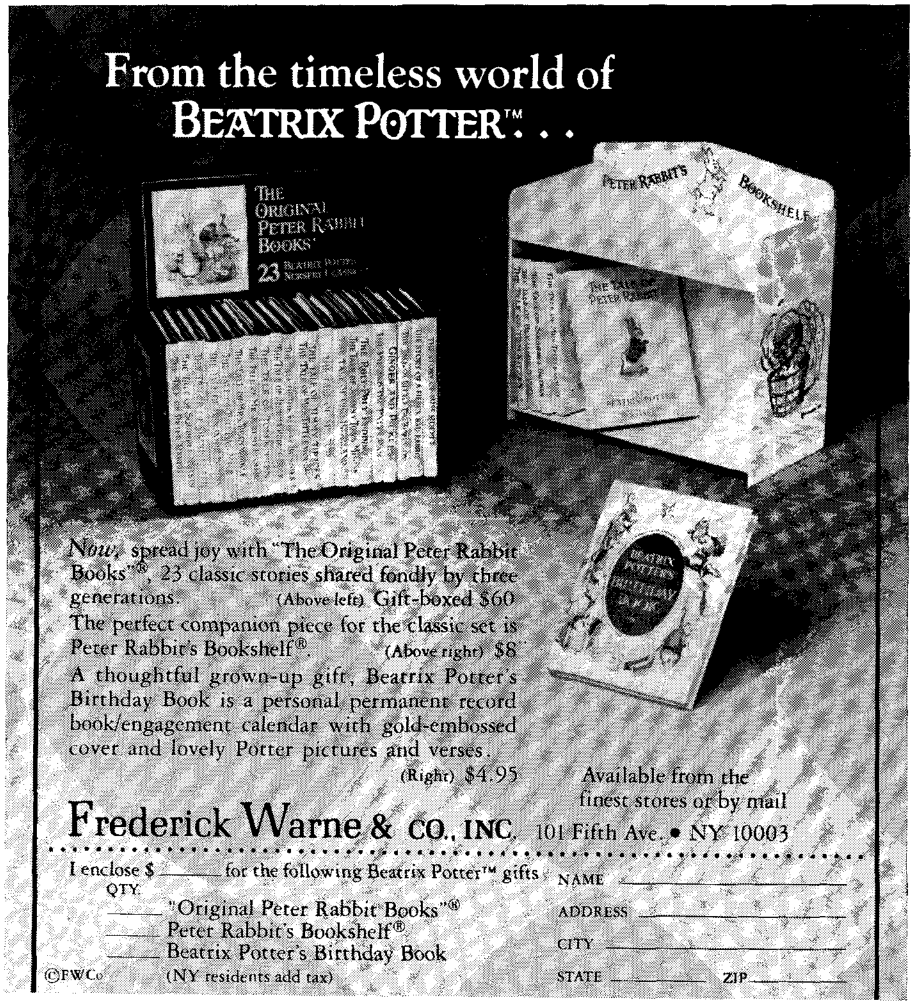

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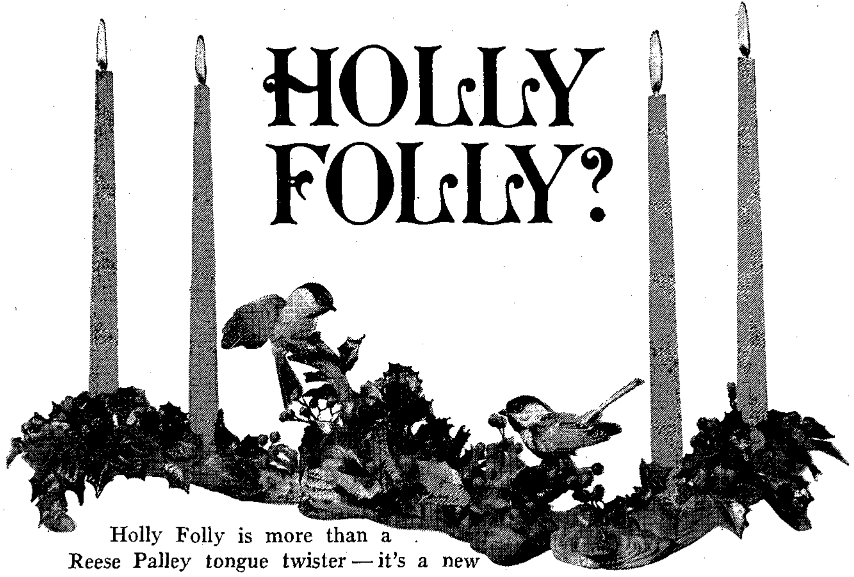

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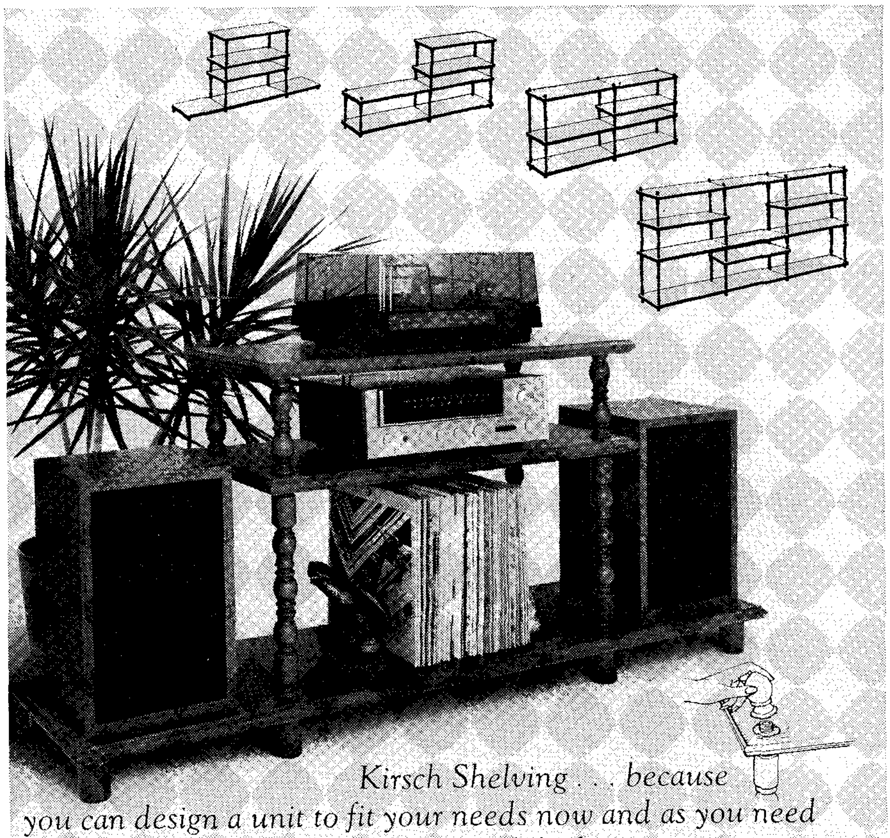

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Cubs, in the *rain*? We were crazy, but we were fans, all right. John Henry announced that the three of us should sit down in our seats and get ready for the game to start, and we did. We found our places—an island of three people in the surrounding sea of slatted yellow seats—and huddled there cheerfully enough in our foul-weather gear, unsuccessfully trying to share a single umbrella. I watched my son as he inspected the lights and the scoreboard and the empty stands around and above us and the soaking tarpaulins and—now and then, glimpsed in the dugout—a player.

"Where's home plate?" he asked.

"Out there someplace," I said, gesturing.

Then, unexpectedly and after several false alarms, it stopped raining. The grounds crew came out and rolled up the tarps and put down the white bases, and the waiting crowds filled up a few hundred of the wet seats. The pitchers warmed, and the umps and players came out on the field, and we stood for the anthem, and sat down and clapped. Rick Monday came up to lead it off for the Cubs, and Jerry Koosman struck him out, swinging, and we yelled—and then it *really* began to rain.

We stuck it out there for another forty minutes or so, observing the unrolling of tarps and studying rain patterns and watching the out-of-town scores beginning to go up on the scoreboard. John Henry kept occupied somehow (1 Coke, ⅓ box popcorn, 1 ice cream, 1 Mets cap), and I kept looking up at the sky, hoping against hope. But at last we said the hell with it and went home, and by the time we got back to our part of the city the rain had stopped, of course, and the streets were almost dry. When we got home, I flipped on the TV set, and, sure enough, there were the Mets and the Cubs.

"I'm sorry, John Henry," I said. "I didn't think they were going to play today."

"Oh, that's all right," he said at once. "I liked it there. That was cool."

So it was all right, after all, and maybe one batter is plenty to see, the first time. It was a beginning.

—ROGER ANGELL

•

analysis of variance, *Statistics.* a procedure for resolving the total variance of a set of variates into component variances, which are associated with various factors affecting the variates.
—*The American College Dictionary.*

Next definition.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

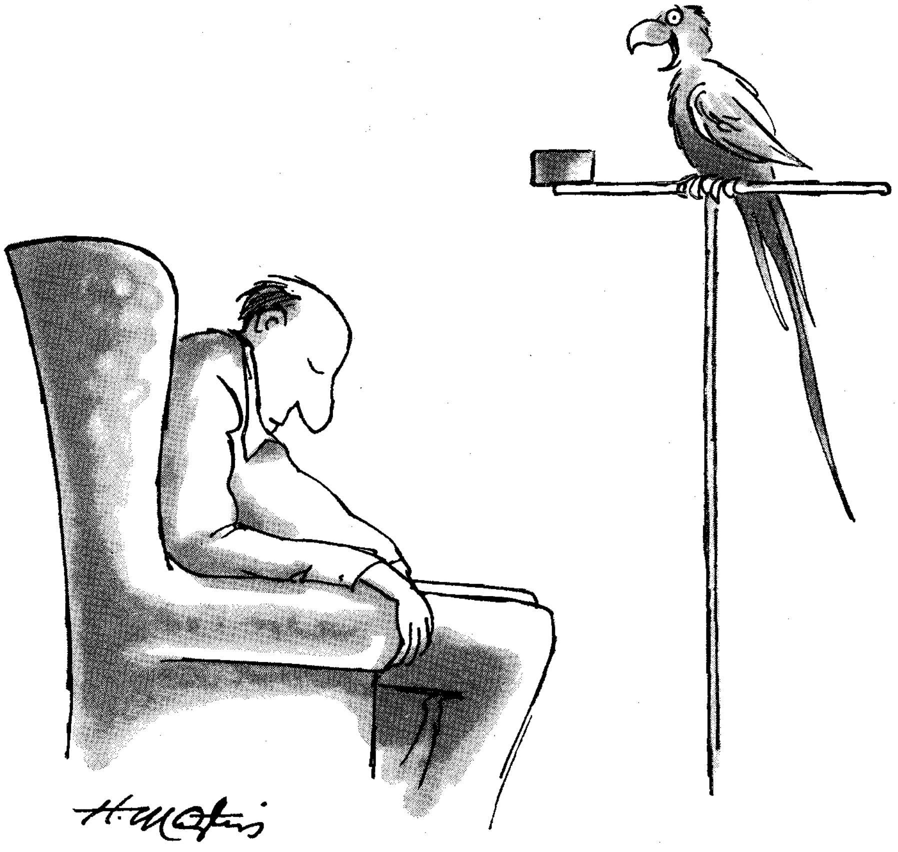
The Curse

"CARRIE" is a terrifyingly lyrical thriller. The director, Brian De Palma, has mastered a teasing style—a perverse mixture of comedy and horror and tension, like that of Hitchcock or Polanski, but with a lulling sensuousness. He builds our apprehensions languorously, softening us for the kill. You know you're being manipulated, but he works in such a literal way and with so much candor that you have the pleasure of observing how he affects your susceptibilities even while you're going into shock. Scary-and-funny must be the greatest combination for popular entertainment; anything-and-funny is, of course, great—even funny-and-funny. But we come out of a movie like "Carrie," as we did out of "Jaws," laughing at our own childishness. It's like watching our team win a ballgame—we're almost embarrassed at how bracing it is.

This little gothic in a high-school setting has a script by Lawrence D. Cohen taken from Stephen King's unassuming potboiler about a miserable, repressed high-school senior—the daughter of a fanatically religious woman—who has never been accepted by other kids. Carrie (Sissy Spacek) is so withdrawn that she's a slug; her energy is released only telekinetically, in small ways that people don't recognize. (Objects have a habit of crashing when she's around.) At the beginning of the movie, she has her first period—at sixteen—in the gym shower, and doesn't know what's happened. She panics—she thinks she's bleeding to death. Her ignorance makes her a scapegoat for the other girls in the gym; their ugly feelings about their own periods erupt, and, like junior versions of Russ Meyer's Supervixens, they laugh hysterically and pelt her with tampons and sanitary napkins. The gym teacher penalizes them for their cruelty, and a few of them scheme to get even with Carrie. Their plan is to have her elected prom queen and then humiliate her publicly. What we see that they don't see is the depth of Carrie's desire to be accepted by them. Her joy at having Tommy, the most popular boy in the class, ask her to the prom and at becoming prom queen transforms her; her home life is so horrible that this is her first taste of feeling beautiful, and she's a radiant Cinderella. De Palma, a master sadist, prolongs her moments of happiness; he slows the action down to a trance while we wait for the trap to be sprung, knowing that it will unloose her bottled-up telekinetic anger. It's a beautiful plot—a teen-age Cinderella's revenge. "Carrie" becomes a new trash archetype, and De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies, points up its archetypal aspects by parodying the movies that have formed it—and outclassing them.

De Palma was born in 1940 and started moviemaking when he was a sophomore at Columbia, in 1959. "Carrie" is his tenth feature. His eighth, "Phantom of the Paradise," a rock-horror satire, was, I thought, an underground-movie explosion—a slapstick Guignol mad ball—but it got a substantially bad press and is just now going into general release. His ninth, "Obsession," though no more than an exercise in style, with the camera swirling around nothingness, was great on-the-job training for "Carrie." Here, the layered gags that have always been his specialty are joined to his new sweeping, circling camera movements. In the Joyce Carol Oates story "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?" a teen-age girl's desire for romance also turns into a teen-age nightmare, but the story has the ineluctable *National Enquirer* horror that often makes one recoil from Oates, wanting to go on reading yet not sure if one can bear what's coming. De Palma's humor—his delight in trashiness—saves us from that kind of distress. "Carrie" is a menstrual joke—a *film noir* in red. This picture has some of the psychic grip of "Taxi Driver," yet isn't frightening in the same way, because it's essentially a pretty piece of paste jewelry. "Carrie" looks like a piece of candy: when De Palma is most distinctive, his work calls up so many junky memories it's pure candied exploitation—a funny archetypal nightmare. De Palma uses tawdriness as a tuning fork. No one else has ever caught the thrill that teen-agers get from a dirty joke and sustained it for a whole picture.

There are no characters in "Carrie;" there are only schlock artifacts. The performers enlarge their roles with tinny mythic echoes; each is playing a whole cluster of remembered pop figures. Sissy Spacek's Carrie goes to Bates High—Norman Bates ran the motel in "Psycho"—and her gym-shower scene is a variation on the famous "Psycho" shower. At home, Carrie is the unloved Patty Duke in the early scenes of "The Goddess," but when, having made herself a dress, she goes to the prom, she's also Katharine



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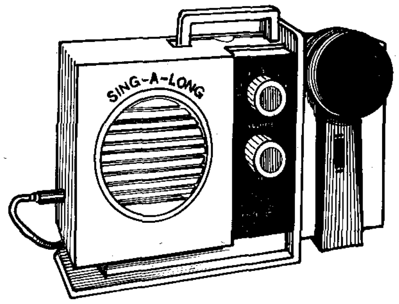

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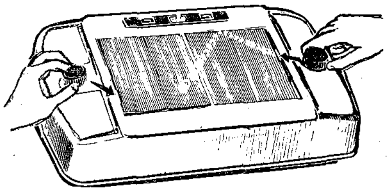

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Hepburn in "Alice Adams," and when she's with her yellow-haired escort, the sensitive jock Tommy (William Katt), they're a puppy-love version of Streisand and Redford in "The Way We Were." ("Love Among the Stars" is the theme the students have selected for their prom.) After Carrie's fall from grace, she's a teen-ager gone bad, an avenging angel with a fiery sword. At her command, fire hoses stand up like hissing serpents and attack her schoolmates, and she moves through the pandemonium with psychedelic grace, as remote as the queen in "She."

De Palma has a background in theatre as well as in film; he's very canny about young performers (in his very first, shoestring feature, "The Wedding Party," he used Jill Clayburgh and Robert De Niro), and he appears to have had a freedom in casting which wasn't evident in "Obsession." William Katt doesn't just look like Redford but acts like a fantasy of Redford at seventeen. The dark girl with the frizzies who persuades Tommy to take Carrie to the prom is played by Amy Irving; this girl's involvement in trapping Carrie is left too ambiguous, but Amy Irving is affectingly troubled in every scene she has, right up to the film's last shocker, when De Palma does a triumphant reprise of a poorly staged bit in "Deliverance." (The shocker here is as startling as Finlay Currie's appearance in the graveyard in "Great Expectations.") The older "normal" characters don't have much life; there's no ricochet effect from the movies they're drawn from, and they're just puppets. But the high-school students—each with a whopper crop of hair—bounce off the beach-party movies and "Peyton Place" and "Splendor in the Grass" and "American Graffiti." The villains, the exuberant, beer-guzzling Billy (John Travolta, who might be Warren Beatty's lowlife younger brother) and his bitchy girlfriend Chris (Nancy Allen), with her lewd dimples and puffed ringlets, have the best dialogue—their language is so stunted that every second word is profane. When these two make out in a car, Andy Hardy is brought up to date: besieged by a voracious female, he's the Neanderthal stud in a porno. Later, when they're enjoying their viciousness to Carrie, the two have a bile-green tinge like Margaret Hamilton in "The Wizard of Oz."

Though few actresses have distinguished themselves in gothics, Sissy Spacek, who is onscreen almost continuously, gives a classic chameleon performance. She shifts back and forth and

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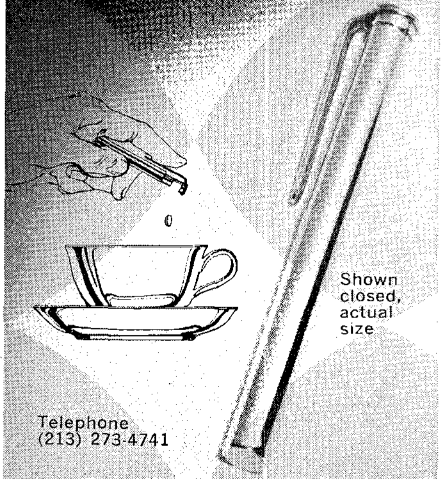

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sideways: a nasal, whining child pleading for her mother's love, each word scratching her throat as it comes out; a chaste young beauty at the prom; and then a second transformation when her destructive impulses burst out and age her. Sissy Spacek uses her freckled pallor and whitish eyelashes to suggest a squashed, froggy girl who could go in any direction; at times, she seems unborn—a fetus. I don't see how this performance could be any better; she's touching, like Elizabeth Hartman in one of her victim roles, but she's also unearthly—a changeling. Though her showiest scenes are the luminous moments with her fresh-faced, lion-maned young Redford, her acting range is demonstrated in the scenes with her loony mother—played by Piper Laurie, in a spectacular return to the screen. (Her last film was "The Hustler," in 1961.) They're marvellously matched, and they perform duets on themes heard earlier from Tuesday Weld and Lola Albright in "Lord Love a Duck." The skinny, croaking Carrie, with her long, straight reddish-gold hair, and the ripe woman, with her mass of curly red hair and deep, pipe-organ voice (the chest tones of an evangelist or of a woman giving testimony in church), are beautiful in such different Pre-Raphaelite ways that their scenes go beyond the simple mother-daughter conflicts of the rather crude script. Piper Laurie's face is soft—she's like a rosy Elizabeth Taylor—and you feel that the daughter is bound to her by ties of love and pain. This fundamentalist mother is powerful and sexy, yet she sees herself as a virgin damaged by sex. When the wounded daughter retaliates against her mother's assault, and the kitchen utensils fly into Mama, pinning her like St. Sebastian, Piper Laurie's face is relaxed and at peace—she's a radiant martyr in a chromo. Like Buñuel, De Palma has a sacrilegious sense of humor; he plays with a sense of sin.

The director James Whale worked sophisticated parody into some of his horror films, such as "The Old Dark House," in 1932, and "The Bride of Frankenstein," in 1935, but I don't think that before "Carrie" anyone had ever done a satiric homage to exploitation films. Who but De Palma would think of using old-movie trash, and even soft-core pornos, to provide "heart" for a thriller? The banal teenage-movie meanness that the kids show toward Carrie gets the audience rooting for her, and it becomes the basis for her supernatural vengeance. This is the first time a De Palma picture has had

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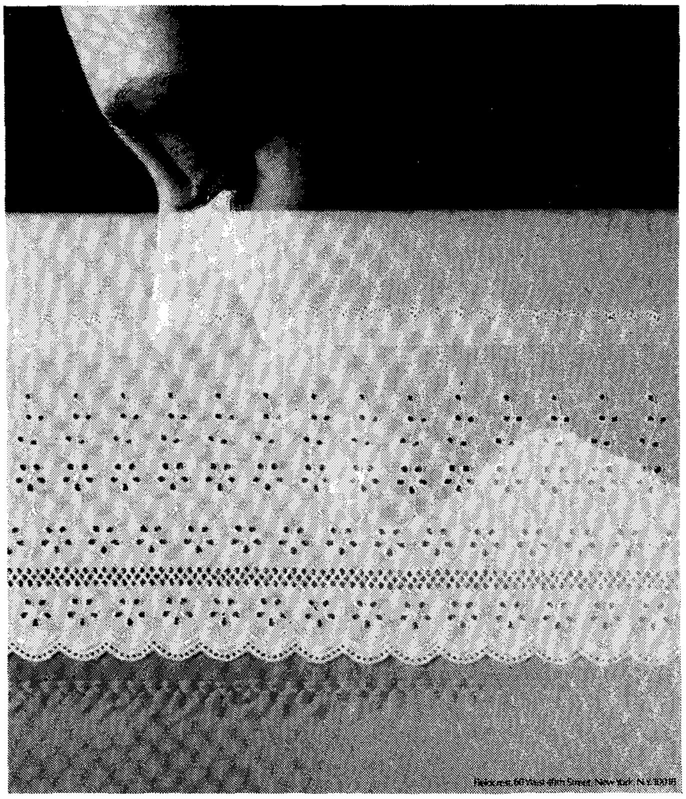

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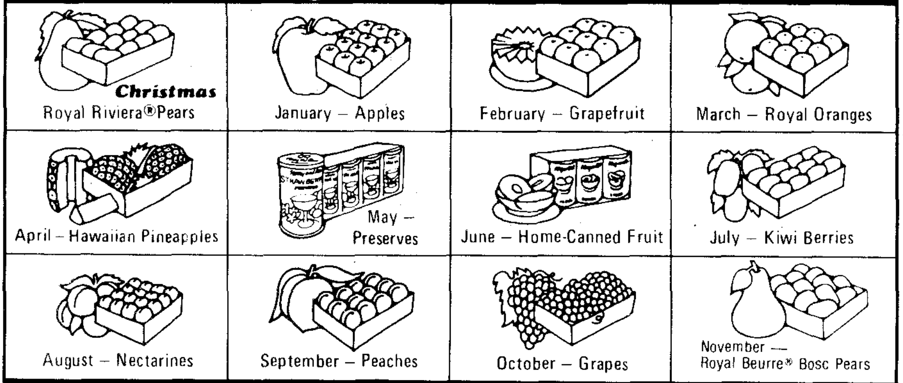

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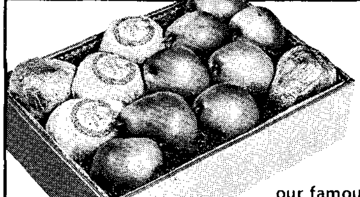

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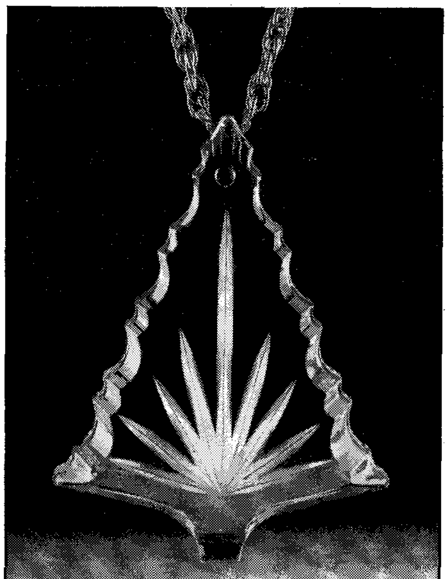

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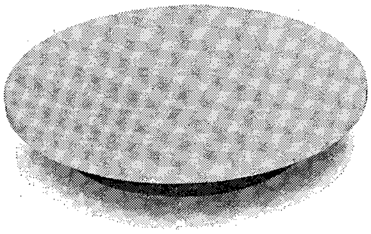

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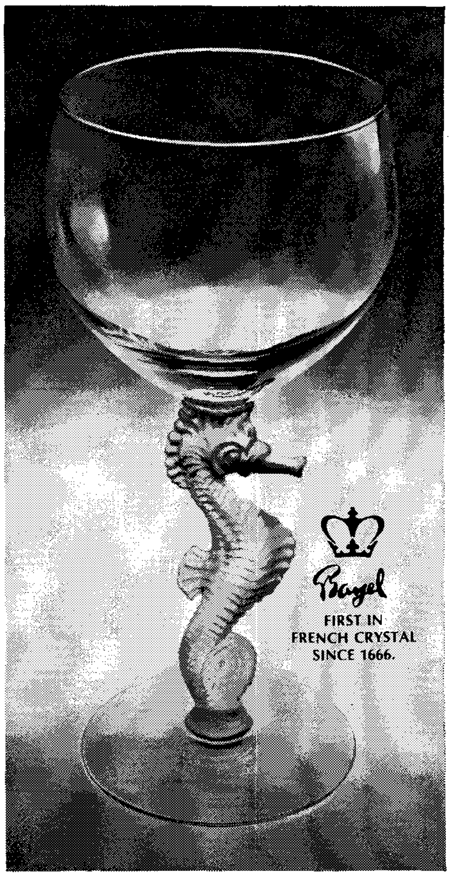
heart—which may explain why De Palma, despite his originality, has never made it into the big winners' circle before. I liked the surreal sophomoric humor of his 1968 X-rated "Greetings," with its draft-dodger hero; the style was deliberately offhand. In those days, De Palma didn't move the camera much; he used a lot of single-camera setups that went on for several minutes—he let the actors play out their scenes. When he did move the camera, sometimes the movement was itself a gag—a parody of film "magic." His early films were cheaply made and badly distributed, but even so they didn't score with young audiences as they should have scored. Maybe this was the audiences' fault as much as his. Like some others of us, he probably assumed that counterculture movie-lovers had much hipper tastes than they turned out to have; they didn't go for the old patriotic, pro-war sentimentality, but they wanted more emotion and romance than De Palma, with his sense of the ridiculous, provided. However, he was always primarily a creator of comedy, an entertainer, so if the audience wouldn't change, he had to.

By the time of "Obsession," De Palma had dropped his theatrical play-out-the-scene style; rock had unified the wild "Phantom of the Paradise," but the camera itself did it for "Obsession." He made a romantic movie without, as far as I can judge, a single romantic impulse; he was proving that he could tell a fluid, rhythmed story—that he could master camera magic. It was all calculation—camera movements designed to make an audience swoon. If the De Palma spirit was barely in evidence in "Obsession," that was because the romantic conception operated on only one level; it lacked humor—this is where Paul Schrader, its scenarist, is weak (a weakness compensated for by the director and actors in Schrader's "Taxi Driver"). And "Obsession" lacked good, cheap dirt. In "Greetings," Allen Garfield had hawked stag films; De Niro was a voyeur making Peep Art films in both "Greetings" and De Palma's "Hi, Mom!" After the rarefied phoniness of "Obsession," De Palma has come back to his own exploitation themes in "Carrie;" the voyeur has got into the girls' locker room this time, bringing that romanticizing, hypnotic camera with him. De Palma was always a sexual wit; now he's a voluptuary wit, with the camera coming very close to Sissy Spacek's body, and with closeups of her wraithlike, hair-veiled



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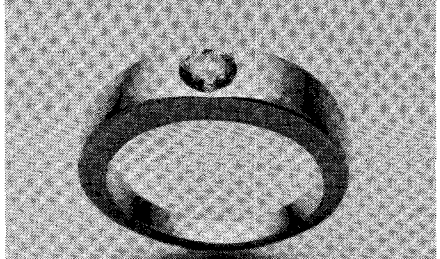

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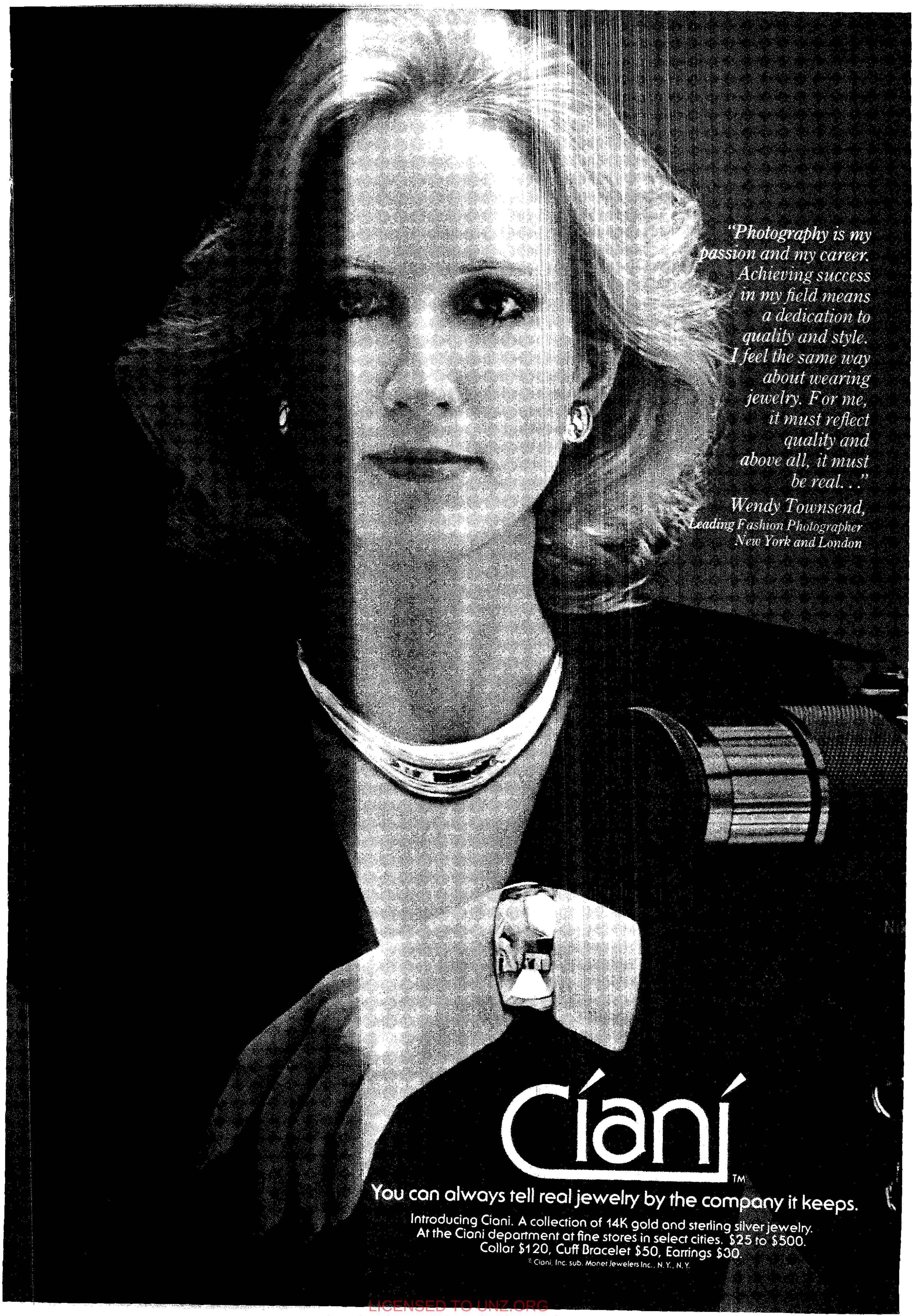

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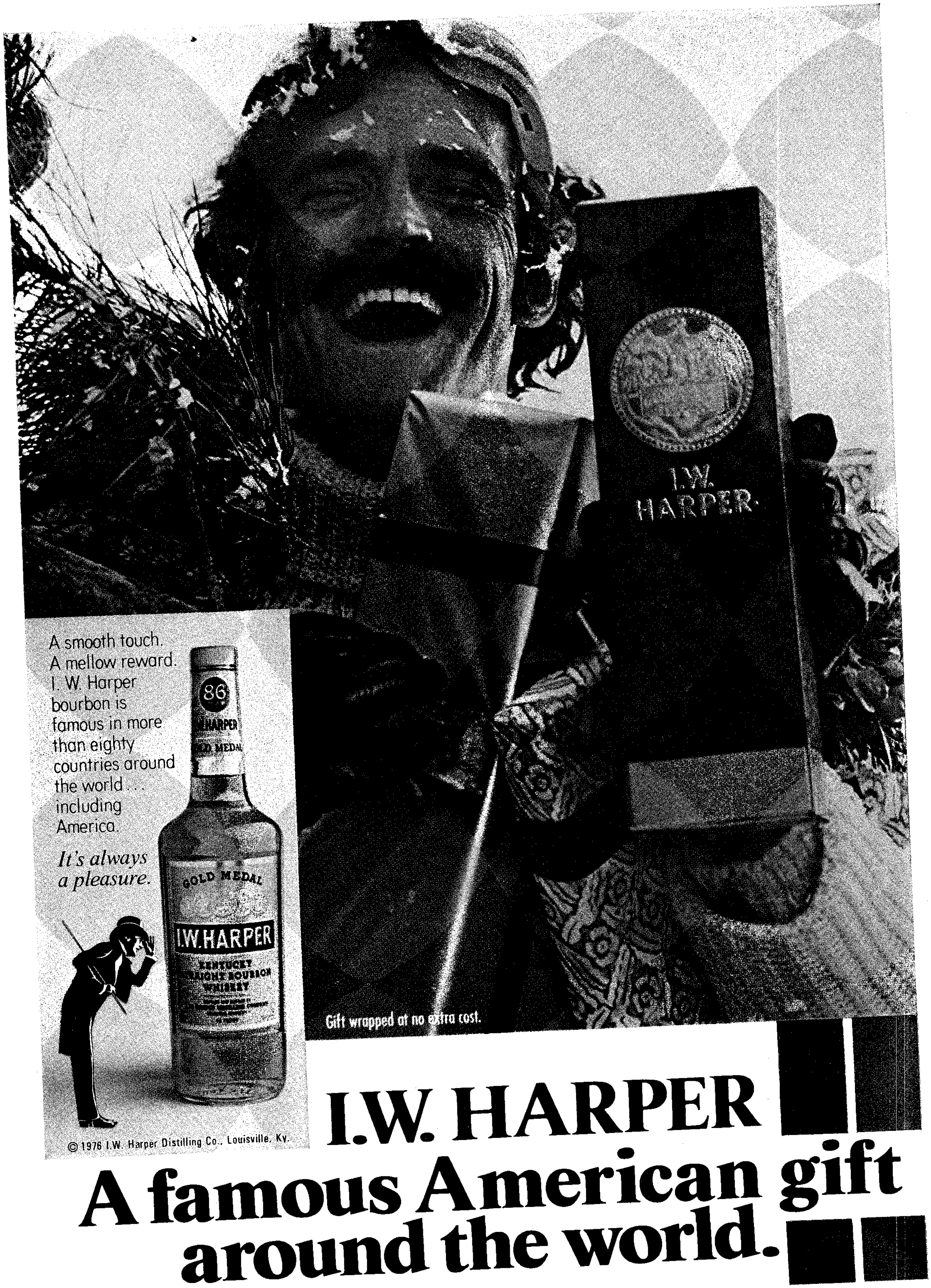
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The technique is so absorbing that I don't think I blinked during "Carrie." I assume that a virtuoso combination of the spiky editing of Paul Hirsch and the special effects by Gregory M. Auer is what gives us images such as Carrie's eye exploding a car. Mario Tosi's slithering cinematography seemed especially effective in Carrie's California-gothic home, and I assume that the art directors, William Kenny and Jack Fisk, made that possible. The music for "Obsession" was so emotive that the picture drowned in its score; the Pino Donaggio music for "Carrie" is modest and inoffensive, though more derivative than one might like. There are only a few places where the film seems to err in technique. The speeded-up sound when the high-school boys are trying on tuxedos is a dumb, toy effect. And at the prom, when Carrie sees red, the split-screen footage is really bad: the red tint darkens the image, and there's so much messy action going on in the split sections that the confusion cools us out. But the film is built like a little engine, and it gets to us.

For a sophisticated, absurdist intelligence like De Palma's, there's no way to use camera magic except as foolery. He's uncommitted to anything except successful manipulation; when his camera conveys the motion of dreams, it's a lovely trick. He can't treat a subject straight, but that's all right; neither could Hitchcock. If De Palma were an artist in another medium—say, fiction or poetry—he might be a satirist with a high reputation and a small following. Everything in his films is distanced by his persistent adolescent kinkiness; he's gleefully impersonal. Yet, working in movies, he's found his own route to a mass audience: his new trash heart is the ultimate De Palma joke.

—PAULINE KAEL

●

In life, while he thrived on mass campaigns and social turbulence, Mao also provided a sense of national unity and a strong link with the origins of the Chinese Communist movement. In death there was no certainty how his predecessors would interpret the Maoist legacies.—*Eugene (Ore.) Register-Guard.*

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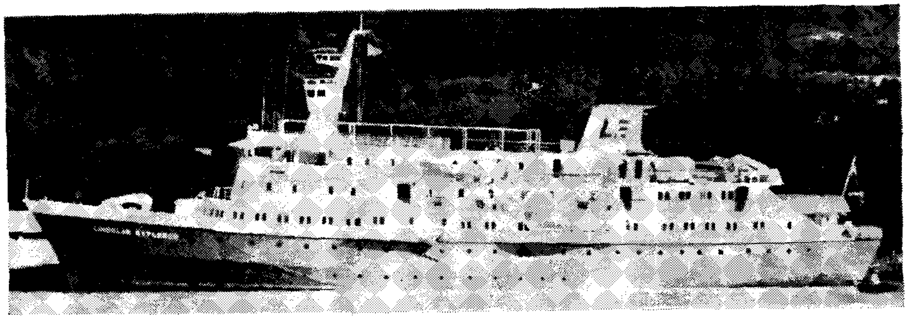

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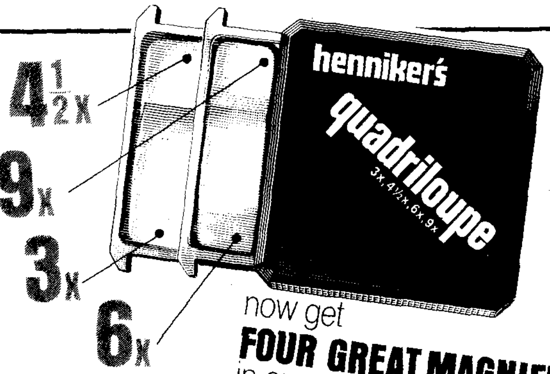

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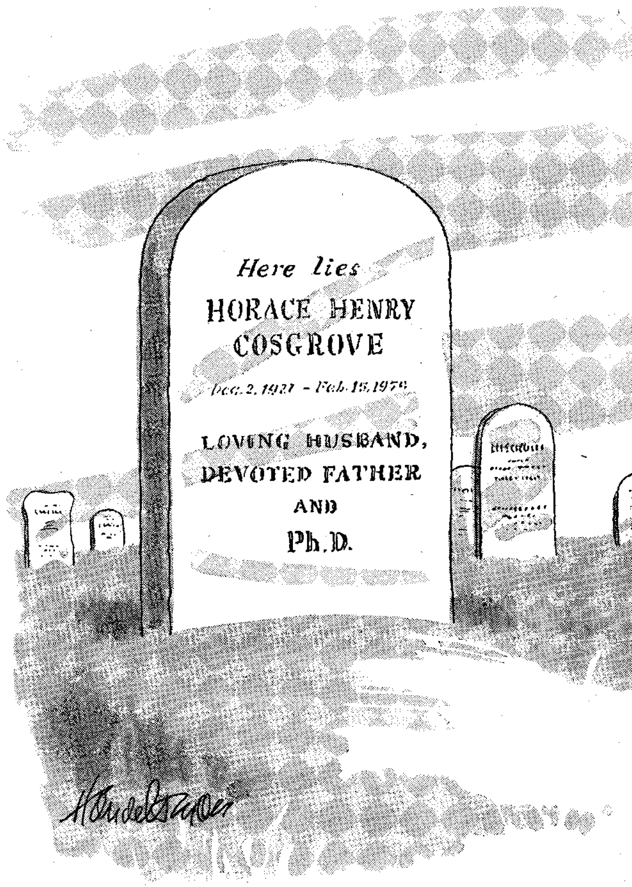
Talking Back

FROM time to time in recent months, I've found myself writing about the largely authoritarian role that so much television broadcasting has assumed in our era. The monochrome and monotone "voice" of the networks has been frequently alluded to, as has the framing or focussing authority of most of their news programs. Indeed, "power" on the part of the television establishment and "passivity" on the part of the audience have been perhaps the two key words, or concepts, with which to consider the influence of television up to now in our society. On a different, more emotional level, intimations of Orwell's "Big Brother" have surrounded us in the air (and on the airwaves) since the period of the first exploitation of broadcasting by national authorities, in the early part of this century; and, with these intimations, there has often developed in members of the public a feeling of resignation and inescapability concerning such distant matters.

What I would like to do this week is to temporarily reverse myself, because, while the present of broadcasting is undeniably authoritarian, the present also contains the future, and the future (which we are beginning to deal with now) contains at least the possibility of something very different. In short, I should like to risk boring you for a while on a subject that neither you nor I have had much apparent interest in: that of space satellites and satellite communications. For modern satellites and their ground receiver-transmitters have already reached a level of technical competence and economic practicality which has brought them further and further into the arena of political decisions. A number of political decisions concerning them have already been made, and, in fact, there is much about the current satellite situation which is roughly comparable to what obtained in regard to television broadcasting in the nineteen-thirties; that is, much of the basic technology is already in place, and the rest is in the process of development, and what remains is to make the final, hard-to-reverse political decisions that will determine the shape of satellite communications in the nation as, back in the nineteen-thirties, they determined the shape of our present commercial television service. As it happens, the token reason, or "news peg," for my belated attention to satellites is a substantial, and not altogether impenetrable, document that I have lately been reading, which is titled simply "Description of Public Broadcasting Satellite Interconnection Plan." Briefly, what this proposal encompasses is the nation's first satellite broadcast television network, wherein the Corporation for Public Broadcasting will be empowered to lease three, and eventually four, transponders (or channels) on Western Union's Westar I satellite, and also to construct about a hundred and fifty-five ground receiving stations, of which five will have the ability to transmit as well as receive. It is a fine, ambitious plan, and is currently under active consideration by the F.C.C. (which is expected to approve it by the end of the year)—circumstances that provide, I think, as good an opportunity as any for trying to understand, or perhaps unbore oneself about, these new devices and the new kind of communications they make possible.



WE might as well start at the beginning. For practical purposes, satellites might be said to derive from what was surely one of the most important and ghastly inventions of the twentieth century: the rocket that was known by the Germans (who first launched it at Peenemünde in 1942) as the Aggregate-4, and later by the British, whose cities it assaulted, as the V-2. The second step followed logically from the first. In 1957, employing a rocket derived from the Aggregate-4, the Soviet Union launched and orbited the first satellite—Sputnik. Since Sputnik, literally thousands of satellites have been put into orbit, most of them by the Soviet Union and the United States, and with roughly ninety per cent of them in the service of the military: the "guardians of our skies," as our own are sometimes referred to in defense-contractor advertisements. The metaphor is doubtless accurate, though not entirely reassuring—especially since in these matters insufficient notice is usually paid to the American citizen, whose taxes furnished the eighty-five billion dollars that provided the space program that evolved the rocket and communications skills that resulted not only in our landings on the moon and Mars but also in the present multitude of "guardians" orbiting above us.

Here, though, we may as well consider only civilian communications satellites; that is, those few satellites now in the air that are the property of large American communications companies. For instance, what is special about satellite communication? What are its advantages over present standard forms of communications? The answer is deceptively simple, and easy to gloss over. Satellite communication is more efficient than ground communications. Efficiency has come to be one of those modern terms that often defy penetration, though it's worth trying to get some idea of the real meaning. Consider, in the matter of transoceanic communications, that twenty years ago the only way of speaking by telephone between New York and London was via radio, which was expensive and, because of atmospheric conditions, undependable. When the first transatlantic telephone cables were put in operation, in 1956, the service became more dependable, but it was still expensive and the transmission was far from ideal. The cables could carry sixty phone conversations simultaneously but no television. The extent to which a present-day satellite supersedes cable technology is as follows: the cost of orbiting the satellite is a fraction of the cost of cable laying; a satellite can handle fourteen thousand phone conversations simultaneously, with high dependability and fidelity, or relay twenty-four color-television programs simultaneously. Similarly, in the area of transcontinental communications, whether by phone or television signal, the advantage of a satellite system is so great in terms of cost, multiplicity of access, and fidelity as not to be usefully defined by the catch-all term efficiency. At present, for example, most telephone and television communication is carried along the telephone company's vast and expensive network of cables, or else is beamed along the newer microwave system, which requires line-of-sight transmission and reception, and thus the construction of receiving-and-transmitting towers at around thirty-mile intervals across the country. With either microwave or cable communication, the cost and difficulty of sending a voice or a television signal over long distances involve not only the huge outlay for construction and maintenance but also an elaborate amplifying apparatus which must be built into the system at regular intervals for boosting the original signal along its way, and which frequently produces less than satisfactory fidelity. With satellites, however, the basic communications structure is far simpler, involving not thousands of miles of cable, or towers (with all their attendant switchers and boosters and maintenance), but orbiting devices of enormous sensitivity, with a multiplicity of channels, and with ground sending or receiving terminals of ever-increasing simplicity and cheapness. For instance, many ground receiving stations still require antennas of up to a hundred feet in diameter, and might cost nine million dollars to build. But some such stations can now be served by antennas no more than thirty-three feet in diam-

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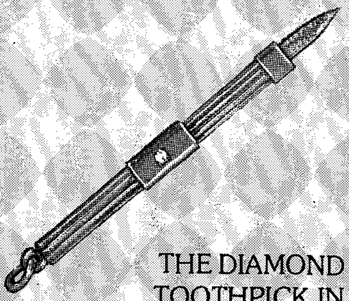

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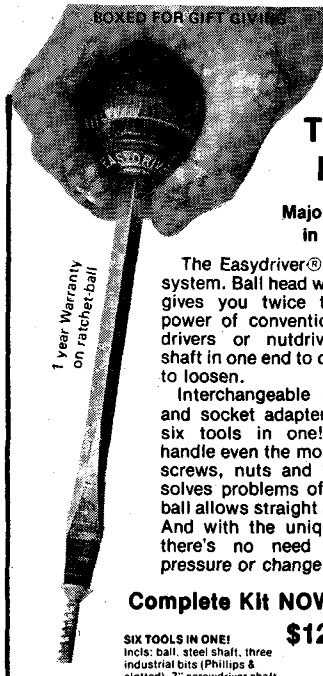

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eter, and cost around three million dollars; and the Japanese have recently developed a prototype TV receiver (dependent on new satellites with increased transmitter potency) that costs fifteen hundred dollars and could probably be marketed eventually for a good deal less. Technically, home ownership of a direct-broadcast satellite television receiver is virtually within reach.

The first of the civilian (or commercial) communications satellites was Telstar I, which was put in orbit in 1962, and which was paid for and owned by A.T. & T. By present standards, Telstar was a fairly primitive device. Admittedly, it could handle one TV signal or a hundred phone conversations simultaneously, compared with the sixty conversations of the first transatlantic cables, but there was a built-in limit to its overall effectiveness, in that the satellite's orbit around the earth was elliptical and low. Since television signals travel in straight lines, this meant that a program could be beamed from Point A, received by the satellite, and amplified and transmitted to Point B only at a time when the satellite was in direct line of sight with both points. If Telstar sped out of this line of sight too soon, or if the timing was inconvenient, program transmission had to wait until the satellite had returned after orbiting the globe. An alternative, which was not tried, would have required a continuous, revolving parade of as many as thirty Telstars in orbit, with one of them always in range.

The reason that this costly and cumbersome method was not attempted derives from an imaginatively simple solution proposed by Arthur C. Clarke, who is an engineer as well as a successful author of numerous books of science fiction. Clarke's solution was based on the calculation that a satellite placed in orbit at 6,830 m.p.h. at an altitude of 22,300 miles above earth would take nearly twenty-four hours to circle the globe. Thus, it would be "geosynchronous" with the rotation of the earth; that is, the speeding, orbiting satellite—appearing to stand still—would remain in line of sight constantly. Also, the height of the orbit would be much greater than that of Telstar, and would therefore permit a vastly greater number of sending and receiving points; in fact, no more than three satellites, properly placed, could provide a global communications system. In 1963, Syncom II, the first working geosynchronous communications satellite, was built by the Hughes Aircraft Company and launched by

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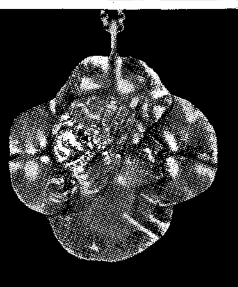

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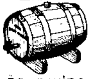

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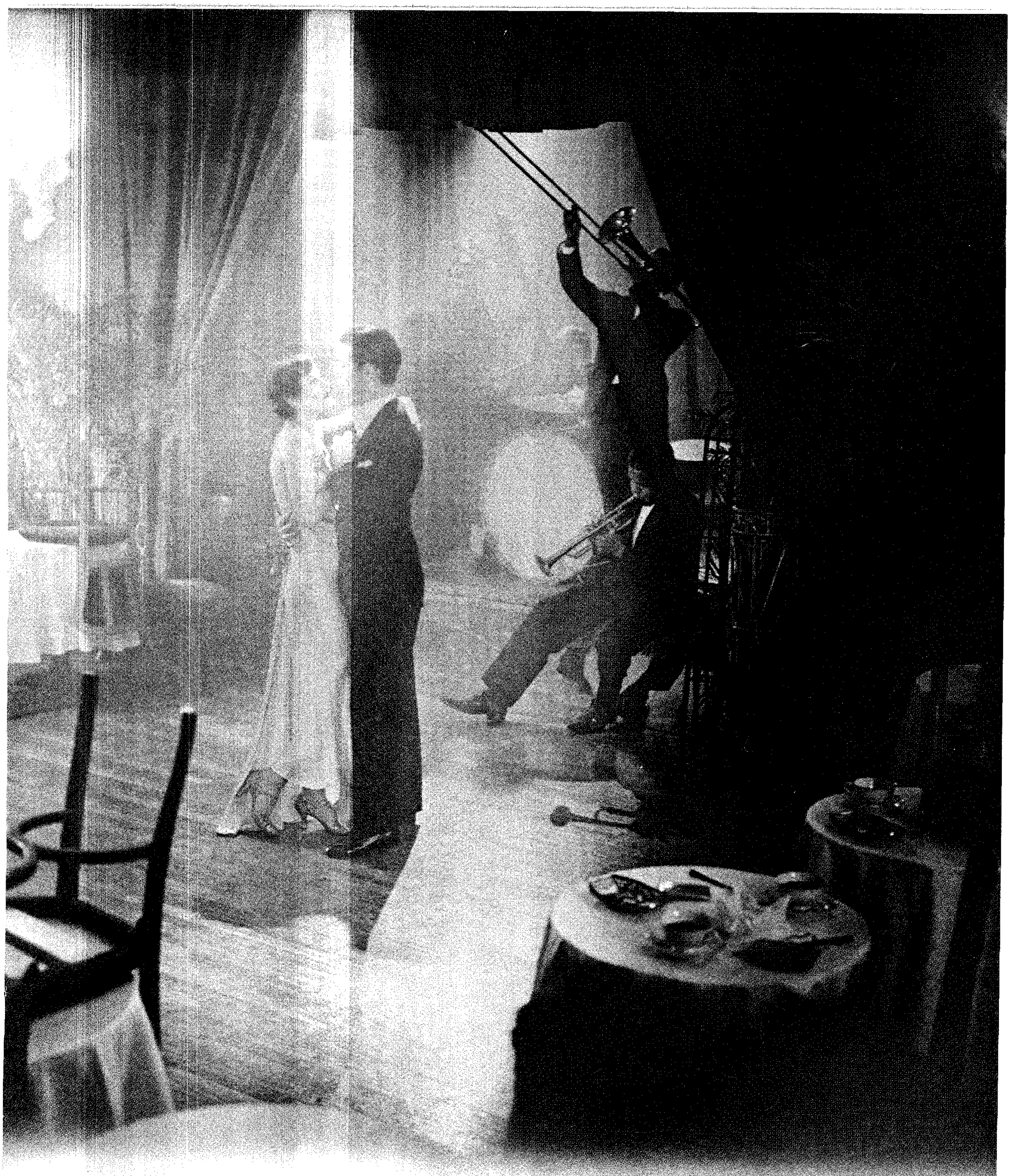

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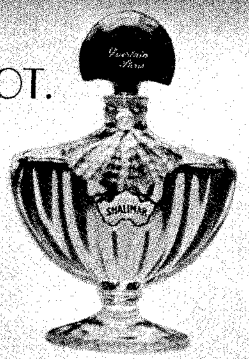

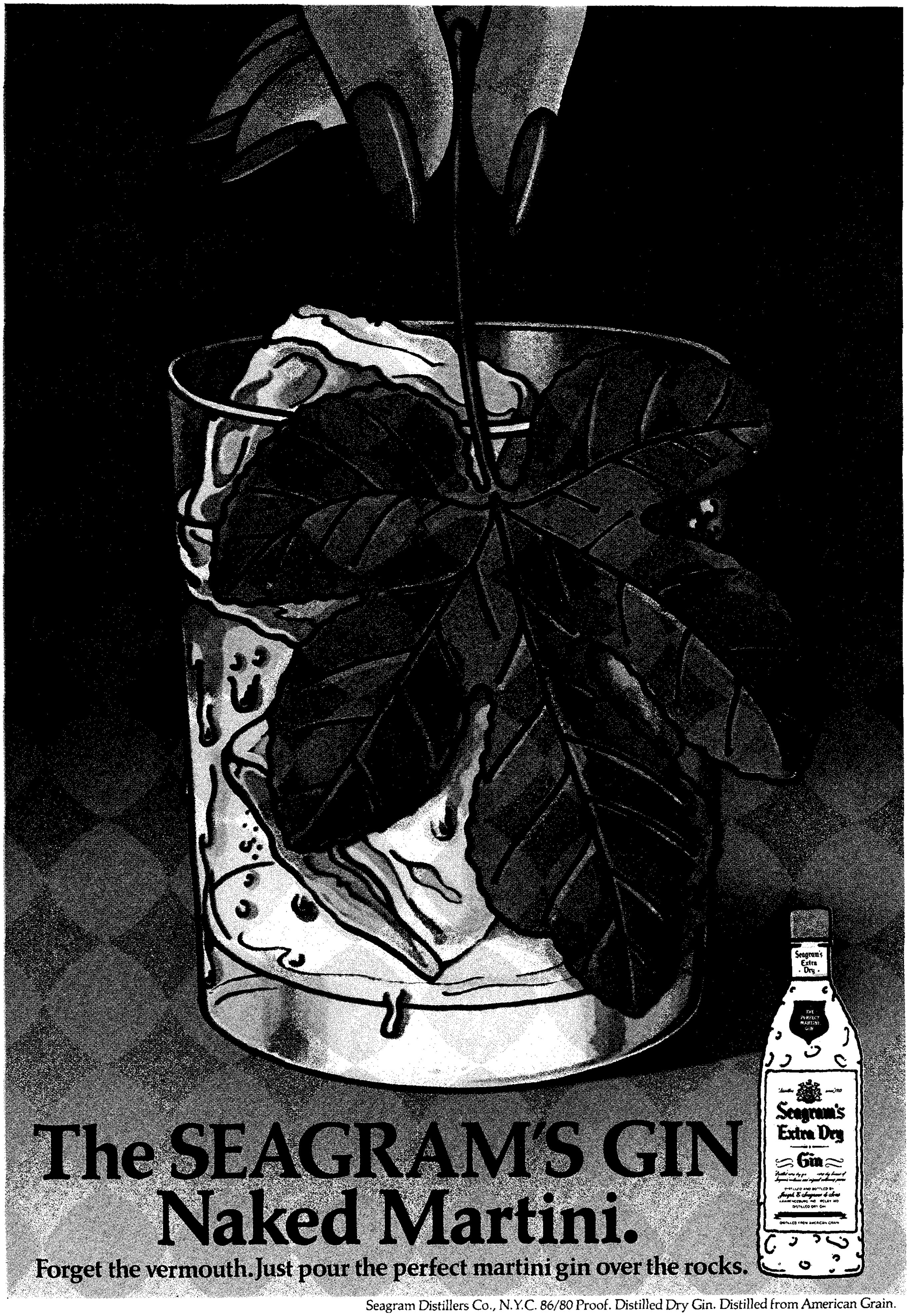
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NASA. The Hughes Company built three Syncoms that were launched by NASA and one, launched in 1965 and named Early Bird, that was operated as a civilian communications satellite by the International Telecommunications Satellite Consortium, or Intelsat.

As in a Biblical family tree, Telstar in 1962 begat Comsat (or the Communications Satellite Corporation), which begat Intelsat. For, as a result of the success of A.T. & T.'s elliptically orbiting Telstar, one of those important debates occurred in the upper reaches of government and business which go largely unnoticed by the public; this one dealt with the question of whether a civilian satellite communications system should be kept in the hands of the federal government or be handed over for development to the "private sector," or business. Business prevailed, and Comsat was formed in 1963, supposedly as a partnership between the large communications corporations and the public, with fifty per cent of the stock in the new company being owned by A.T. & T., I.T.T., RCA, Western Union, and more than a hundred smaller companies, and the remaining fifty per cent being sold, through the New York Stock Exchange, to "the public." Since A.T. & T. was a main force in the origins of Comsat, and since A.T. & T. already had an immense investment in ground communications facilities in the United States, it was decided that Comsat would concentrate its attention on international communications. Hence the organizing, in 1964, of Intelsat, which has since grown to encompass ninety-four nations, five satellites, and a hundred and nineteen earth stations around the world. Intelsat is an operating organization that leases its satellites and facilities to each member nation's designated representative—which in the United States is Comsat.

Within the past few years, there has been a second major debate—also largely unnoticed by the public—which has resulted in the orbiting of several Domsats, or domestic satellites. This debate had to do not with whether the public or the private sector should control the new domestic satellites but with whether these satellites should be a monopoly of Comsat or be owned and operated by other communications companies—the assumption, at least in certain quarters, no doubt being that Comsat already half represents the public. In 1972, following its bent for pseudopopulist communications programs, President Nixon's Office of Telecommunications Policy proposed

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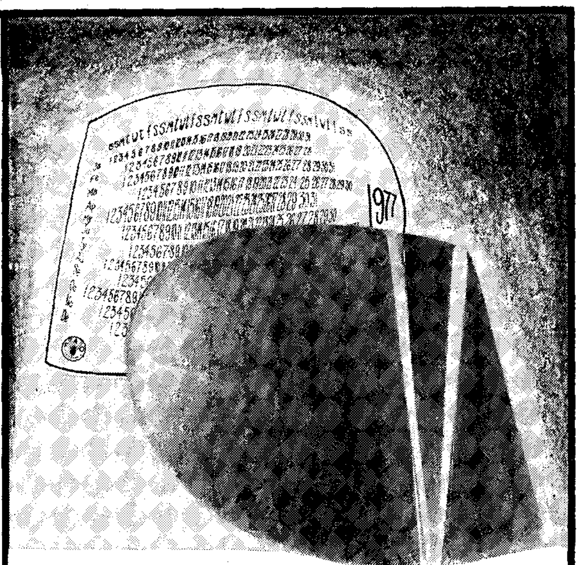

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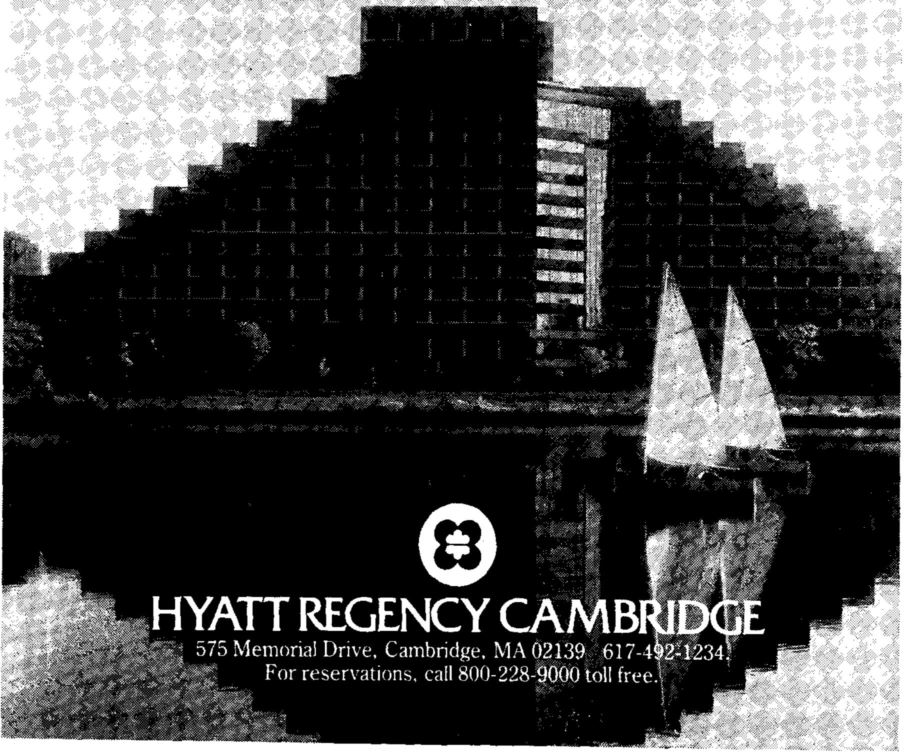

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an "Open Skies" policy, which stated, roughly, that any applicant possessing suitable financial and technological capacity might launch and operate a communications satellite, and in due course this policy was adopted by the F.C.C. So, while Comsat handles international satellite communications for the people of the United States, a new procession of familiar corporate giants is entering into control of domestic satellite communications. Western Union and RCA have both launched their own satellites, as have A.T. & T. and G.T. & E., which have also joined with Comsat on satellite projects. And several more are waiting in the wings.

Thus, two important moves have already been made in shaping the role of satellites in our lives; major decisions have been reached, in the modern quasi-parliamentary fashion—not so much clandestinely as by open, unintelligible compromise between big government and big business—while the public, informed by neither party of any special urgency in this matter, blithely plays in its back yard. As has been remarked, it is a situation not totally dissimilar to the one that obtained in the nineteen-thirties, when the F.C.C. (the public's agency) began to assist in the shaping of the present commercial network system.

THERE are further decisions in the making, however, and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting's Satellite Interconnection Plan marks another step along the way—a step in the right direction, it appears from the current proposals. First is the obvious, and not at all unimportant, question of cost. Despite the expense of leasing satellite channels and constructing ground facilities, C.P.B.'s satellite system should be cheaper in the long run than any comparable system based—as is virtually all television transmission, commercial or public—on the leasing of A.T. & T.'s so-called long lines. But more important even than cost, and buried within the concept of efficiency, is the significant potential—the essence—of satellite communications: namely, that they represent the first visible, plausible promise of what might be clumsily called intercommunicative broadcasting, of broadcasting that does not always, or inherently, proceed in one direction, from authority to public.

Today, most television programs flow in a more or less direct line, along A.T. & T.'s cables or microwave stations, either from west to east or from east to west. Television-broadcast traffic across the continent is thus limited,

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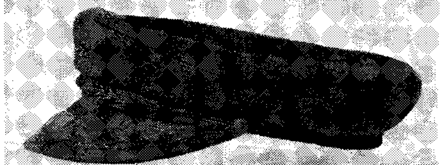

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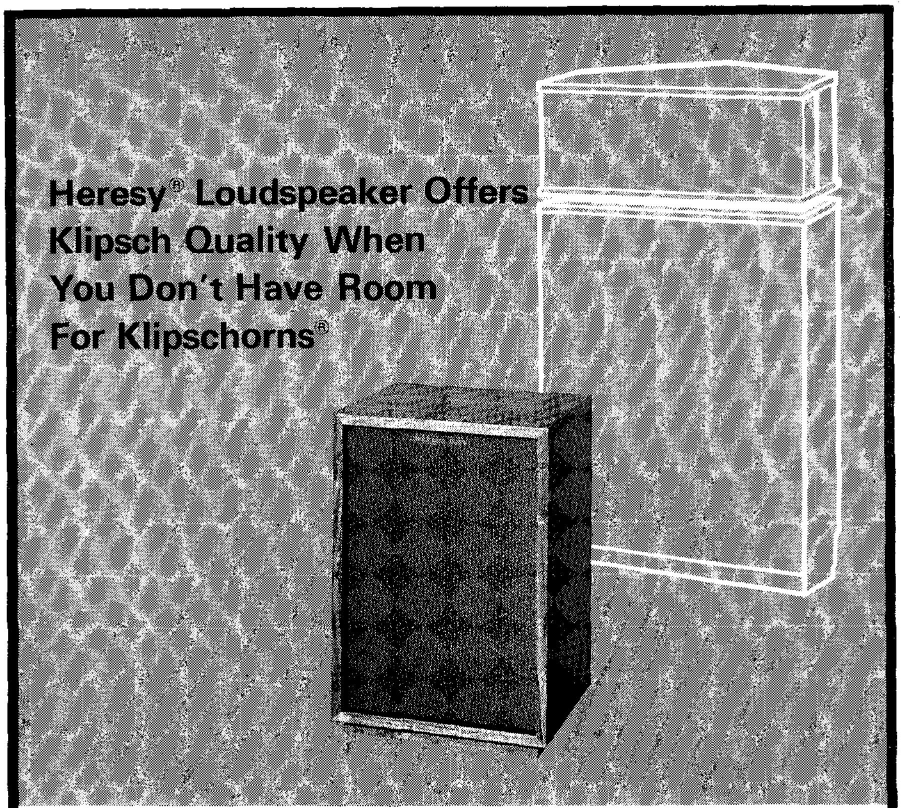
in a manner comparable to the limitation on railroad traffic, by the sheer expense of laying track as well as by the difficulty and the cost of dispatching programs in various directions. It is technically possible for a network to originate a broadcast of a football game in Dallas or a news story in Boston, but the cost runs high and the traffic-scheduling problems are considerable; even for wealthy networks, there are clearly limits to the number of times it can be done. Public television's proposed satellite system will not seem at first to make any drastic change in the present arrangement, but it will *begin* to make true interconnective programming more possible. It will begin to do away with the old "railroad-track" system, and perhaps, along with it, certain assumptions by the audience and the station managers as to what constitutes broadcast traffic. At the heart of the new system, after all, is the fact that the satellite is already up there, apparently "parked" in the sky, though in fact speeding along with the spin of the earth, making occasional, slight course adjustments by means of tiny engines, and usually accompanied by a twin: a backup satellite, to be brought into operation if the first one should somehow fail. The rigid, limited network of the long lines is replaced by trigonometry, and thus it is no more difficult, electronically, to dispatch a television signal from Minneapolis to Miami than from Minneapolis to St. Paul. Also, the variety of signals relayed is defined not by the dimensions of an unchangeable cable but by the leasing of transponders on a satellite. With C.P.B.'s satellite system, individual public stations will have far greater flexibility in their programming, choosing, alternately, between regional broadcasts and the national feed. Most important, too, C.P.B.'s five proposed transmitting stations will not simply permit but encourage a degree of regionally originated programming (that is, programs not from New York or Los Angeles), which now remains at the mercy of leased lines, high costs, and "feed" schedules.

Admittedly, there is a problem in talking about the future, for the future usually involves technical progress, and this progress is often presented in such unreal or utopian terms as to be oppressive—or, in layman's terms, boring. One likely result of C.P.B.'s satellite system, at least for the first few years after it comes on-stream, probably in 1979, is that Thoreau's mid-nineteenth-century demurrer about the nation's first transcontinental telegraph



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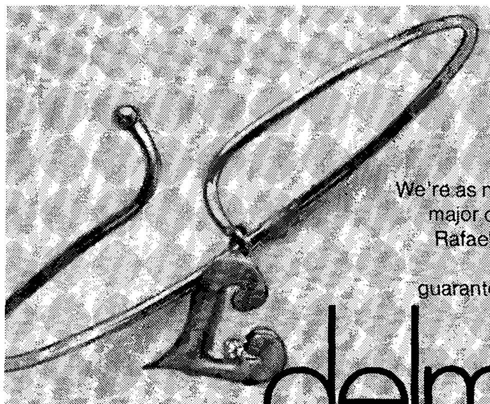

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line will seem to have new pertinence. "But what if Maine and Texas," Thoreau remarked on hearing of this early wondrous system, "have nothing to communicate?" Or, as we may well soon have cause to ask, What if Houston has nothing better to relay, via the heavens, to New Rochelle than yoga instruction or "Mister Rogers"? However, I suspect that the significance of the proposed development will go far beyond the merits or demerits of programming. For it seems to me that these new and as yet unmade satellite systems, even when stripped of the glamour of cost statistics and the futuristic jargon-poetry of scientific utopias, represent nothing less than man's most potent tool, to date, for reversing—or, at least, holding his own against—the supposedly irreversible thrust of technological society, which has been carrying us steadily forward in this century toward greater homogeneity and thus toward totalitarianism.

The evils of a technological world are commonplaces by now, and appear to be accepted by so many people because they can conceive of no alternative—the exception being those brave, poignant, guerrilla-type counterattacks by the young, who storm the redoubts of Technology armed with little more than sensibility and handmade jewelry. In addition, the baby-and-bathwater argument is much used, or leaned upon, by those who try to feel hopeful about the general drift of modern societies. That is: is it not necessary to give up certain amenities or freedoms in exchange for, say, polio vaccine, computer billing, and the boneless chicken, and might one not altogether lose the "new" in trying to regain the "old"? It is not too much to say that the people of advanced societies, such as ours, have been largely immobilized before technology: on the one hand, enjoying its benefits and repeating its pieties, and, on the other hand, giving increasing evidence of nervousness, interior dismay, and a propensity for mild rebellion against the very technologies—whether those of politics, communications, or merchandising—that they are assisting in creating.

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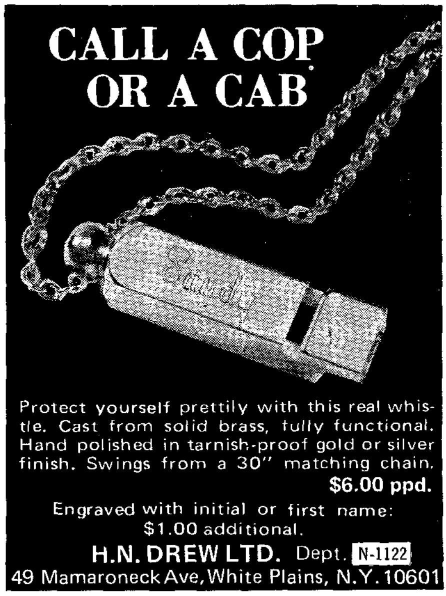

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deference they pay the public, but in reality this occasional deference is paid either to the authority of the state or to the rival authority of business. The form or "message" of broadcasting, especially that of the powerful television-broadcasting industry, has been for years that of a central transmitting authority (albeit divided into several companies), which "speaks," one-way only, to the "mass." Surely, then, what explains the popularity of (or "craze" for) CB radios is a delight on the part of the public in employing economically accessible technology for talking back, for demassifying itself. Or, on a more primitive level, what are the phone-in radio shows but an attempt on the part of the audience to de-audience itself, to intercommunicate, to participate? The truth is that, by and large, our vaunted Era of Communications has been a strange, depressing period during which a massed citizenry—though, for the most part, it has no longer been assembled in city squares, listening to a voice from a loudspeaker—has been assembled metaphorically, before the illusory separateness of a hundred million television sets, looking at as well as listening to distanced presences that transmit only, and never receive. It is an unnatural state of affairs—in some ways like slavery—which poses great unseen burdens on society and can endure for longer than anyone imagines. Surely the conditions of depression that occur in so many areas of the modern world—whether clinical or otherwise, and whether they take the form of the "sullen" East German or the "apathetic" American voter—derive at least in part from the continued, nearly unrelieved, public situation of being *talked to* by authorities, however sometimes benign, and never being able to *talk back*.

Satellite communications on a scale proposed by C.P.B. will obviously not reshape the emotional structure of the world. But there is much at stake here in the principle of two-way broadcast transmission and in the public's right and need to have access to the new technology: to get its voice back. Also, there is much risk, and even danger. How will governments govern when a capacity exists for a nearly instantaneous citizen response—to a new strip-mining bill or a state of war? (A more pressing question, one imagines, and one that continues to overhang the noisy politics of the century, is, *in whose behalf* do governments govern, anyway?) The larger hazard facing the new communications, then, is that the parents will be reluctant to return them to

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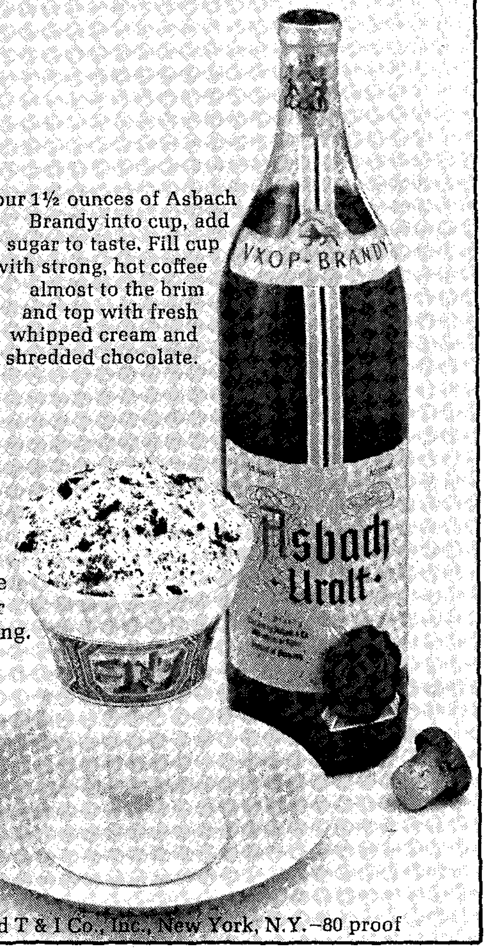

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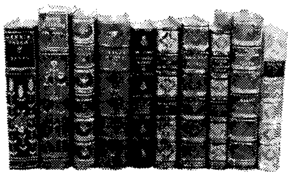

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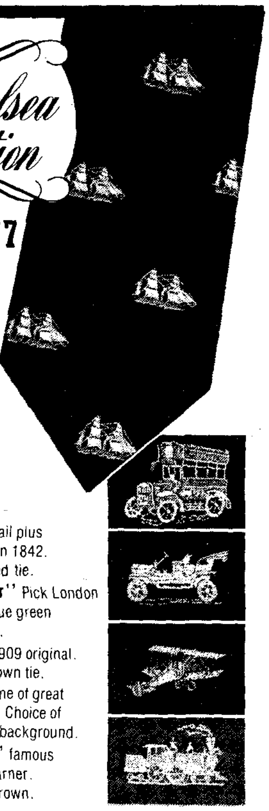

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the children. Temporizing reasons will be found: that national security must be protected, or that the efficiency of large corporations must be preserved, or that the children will break the new toys. Already, in the matter of the relatively modest C.P.B. proposal, Western Union has requested a right to employ public broadcasting's earth stations for its own business. No authority ever gladly lets anything go.

All the same, there is something deeply stirring about these new possibilities: almost a logic behind them that, one feels, will sooner or later put them in the hands where they will do the most good—the hands of the public, that multitude of non-children. Perhaps what is most stirring of all is a glimpse, or intimation, of man's ability to get himself out of trouble, and with something sturdier than sensibility to aid him. To put it another way: Big Brother and his Newspeak were political fantasies of that remarkable writer George Orwell which proved to be imaginatively, and almost factually, correct. But the wider human context of "1984," with its irredeemably passive, and even unpleasant, "proles," represented (as Raymond Williams has also pointed out) a more personal projection of Orwell's fantasy, his social pessimism, and his cultural view, and it has not specifically, or necessarily, turned out to resemble the world we have been living in. In the second half of this century, the seemingly calm oceans of passivity and resignation have been steadily disrupted by the actions and voices of real (and often very brave) people.

What I suspect is needed now, from us, is not so much physical bravery as something that is differently difficult to provide: acts of faith and consciousness. That is, we should compel ourselves to stay awake, and not be oppressed, or "bored," too easily by the murmurs or clangings of new technology. Technology, after all, is still man's handiwork; man is the one to watch.

—Michael J. Arlen

•

The economy will be endangered if Congress passes legislation requiring the Federal Reserve Board and other agencies to do more of their decision-making in public, Federal Reserve Board chairman Arthur Burns said yesterday....

"It has now become a popular saying among articulate advocates of disclosure that the government's business is the people's business, and that the people's business ought to be carried on in public," Burns said in his prepaid remarks.—*San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Lady from Argentina

BASTONERA II, a mare from the Argentine who has been shuttling between Los Angeles and Long Island for months, beat Proud Delta by a nose in the Ladies Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday. It was their fourth meeting, and they put on a show worthy of the traditions of the oldest stakes race for their sex as they fought it out head and head down the stretch to the winning post. Sugar Plum was third, seven lengths behind. The time for the mile and a quarter was 2:01⅗. Nine ran. Though Proud Delta stumbled slightly coming out of the gate, she was in front at the quarter-mile pole. But Bastonera II was never far behind her to the turn for home, where the real battle began. Bastonera II is a five-year-old chestnut mare by Con Brio II out of Daydream. She raced in Argentina at two, three, and four, with trips to Uruguay and Brazil, where she won, before she came to California last fall. Ann K. Elmore and Antoinette Daley bought her and turned her over o Henry Moreno, who had such success with the Chilean mare Tizna, winner of the Ladies last year.

The day before, Hawley, the young Canadian who won the Washington, D.C., International on Youth, and who has been riding at Aqueduct, had big day winning a little race on Moonlight Jig, whose share of the urse, $6,000, brought the earnings of he horses that Hawley has ridden this ear to $4,254,857. That makes him he money-winningest jockey of the ear so far, and also breaks Pincay's world record for dollars won in a single season.

ROYAL SKI, the recent winner of the Laurel Futurity, seems to be developing into a likely prospect for next season. Last weekend, he picked off rst money, $90,000, in the Heritage takes at Philadelphia's Keystone Race Track—his fourth stakes victory—ising his earnings to $260,159. The olt, owned by Gerry Cheevers, goalie or the Boston Bruins hockey team, is cky, too: somehow, early in the orning of the race, he got himself wedged into a corner of his stall, but it idn't affect his running. He came rom behind to beat Medieval Man by ree-quarters of a length.

TRAINERS with homes in the Miami area can sleep easier at ight—things seem to be sorted out at Hialeah Park. Dickering for the track that Joe Widener made a showplace of racing—and of Florida, for that matter—came to an end early last week, when it was sold to the City of Hialeah and John Brunetti, a New Jersey racing man. In a very complicated transaction—no city has ever bought a race track before—Hialeah will pay nine million dollars and Mr. Brunetti four million three hundred thousand to the old Hialeah Park, Inc. All that remains is for Florida's Board of Business Regulation to approve the sale. Well, perhaps not all: Jimmy Donn, the head of Gulfstream Park, declares he will go to the courts and charge that the sale was illegal. That should be interesting. But it would be a pity if he got the track and junked it, moving the racing dates to his Gulfstream Park, as he has said he would. After all, in its heyday Hialeah was something extra. This department hopes Mr. Donn will discover that you can't fight City Hall.

NEXT year, the New York Racing Association announced last week, it will have a $200,000 race on the grass for three-year-olds and upward, weight-for-age, at a mile and a half. So far, the event is being called the Turf Classic, but I hope the flamboyant name will be changed to honor a noted runner on the grass. Tommy Trotter, the racing secretary, says the race will be run at Aqueduct in the middle of November. It was also announced last week that Kenneth Noe, Jr., who was racing secretary from 1972 through September, 1975, has been appointed a steward to represent the N.Y.R.A., replacing Warren Mehrtens. Noe will also be a director of horsemen's relations. Mehrtens will remain with the association in a new job, to be arranged.

The best thing about the requested dates for 1977 is that Belmont Park has asked for more midsummer days of racing—from May 23rd through July 30th.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

A Western sophomore, Stevens possesses an uncommonly creative and passionate feeling for the arts. "I love acting and I love writing," she said, and indeed she obviously does. In a few short years she has written eight complete original plays and twelve short stories, two of which consist entirely of prose.—*Kalamazoo Western Herald.*

We'd have to see them.

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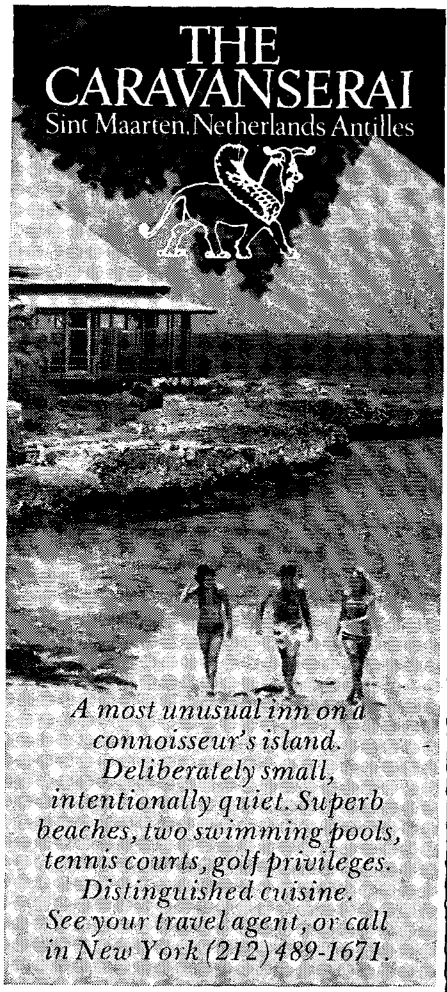

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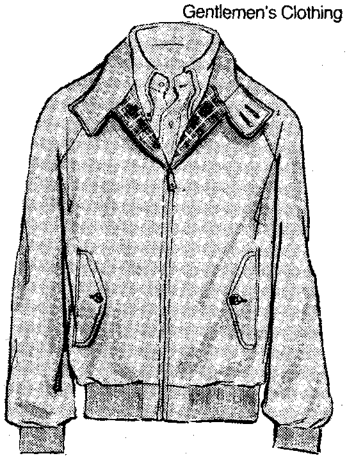

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FOOTBALL

In and Out of Harm's Way

IT was the best Brown in ever so many years—or almost (last season's, when the supernal Violante was doing the kicking, was really the best)—but it was the most determined Columbia in half a dozen years. And though it was not the essence of typecasting to put Columbia in the role of spoiler for the match with Brown up at Baker Field on Saturday last, the role was properly played until well along in the second half. Then Brown, whose handling of the ball had now and then bordered upon flippancy, collected itself, its wits, and its half of the Ivy League championship, at the count of 28–17. Michalko, imperturbable as always at quarter for Brown, took the ball in himself twice for touchdowns during the occasion, and tremendous running by Hill and friends did the rest. The pungent Brown passing game, thitherto an impressive part of the Brown repertory this fall, took second place. Only six thousand partisans turned out for what most everyone else must have thought would be a wholly one-sided exhibition.

Forty-two thousand partisans turned out in Boston to discover whether Yale, the one possible menace to Brown's march to the championship, could keep pace against a much more likely spoiler—Harvard, which Yale would have to put away, or else. The news that Kubacki (whatever damage he had suffered the week before against Pennsylvania) would be at quarter for Harvard made the match seem practically even Stephen, and—as happened in the meet between Columbia and Brown—the role of spoiler was well taken until the second half. Kubacki, in his final appearance, looked no more imperturbable than he had looked for the past six weeks, and errors of thinking and of doing kept hampering the Harvard flow, but Harvard did take the lead, and did hold on to it as long as its overworked defensive team could stand up. Phillips, at quarter for Yale, was uncertain, too, and was so bemused after the bumping he took during the execution of a pass play which became an interception that he was removed in favor of Rizzo, who will be one of the best quarters in the Ivy League next year. Cozza, the preceptor of the Yale squad, said that a change in the blocking assignments explained why his large fleet of running backs picked up three touchdowns, as against Harvard's none, in the second half. It was Yale 21, Harvard 7—not at all the climax one had expected for the career of Kubacki, who again and again this fall, though never for long, had been the leader of as devious, as picturesque, as resourceful a coven of football players as has ever been fielded. On the last play of the game, he cracked—by a dozen yards—the mileage rushing record of any preceding Harvard. That can go into his memory book. As for Yale, another Harvard said to this commentator after it was all over, "They don't fool around with a lot of fancy stuff; they just come right at you." He must have been thinking of the pass play that brought Harvard to the Yale one, and of the Yale retort (by Skrovan and Nondorf) that started the ball back to the Harvard twenty. Rizzo and Pagliaro and Angelone and whatever will filter up from the mighty Yale freshman squad of this fall—little wonder that Cozza would like one more season at the Yale Bowl before he retires.

The spoiler of them all on Saturday was Army, up at West Point, egged on by twenty-nine thousand partisans, and the waylaid victim was the admirable team presented by Colgate—a team thitherto unbeaten this fall. At that, Army was the putative spoiler by no more than the count of 16–13 at the beginning of the fourth quarter. Then it latched on to the ball with such fierceness that Colgate had it for only five plays the rest of the day, and of those five plays three were passes that fell into Army hands. Hall, at quarter for Army, was again his serene self after the meeting, the week before, with the unconquerable Pittsburgh—especially when he was pitching to his pet catcher, Brundidge—though it must be said that Relph, at quarter for Colgate, was likewise a sterling performer. Meanwhile, in New Orleans, Rutgers (more wobbly than is customary) did in Tulane, at 29–20, for its seventeenth win in a row. Colgate and Rutgers in New Brunswick this Saturday—the match will still be performed, though no longer by two unbeaten teams. It will be Colgate's turn to be spoiler, and this observer (just for the hell of it) wishes its Relph and Andrewlavage and Malverty well. And did anyone notice that New Hampshire, about which this department was ruminating a week ago, whopped Massachusetts, its rival for the Yankee Conference title, by the score of 23–0 last Saturday?

—J. W. L

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MUSICAL EVENTS

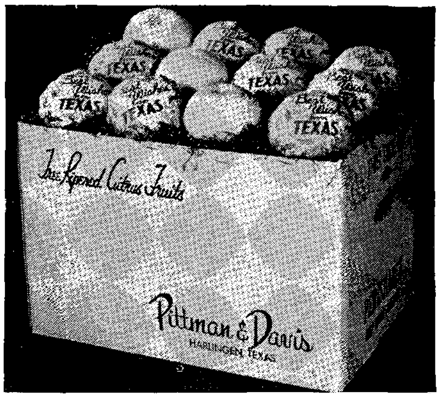
Rhapsody in Blue

“LOHENGRIN” is not a difficult opera to stage. There is a firm historical background to the action: Henry the Fowler’s visit to Antwerp in 932 to enlist Brabantine allies in his forthcoming war with Hungary; the nine-year truce with that country is drawing to an end. In the foreground there are two linked dramas. One is of human relations, about a woman’s unquestioning faith in her husband, and the undermining of that faith by a woman who has established an unnatural dominance over *her* husband. The other is the legend of the pure chivalrous knight who comes to the rescue of a damsel in distress. Wagner combined them in a clear and effective play, against which little more can be objected—except by fierce feminists—than that it moves at a majestic, unhurried gait. “Lohengrin” is not an opera for anyone who grows impatient with long, stately processions or large-scale repetitions. The composer insisted that it should be given uncut (apart from the final paragraph of Lohengrin’s narration in Act III; he removed that himself); music, poem, and stage action were indissoluble; an opera house that could not manage all of it should attempt none of it. Bernard Shaw, in an account of the first Bayreuth production (1894), related how an apparently needless and oft-omitted repetition in the Act I finale became, when properly staged, “a dramatic effect, a scenic effect, and a musical effect” the total effect of which was tremendous. Ernest Newman once told me that in Heinz Tietjen’s Bayreuth production of 1936 the long Act II procession to the minster and Ortrud’s sudden interruption of it provided one of the most thrilling theatre experiences he had ever had. My own first “Lohengrin,” at Covent Garden, was traditional—a postwar revival by Otto Erhardt of the production he had mounted for Beecham in 1935. It followed the scandal of a perverse “Salome” designed by Salvador Dali and directed by Peter Brook, and the history of the house records the wise comment of the critic Eric Blom: “Here was something like a return to the old, proud standards, opera on a grand scale . . . and produced by Otto Erhardt with discretion and a sense of responsibility towards the music.”

Wolfgang Wagner’s first production at Bayreuth, in 1953, was of “Lohengrin,” and it was an arresting and successful attempt to combine the traditional staging of the opera with simplified, stripped-down décor such as his brother Wieland had been using. Everything was in its hallowed place, where the composer had located it in the stage plans and scenic designs he sent Liszt before the première, in Weimar in 1850: the Scheldt flowing across the back of the stage; the great oak tree on the left with King Henry’s dais at its foot; Elsa’s balcony on the left, in Act II, the Palas (knights’ quarters) center back, and the minster steps rising on the right. But the leafy river bank of earlier décors had been reduced to a single tree; when Elsa descended to Ortrud in Act II no real door opened but a shaft of light as if from an opening door was thrown across the stage.

Five years later, Wieland Wagner produced the opera at Bayreuth. The curtain rose on a dense, luminous blue dusk where land melted imperceptibly into sky. (Has the secret of Wieland’s dense lighting been lost? In Act II of his 1956 “Meistersinger” the heavy, scented midsummer air seemed to be so solid that one could cut and carry away blue cubes of it.) On a tiered semicircle the chorus was ranged motionless while on a central platform the actors sang their parts, moving little but powerfully. The processions were solemn, symmetrical, and stylized. Confrontations were not realistic: the swan, a large and beautiful gauzy white apparition, came on at the back while the chorus, exclaiming at its arrival, sang straight out front; in Act II, Ortrud did not bar Elsa’s way but suddenly appeared at the top of a flight of steps Elsa had been descending. This act was played as formally as a game of chess: Black Knight and Black Queen threatened the White Queen; White Knight moved forward from beside the White King to save her. We were no longer in Antwerp. The King was no historical Henry the Fowler. Lohengrin was Perseus or St. George, and Elsa was Semele or Psyche, the mortal woman beloved of a god, who destroys herself by wishing to look on divinity. Two things were lost: the historical color and pageantry, on which Richard Wagner set such importance that when horses were not available for an 1867 Munich production (Henry’s cavalry played a major role in routing the Hungarians in 933) he said that in that case the music for the martial assembly in Act III might as well be omitted, too; and the tender, personalized warmth of an opera that can seem to be about human beings rather than figures of myth. Wieland appeared to agree with Newman that the lovers are “a pair of operatic puppets,” and Ortrud and Telramund “for the most part mere figures of melodrama.” In the first scene of Act II, Elsa was radiant in white, high on a pulpitlike balcony, center stage. Ortrud and Telramund prowled about below in greenish shadows, and then closed in on the foot of the tower. The scenic symbolism could not have been simpler. “Lohengrin” was illumined in a series of Wieland’s “magic pictures,” and his great Ortrud, Astrid Varnay, recalled in a memoir that for him the opera was “a fairytale in blue,” and that after this great production he had nothing more to say about it. Instead, the production was re-created on several other stages—Hamburg, Stuttgart, Berlin, and, posthumously, at the Met in 1966. Small variations were introduced to suit local circumstance. As long as Wieland’s stamp remained fresh upon any particular version, it remained strong and beautiful, but when it was reënacted by singers with whom he had not worked, under lighting that he had not supervised, it lost much of its force and beauty.

At Bayreuth in 1967, Wolfgang undertook another production. It was technically of great interest. The first and last scenes were flanked by tall screens of, apparently, foliage in beaten metalwork—details from the door of San Zeno, in Verona, immensely enlarged; for Palas and Kemenate (women’s quarters), in Act II, walls of gleaming ceramic tile reached into the flies; the bridal pavilion of Act III was modelled on the east portal of Pisa Cathedral. It all looked immense and very solidly built; I watched one performance from a lighting tower backstage and was amazed to see this massive scenery rolled up in sections like carpets, hoisted up or down and carried on or off in a jiffy. Wolfgang had also perfected a new lighting device—bright rays travelling not at the speed of light but slowly, like a jet-trail through the sky. In “Das Rheingold” they had flowered upward from the solid earth, emanating from Erda; in the last scene of “Lohengrin” they descended in glory upon the knight. Some historical elements were reintroduced—a costume distinction was made between Henry’s Saxons and the Flemings—and, in contrast to Wieland’s preci-



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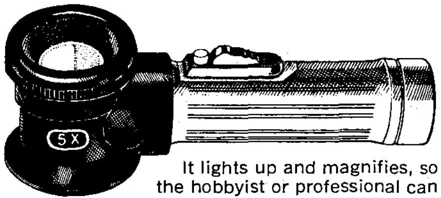

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sion-drilled rituals, the chorus indulged in some naturalistic scuffling. According to Wolfgang, "the eventual conflict lies not between Elsa and Ortrud, or Elsa and Telramund, but in Lohengrin's collision with a world to which he longs to join himself." All details of the production were to be subordinated to this conflict. The visual key to it was the vast expanse of blue sky between the leafy screens, a magic casement opening, from a solid Belgium racked by political strife, on a world glowing with A-major incandescence as the swan (made of some translucent white substance, back-lit by powerful xenon lamps) materialized against it.

Directly or indirectly, by imitation or by reaction, all recent "Lohengrin" stagings of any importance have been influenced by those Bayreuth productions. The new Metropolitan Opera version, which opened this month, is by August Everding (who has directed "Der Fliegende Holländer" and "Tristan" at Bayreuth and "Tristan" at the Met). With Wieland's production it shares at least the introduction of an unwritten scene change into Act II, the clustering of Ortrud and Telramund below Elsa's balcony during her Song to the Breezes (at the Met, where Elsa pops out through an archway just large enough to admit her, the three look like figures on a mechanical clock), and an ambiguity of setting (are we inside or outside the minster?) during the closing stages of the act. With Wolfgang's second production it shares the mistake of allowing Lohengrin to fell Telramund with a gesture (at the Met he merely reverses his sword, presenting the hilt as a cross) instead of "with a mighty stroke"—thus diminishing the hero's valor and spoiling the story. Mr. Everding says he is against "concepts," but in a preliminary interview he outlined a concept of Lohengrin as a savior from a better world, "offering us through his championship of Elsa a chance for our dirty planet. She fails him and us simply because she is human, and so Lohengrin must leave." According to Wagner himself, we shouldn't lay all the blame on Elsa. Lohengrin is in need of redemption, too. He also transgresses:

When first I saw you on that river bank
I felt my heart at once ablaze with love,
Deflected from the chaste service of the
 Grail;
And now I must forever make atonement
Because I turned from God and longed
 for you.

The lines, it is true, were rejected, and not set to music. But soon after the

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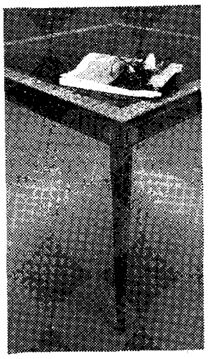

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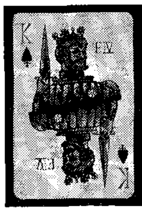

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première of "Lohengrin" Wagner wrote, in the "Communication to My Friends," of

> Elsa, the Unconscious, the Undeliberate, into which Lohengrin's conscious, deliberate being yearns to be redeemed. . . . This woman who, by the very outburst of her jealousy, wakes first from the thrill of worship into the full reality of Love, and by her wreck reveals its essence to him who had not yet fathomed it; this glorious woman, before whom Lohengrin must vanish, because his own specific nature could not understand her . . . *True Womanhood*, which would one day bring to me and to all the world redemption, after mankind's egoism, even in its noblest form, had shivered into self-crushed dust before her—Elsa, the woman—woman hitherto un-understood by me, and understood at last . . . made me a revolutionary at one blow. She was the Spirit of the Folk for whose redeeming hand I too, as artist-man, was yearning.

Tall talk, remarked Newman, and "Well, who, in the name of heaven, takes Lohengrin and Elsa quite so seriously as that?" Wagner did, and, at the least, his words suggest that Elsa is more than a little goose who can't hold her tongue, and a heroine less passive than a first glance at the story might suggest. At the Met, Pilar Lorengar played her with a pleasing spontaneity and directness. She was impulsive: the first solo moved from reverie to animation as she recounted the details of her dream; her eyes began to sparkle. In the bedroom scene, her mounting importunity had an almost veristic inflection. She was an Elsa who recalled Victoria de los Angeles in the role—sweet and limpid of timbre, most musical and natural in her phrasing, and totally unaffected. There was very little grandeur in her manner, and this can perhaps be deemed a fault; Elsa, I believe, needs a touch of grandeur both musically and in her demeanor. (From photographs and records of Emma Eames and Olive Fremstad I built up my idea of what a Met Elsa should be.) More seriously, Miss Lorengar's voice lacked the body and volume to dominate so large a house. There was a slight feeling that a Mimì had with great charm and accomplishment mounted the throne of Brabant.

Lohengrin was René Kollo, making his Met début. "I see Lohengrin as a very human person, despite his other-world origins," he has said. "He really loves Elsa—he wants to settle down, and even raise a family." In this, Mr. Kollo echoes Wolfgang Wagner, in whose production of "Lohengrin" he played in 1972. But his interpretation was curiously bland, almost noncommittal. The voice was beautiful—sweet, lyrical, true, excellently in tune

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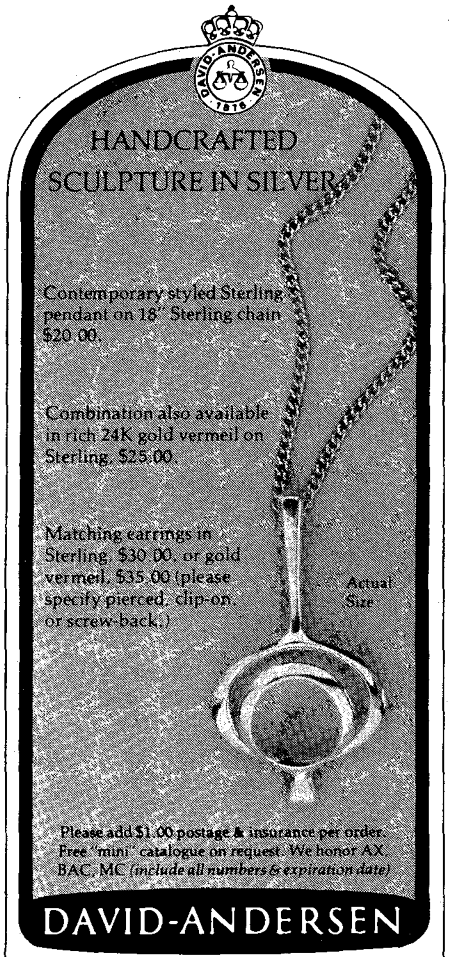
most of the time, and so purely focussed that, although not especially powerful, it carried in a way that more evidently robust and heroic but less cleanly projected tenors often fail to do. He looked like a Holman Hunt chevalier; the puppy charm of his 1972 Lohengrin had been disciplined into correct and dignified behavior. As ardent an Elsa as Miss Lorengar could never have been happy for long with this cool, self-contained embodiment of English public-school virtues. The two interpretations conspired to suggest that Elsa did right to pose the forbidden question. Wagner himself implies as much in the "tall talk" quoted above. Such a Lohengrin needed such an Elsa to wake him to realities of earthly life.

The regular Telramund of Wolfgang's production, Donald McIntyre, repeated his forthright, virile performance. His first utterance, and the proud, powerful "Ja!" with which he accepted the king's challenge to back the charge against Elsa in a fight to the death, rang out most imposingly. But something odd is happening to his voice; sometimes it sounded as if it were coming through a megaphone, loud but distorted in timbre. Ortrud was Mignon Dunn. Wagner wrote eloquently about this character:

> A political *man* is repulsive, but a political *woman* is horrible.... There is a kind of love in this woman, the love of the past, of dead generations, the terribly insane love of ancestral pride which finds its expression in the hatred of everything living and actually existing.... She is terribly grand.

Miss Dunn was terribly grand, menacing, gleaming with evil power. Praise of her performance would be almost unqualified had she elected to sing instead of scream the invocation "Entweihte Götter!"

Wagner wanted "Lohengrin" to be staged without too much courtly ceremony. It was Henry's son Otto I (Wagner pointed out in a letter to Ferdinand Heine, with whom he planned to publish a production book of the opera) who introduced pomp and circumstance to the German court; in Henry's day, "no one does anything out of mere routine and court custom, but in every encounter the participants take a direct and personal part.... Look at my Herald: how the fellow sings as if everything concerned him personally!" Allan Monk, at the Met, was an excellent Herald, crying every phrase with the proper eager enthusiasm, and in clear, telling tones. Bonaldo Giaiotti's Henry was bluff and benevolent, but both words and phrasing could have been more sharply



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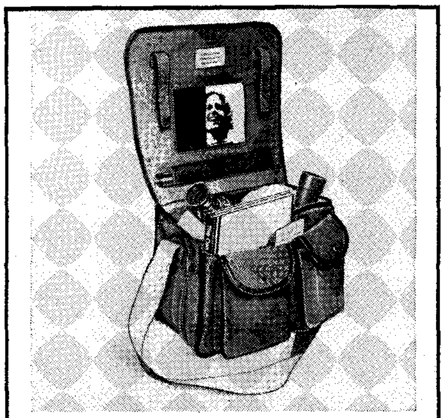

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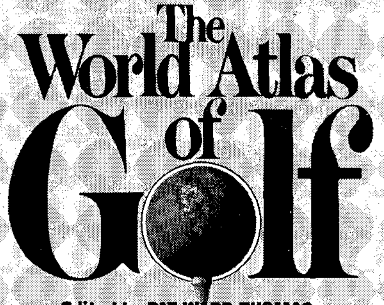
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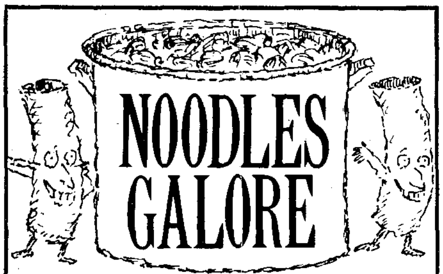

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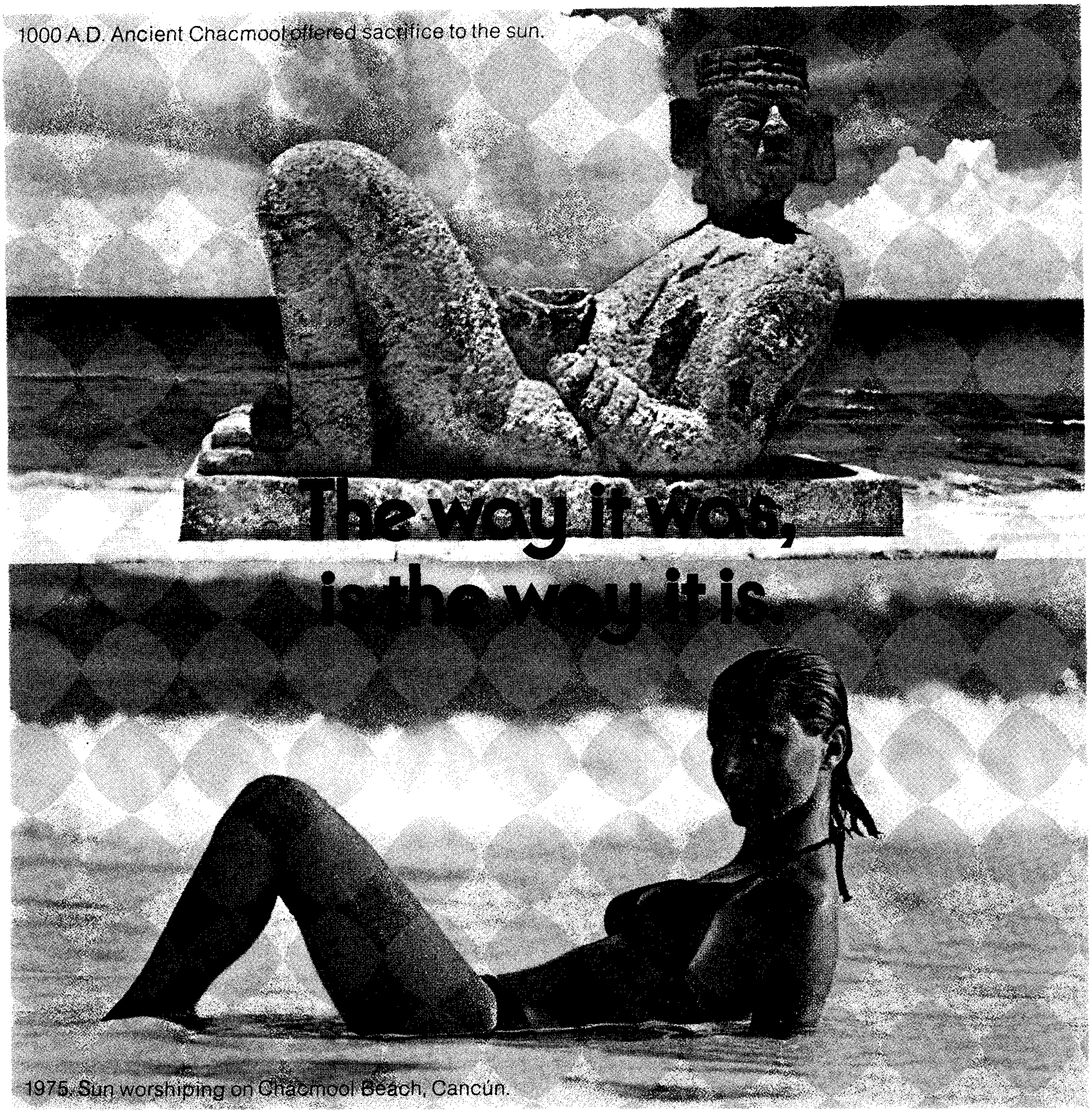
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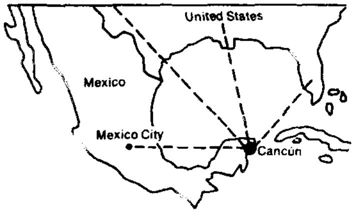
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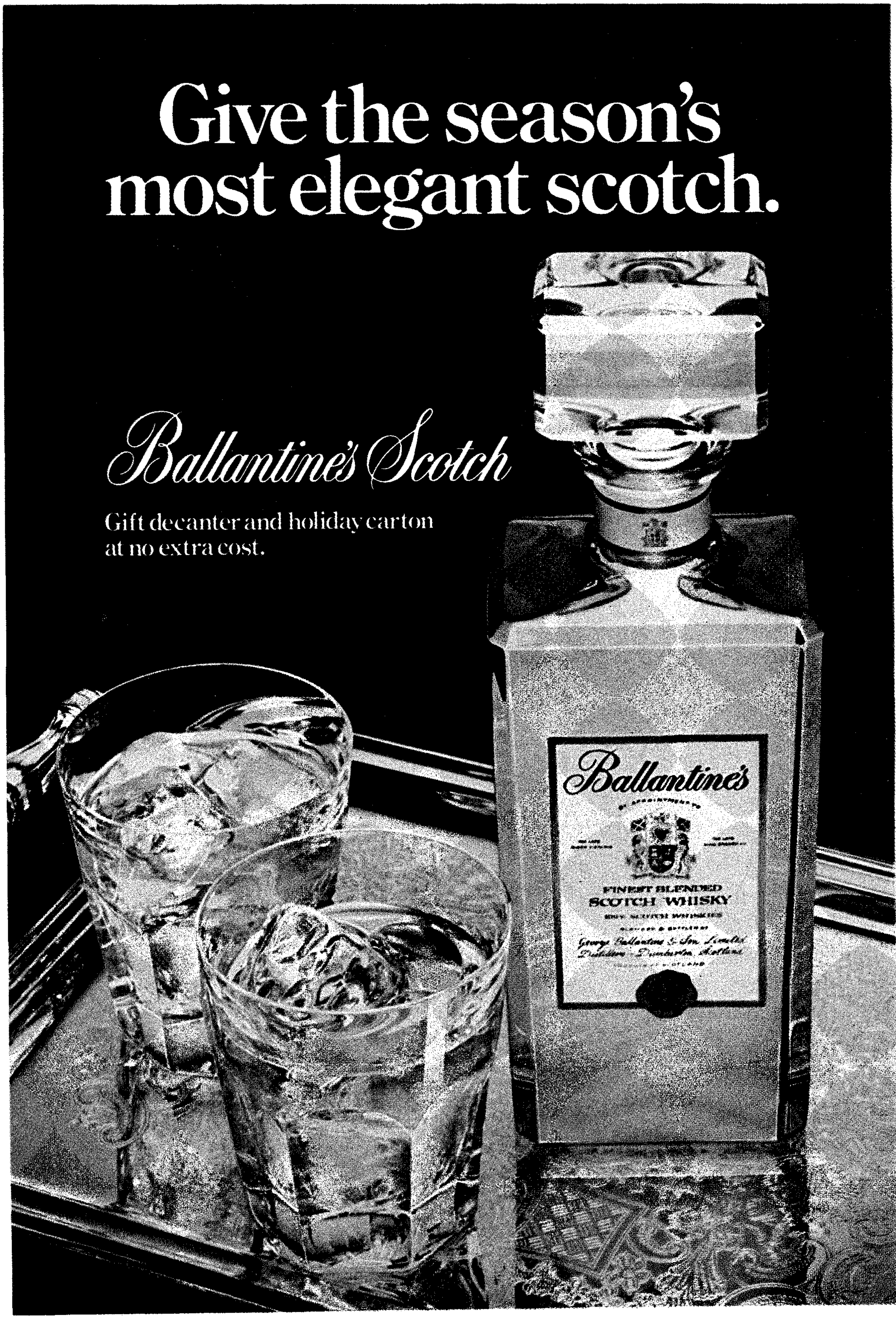
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cut. Mr. Everding in his handling of the chorus did suggest the "noble, naïve simplicity of that time" which Wagner wanted, but he mishandled the bridal procession, by trying to improve on the composer's own staging. Elsa came last, unattended except by Ortrud, who had been enlisted as train-bearer; Wagner intended Ortrud to thrust her way suddenly forward from among a group of women forming the rear guard, to bar Elsa's way.

The sets are by Ming Cho Lee. The two principal scenes, the river bank and the citadel, employ the emphatic built-up diagonals that Mr. Everding favors. There are no trees in the first of them, only a bare mast topped by a circle, suggesting something between a Maypole and a gibbet. Acoustically, the scene may not be well planned; it was noticeable that both Mr. Monk and Mr. Giaiotti sounded stronger and firmer when they descended from the elevated pier that dominates the left side and sang with stage floor beneath their feet. The Scheldt is assumed to flow through the orchestra pit. The swan—a swan shape in outline, made of tubing, almost hidden by a bank of reeds—came up like a submarine, behind the footlights. It did not reappear in the final scene; Gottfried walked up out of the river, and Lohengrin walked down into it. Not very successful. There was no dove. The first part of Act II is played before a drop curtain painted as a wall, pierced by the small arch leading out onto Elsa's tiny balcony. The rest of the act presents a large confusion of steps, arcades, modern columns (cylinders without bases or capitals), and a pulpit. It is hard to make any topographical sense of it; presumably the proscenium arch represents the minster portal, since Elsa and Lohengrin are advancing to the footlights as the curtain falls. The bridal chamber of Act III is department-store Gothick. The attendants deck the bedposts with tight little bunches of flowers, and a beautiful image is lost when Lohengrin, instead of drawing Elsa's attention to the fragrant gardens beyond their window, uses these nosegays to illustrate his simile about enchantment that should be enjoyed without being investigated. The costumes, by Peter J. Hall, are satisfactory, on the whole. Ortrud's are striking. But Elsa's white bridal gown looks modern bourgeoise, and when, just before the love duet, Lohengrin, in a long white coat, turns to her, the effect is irresistibly of doctor and nurse before an operation.

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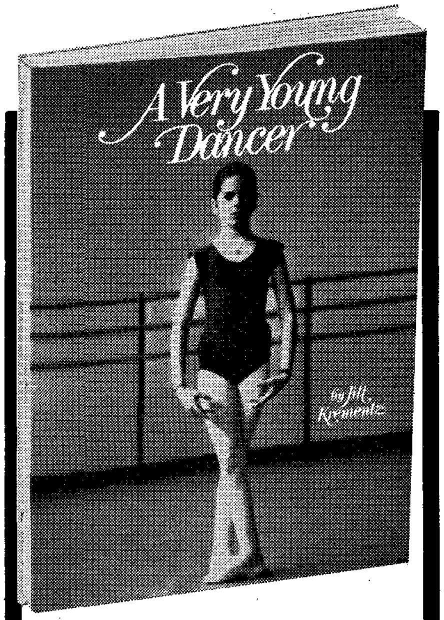

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sociated, though not with much consistency. (Rimsky-Korsakov thought that F major was green; Scriabin declared it to be red.) "Lohengrin," however, is an opera in A major that has long been considered intensely blue. "*Blausilberne Schönheit*" was Thomas Mann's phrase for it. "Out of the clear blue ether of the sky . . ." begins Wagner's account of the shimmering A-major prelude. If the Met "Lohengrin," a carefully prepared and costly production (three hundred and fifty thousand dollars is the figure quoted), lacks something of the expected magic, the main reason for that, I believe, is that it has been staged largely in gray scenery against a black background. Acts I and III are played behind a scrim. An electric-blue swirl is turned on the backcloth for a while when the swan is due to appear, and white light streams down on the spot where it surfaces. But when, in Act I, Henry remarks that the noonday sun is at its height, nothing in the lighting plot seconds his observation; dawn in Act II is very slow to arrive. Wagner in black and gray is à la mode; it is a dreary mode, and I hope it soon passes.

James Levine's conducting confirmed what his "Tannhäuser" in Cincinnati last year had shown: that he is a first-rate Wagnerian, with an instinctive feeling for pace, for the placing of a climax, for rhythms that are lively yet responsive to the dramatic inflections of individual singers. Wagner once said that a conductor has mastered his task only when an audience is no longer aware of his existence. Mr. Levine was never obtrusive. "Lohengrin" did not seem to last long: it never dragged or became tedious, even in the long passages of recitative; nor did it seem to be driven ahead with any unseemly haste. Not everything was right at the first performance: chorus and orchestra sometimes got out of step; the very lightly accompanied C-major ensemble in Act II went out of tune, so that the woodwind chords of its coda entered like a correction. But, musically speaking, everything was right in intention, and most things were right in execution. With more light on it—and blue skies kindling into incandescence—the production should serve well for many a season to come.

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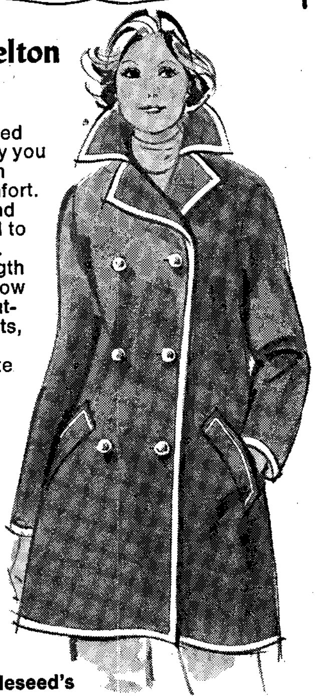

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Tharp's Progress

Twyla Tharp's "Happily Ever After" is a strange event for the Joffrey Ballet to have presented. Coming at the end of the Joffrey's fall season at the City Center, and given only four performances, it caused a bigger demand for tickets than normally attends the rush of a closing week. But it is not, like "Deuce Coupe," a collaboration between the Tharp and the Joffrey companies; nor is it, like "As Time Goes By" and "Deuce Coupe II," a work created by Twyla Tharp for Joffrey dancers. "Happily Ever After" is dominated by Tharp's own dancers, and one feels that it is precisely the piece Tharp would have produced for Tharp dancers alone if she had a larger company of her own to work with. This was apparent even on the opening night, when the piece contained a section for Joffrey dancers which was cut the following night and stayed cut. At the opening, Tharp herself danced the solo that was to have been danced by Ann Marie De Angelo and subsequently was danced by her with spectacular success, but even with De Angelo in the solo and Gary Chryst and three other Joffrey men in the finale, the weight of the piece is carried by Tharp dancers, with the Joffreys in support, and the balance between the two companies is only numerical—four men and one woman for Joffrey, and four women and one man for Tharp. This may sound unfair to the Joffrey dancers, but it really isn't, and I'd be very much surprised to find that any of them feel unfairly treated. A small part in a Tharp ballet offers more dancing, more considerately arranged for their gifts, than most of their other roles do. Richard Colton, who had one of the minor parts in "As Time Goes By," really shines here, and Jerel Hilding, a newcomer to the Joffrey company, gets as much of a chance as William Whitener, who had big roles in the other Tharp ballets. If in the aggregate the Joffreys are outdone by their guests, individually their contribution is solid.

Portions of "Happily Ever After" actually were produced for Tharp dancers alone. The piece, which is set to old-time country fiddling, incorporates and extends "Country Dances," a new Tharp company vehicle consisting of a quartet and a solo. The quartet gives us approximately a quarter hour of Tom Rawe, Jennifer Way, Shelley Washington, and Christine Uchida—singly and in every possible combination. This is followed by the solo that Miss De Angelo performs. The work concludes with a twelve-minute section performed by the Tharp company's Rose Marie Wright with five men—Rawe, Chryst, Colton, Hilding, and Whitener. I'm describing the form the piece took after the première. On that occasion, between the solo and the finale a duplicate quartet of Joffrey dancers performed the original quartet's material in variation and condensation, but, what with Tharps darting on every so often to replace what one could only assume were underrehearsed Joffreys, the force of this idea wasn't felt. I don't think it could have been felt in any case, because theatrically the effect was one of mere repetition. The first quartet is as dazzling, in its abundance, velocity, and precision, as anything she has ever done, and because it looks like nothing else she has done we are all the more captivated. Novelty takes time to absorb. There was nothing that Twyla Tharp could do by way of shrinkage, reversal, rejuxtaposition, or any of her other remarkable devices to make us see more possibilities in an interesting new thing than we had already seen. Whatever further variation may be recommended on "the material," novelty cannot in its own period of expansion be made more novel. A year from now, perhaps, it will have been converted into a norm. But today? In the same ballet? An artist progresses by varying his material. But rushing progress exposes limitations in the material, and the work succumbs to a kind of hallucinative energy. The second quartet reminded me of Humbert Humbert wrestling with Quilty: "I rolled over him. We rolled over me. They rolled over him. We rolled over us."

What is new in the dances of the first quartet is their dynamic latitude. The size and sweep of the phrases are bigger, clearer to the eye, more freely defined along crescendo-decrescendo lines than has been Tharp's practice, though the phrases themselves are no less tightly calculated in their sequence. The tight calculation insures that there be no loss of detail or punch. But detail itself seems miraculously enlarged. This makes an across-the-board difference: in momentum, which is now released to its fullest sway; in the legibility of the group dances; in the consistency of "characterization" in the solos. We can recognize "Rawe," "Way," "Washington," and "Uchida" as individual entities not just because they're given grateful, idiosyncratic things to do but because they're more nakedly imposing than Tharp dancers have been before. They even look taller. And De Angelo's triumph in her solo is her enlargement upon the contrasting dynamics in Tharp's own already ample performance. But the new sweep of these dances seems—except in De Angelo's version of the solo—to resist a comparable alteration in scale. That comes about in the final section, with Wright and the five men. As far as they go, the "Country Dances" are patently novel, even to their formal structure as a suite. In the quartet, a succession of dances overlap unpredictably to a succession of tunes and

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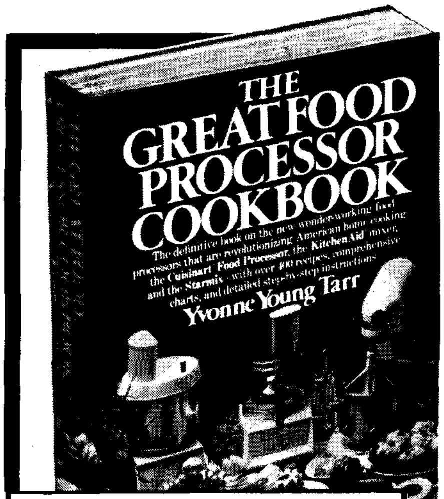
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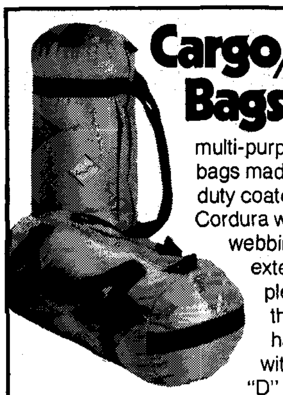

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to the silences between the tunes. The music, played live from behind a darkened scrim (a few tapes are also heard), provides an aural continuity, or container. Away from the theatre, you could not find your way back to these dances by listening to the music; you'd have to remember too many cues and forget the many times that some momentarily uncanny conjunction of dancing and music released in your head a flood of flash pictures of real persons and events. That great Tharp dances do have this other life is one of their hazardous delights—hazardous because, if you sail away in contemplation of sheer imagery, there's no lifeline back to the dancing that's actually going on. The revelation seems purely accidental.

Was Twyla Tharp ever in Nashville? Or Gatlinburg or Hendersonville or Columbia? If one's own private reflexive associations have no bearing on the case, maybe hers don't, either. In actual fact, I'm told, "Country Dances" is a replay in certain essentials of "Once More, Frank," the little duet Tharp did last summer with Baryshnikov for an American Ballet Theatre gala. The music was by Frank Sinatra. All that this information does for me is confirm the unity of Twyla Tharp's work. "Once More, Frank" (which I didn't like very much) is part of her disposable past. As with any living and growing artist, there are forms, processes, and actual incidents that are quoted, manipulated, and reorganized from one work to another. How an artist gets from one piece of work to the next is comparable to how we, as spectators, maneuver within the work that we see, in the sense that we, too, consider possible links, surrender to compulsive emphases and associations. But we do not follow the same route that the artist does. I've dwelt on the novelty of the "Country Dances" knowing them to be the product of an unusually systematic and self-synthesizing choreographer and wanting to dissociate them from other, too readily associable dances; for example, "Sue's Leg," which had a similar impact on me of broad refreshment and change. Although I believe the "Country Dances" are new to us, I can also believe they aren't new to Twyla Tharp, and can understand how she was tempted to consider them "disposable"—simultaneously usable and recyclable—when it came time for her to compose "Happily Ever After" for the Joffrey. I linger over the error of the second quartet because it points to a tendency in Tharp's work to rush ahead of herself and her audience just

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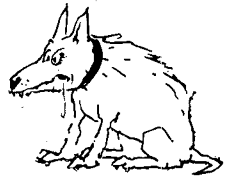

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when the going is good. It's as if she felt pressured by her own originality to confound us twice over. The quartet itself is a dead issue; gone after one performance, it will probably never return. But what it amounted to in relation to the first quartet—a distinction without a difference—recurs in the development of the last part of the ballet, too. And that's a pity, because it is the best part of all.

Swinging themselves in broad arcs from side to side of the stage, circling it in runs, covering it in lazily spaced jumps, Wright and the five men alter our sense of the ballet's pace and scale. The pace slows to an even tread, the horizon leaps up at an enormous distance. The music, composed before 1920, and extended for Tharp's purposes by Richard Peaslee, repeats in a cyclical pattern, alternating between two chords. The variation within these narrow limits is very delicate. It is a long, thin sound such as some of our avant-garde composers like to make. And Tharp's choreography refines itself to a few sparse pulsating movements loosely contained within their net of variables—the most austerely patterned work she has done since "The Fugue." For about seven of its twelve minutes, the dance is as exhilarating, as adventurous, as new as "The Fugue" was in its day. After that, invention grows less acute, and we seem to be watching successive sets of very finepointy distinctions without a difference. Tharp emphasizes the minimal flux of the music's variation at the expense of its overall logical implication, which is that it never ends. And a dance that might have chosen to go on forever chooses instead to go on too long.

The miscalculation cost the piece the applause it deserved. Twyla Tharp can build us up and she can certainly beat us down, too. But no more uncompromising, advanced work has been seen all this year, and the Joffrey company deserves credit for putting it on. The music was performed by the Hired Hands, a fine group of South Carolina musicians, with some sidemen from New York, and the costumes—layered dresses and tunics with "Western" appliqués in the quartet, jeans in the solo, and black shirts and pants in the finale—were by Santo Loquasto.

—Arlene Croce

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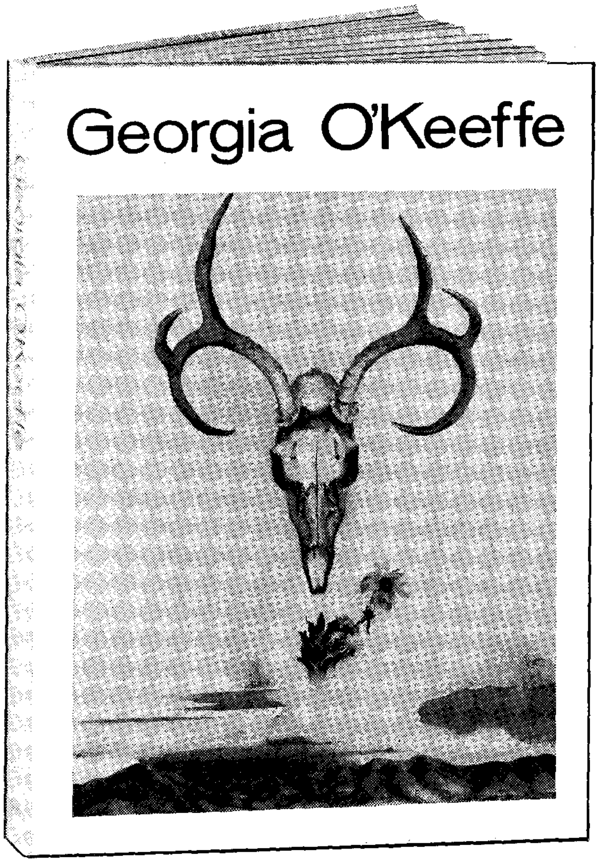

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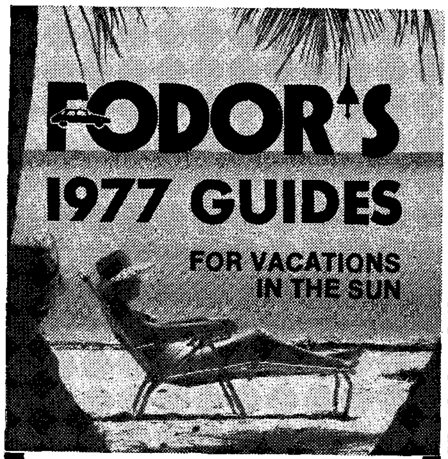
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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FLIGHT TO CANADA, by Ishmael Reed (Random House). Sardonic fantasy, fast, bitter dialogue, and complex insights into various aspects of black culture are part of all Mr. Reed's novels. So are unexpected twists and turns and wild, funny digressions. Sometimes his inventiveness is brilliant, sometimes it is merely exhausting. In the case of this, his fifth novel—about a runaway slave and the decadent household he has left behind—the latter is unfortunately true. The book is set in the eighteen-sixties and is mainly a parody of fugitive-slave narratives, but it is also filled with references to 747s, Prime Minister Trudeau, Jewish backlash, television, SoHo lofts, and hero sandwiches. History and fantasy are intertwined. The death of Lincoln occurs on TV while the central character and an Indian princess are making love on a rumpus-room couch. None of this is particularly funny; much of it is hard to follow, and, despite occasional flashes of wit, the muddle is overwhelming.

NOTE: Donald Barthelme's "Amateurs," a collection of short stories, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux; and "Friends and Relations," a collection of stories by Daniel Menaker, has been published by Doubleday. In both cases, many of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

THE MAN WHO LOST CHINA: THE FIRST FULL BIOGRAPHY OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK, by Brian Crozier, with the collaboration of Eric Chou (Scribners). Mr. Crozier, who used to write for *The Economist* and has since become a top-notch biographer of modern political leaders, tells us at the outset that he thinks it was Chiang's "incapacity to understand the social and political basis of lasting power that was his undoing." Mr. Crozier feels very strongly that Chiang was mistaken in his decision to continue fighting the Chinese Communists after the Japanese began to eat away at China, for he thus lost a chance to unite his countrymen behind him as the outstanding patriotic leader; he failed, one might say, to become de Gaulle. With the help of Eric Chou, Mr. Crozier has gathered firsthand accounts that explain why Chiang's reformist efforts failed while the Communists' succeeded—only after Chiang's realm had been reduced to Taiwan did he manage to run a tidy country. While much of Mr. Crozier's enlightening book is specific to China, much of it is germane to the whole world, for he shows that Chiang understood the old-fashioned politics of manipulation but not the more successful up-to-date politics of mass mobilization.

A CIVIL TONGUE, by Edwin Newman (Bobbs-Merrill). Mr. Newman here continues with vigor his admirable examination of the illiterate pomposities that are turning the American language into the linguistic equivalent of junk food. Witness the California Highway Patrol: "If you drink, exclude vehicle use." Witness Nelson Rockefeller: "I cannot conceive of any scenario in which that could eventuate." Witness Gerald Ford: "I feel very secure in the capability that I have to do the job." Witness anonymous advertising-blurb writer: "Toward finding better ways to work out our problems, we offer the Western Institute of Aviation for broadening the base of understanding, evolving a means of lifting up our eyes and objectives and, hopefully, realizing our mutual interdependence in optimizing aviation services to people through the synergism of our efforts." And witness *Art Education:* "In terms of arting, where the reference condition is not fixed or even known conceptually but rather something coming to being, what can we hope through our formative hermeneutic movement?" This is the way that Andy, to our innocent hilarity, used to talk on the "Amos 'n' Andy" show. And now it is taken seriously.

JOHN GALSWORTHY, by Catherine Dupré (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). "Mine indeed was a deep, dark youth, an apprenticeship cheered on by some driving quality within me, and by the belief that I would some day be a real writer. And as I read to you these melancholy reminiscences, it seems to me as little true now that I shall ever be a writer worthy of the name." This characteristic admission of failure, as dripping with humility as a

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speech by Uriah Heep, yet completely sincere, is from an acceptance address that John Galsworthy drafted in 1932, after being informed that he had won the Nobel Prize. The really piquant irony, of course, is that many writers have made a similar assessment of him. His friend Joseph Conrad early on wrote him a letter pointing out "a certain caution of touch," a lack of intimacy and of eccentricity, which he said would "militate against popularity." As Mrs. Dupré notes, Conrad couldn't have been wronger in estimating Galsworthy's chances for popularity, but, while liking his friend's work, he did detect the impersonality that would leave later generations of writers cold. The object of nearly all Galsworthy's work is to moralize, Mrs. Dupré says on another page, and she shows how any number of the man's now unfamiliar novels came to exemplify his outsize conscience while falling short in animal impulse. This is interwoven with a new account of his life, which makes use of his family's letters and memories; from the middle-class childhood through the model career at Harrow, the life was all too fitted to producing a Boy Scout rather than a writer. Even his one scandalous act—taking as a lover his cousin's wife, Ada, who became the hub of his existence—was a chivalrous rescue of an unhappy woman, not a theft. Later, he took all the world's woes, from slaughterhouse atrocities to the Great War, to his overcapacious breast, and wore his gloom like a black armband. His fate suggests that hard work and virtue, however useful in gaining the Nobel, aren't the route to literary immortality. A late visitor wrote, "But he is a *dear*—gentle, honest, just, trying not to be self-conscious about his terrific present success."

NOTE: "Arrivals and Departures, a Journalist's Memoirs," by Richard H. Rovere, has been published by Macmillan. Much of the material first appeared in this magazine.

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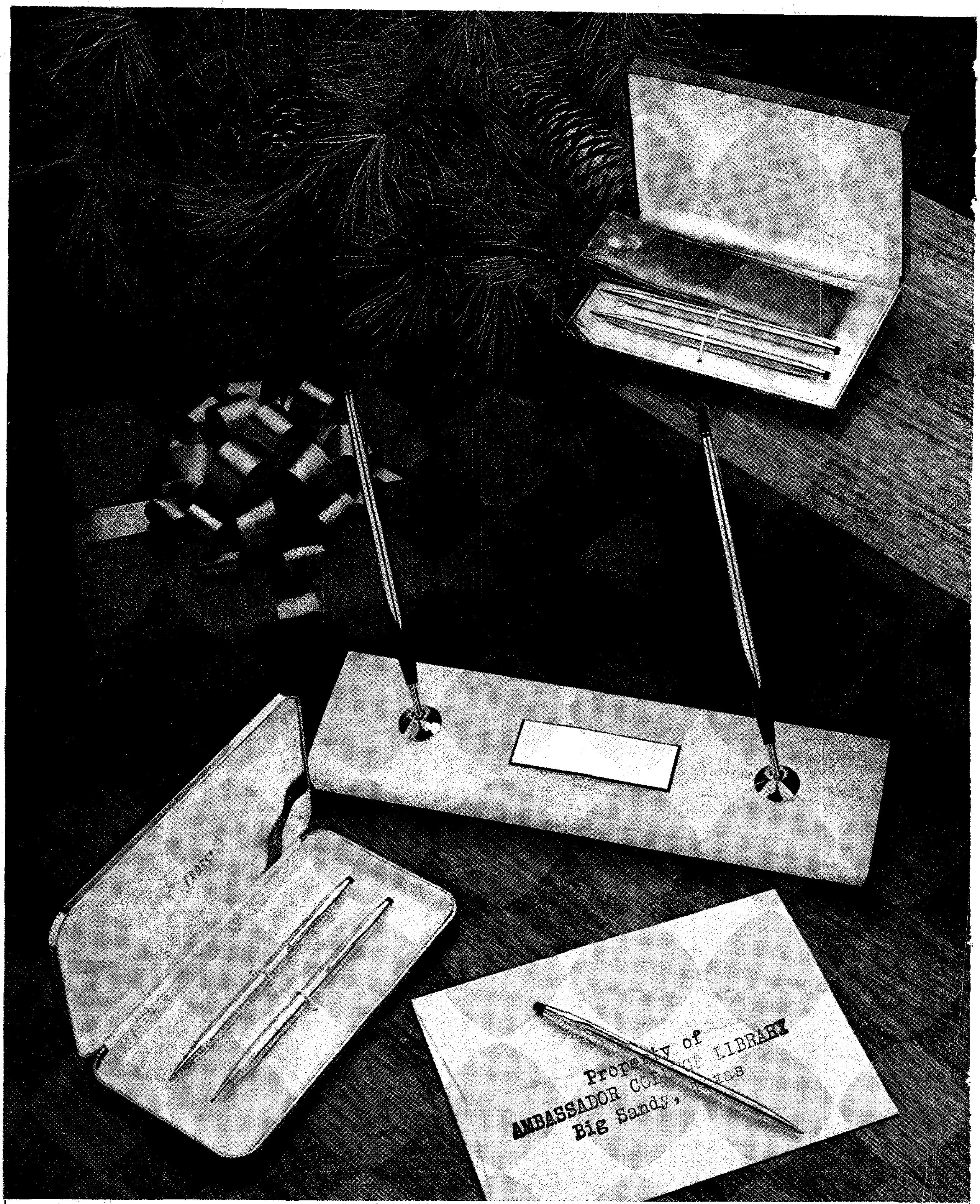

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